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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1894. NUMBER 15.

Poetry.

THE PLAINT OF A PLAYER.

I am only a plain play-actor;
  Of my talent there's no denial;
But I never have been a factor
  In any divorce court trial.
I've never done much eloping,
  My name is from scandal clear,
And so I've given up hoping
  Of getting a place this year.

At gory encounters fistic
  Men's features I never mar;
My taste is not pugilistic;
  If 'twere, I might be a "star."
I never was deft at diving
  In watery tanks I trow,
And so I am vainly striving
  To get an engagement now.

I never ranked high with a gay nine
  Of players on diamond fields,
Nor do I possess a canine
  Which in bulk to no dog yields.
I'm now from the show variety;
  My raiment is plain to see;
I'm noted for my sobriety,
  So the managers won't have me.

When dramatists' words I utter,
  I scorn the untimely "gag;"
And the slang of the "bar" and gutter,
  In my lines I decline to drag.
My methods I think are lawful
  Regarding the rights and wrongs;
And into a death scene awful
  I won't put topical songs.

But truce to artistic aiming;
  I'll follow a scand'lous course,
My suits and scarfs shall be flaming,
  My wife shall have a divorce.
As "slugger" I'll make advances,
  In tragedy "gag" alway;
Interlope songs and dances—
And then I wouldn't be at all surprised
  If some manager engaged me to star
  In a fire-engine drama or a tank play.
—Harry B. Smith, in San Francisco Argonaut.

"NEARER TO THEE."

They were singing, sweetly singing,
  And the song melodiously
On the evening air was ringing:
  "Nearer, O my God, to Thee!"
In my eyes the tear-drops glistened
  As it stirred the twilight dim,
And I wondered as I listened
  If it brought them nearer Him.

Were they like the wanderer, weary,
  Song and life in sweet accord,
Resting in the darkness dreary
  In that nearness to the Lord?
Had His spirit ever sought them,
  To be slighted or denied?
Had that dear song ever brought them
  Closer to the Savior's side?

I have heard its music often,
  Felt its meaning deep and sweet,
And my weary heart would soften
  Singing at my Master's feet.
"Nearer Thee"—oh, precious feeling!—
  Nearer Thee in gain and loss;
Nearer Thee when I am kneeling
  In the shadow of Thy cross!

Nearer Thee when love, descending,
  Falls in blessing on my head;
Nearer Thee when I am bending
  O'er the graves that hide my dead;
Nearer Thee in joy, in sorrow,
  'Tis the same where'er I roam;
Nearer Thee to-day, to-morrow,
  Oh my King, my Christ, my Home!
—Frank L. Stanton, in "Songs of a Day."

TAKE A DAY OFF.

When you see the hills away off
  Lookin' green an' gold and blue,
It is time to take a day off
  With the daisies and the dew.

  Don't you wish
  For a fish,
  When the trees are going "swish!"
  When you hear the birds a-singing'
  An' the cattle bells a-ringin',
  Don't you wish?

When March is headin' May off,
  With a rumple in his curls,
It is time to take a day off,
  Huntin' violets with the girls.

  Don't you pine
  For the shine
  Of the meadows fair and fine?
  For the Hilled rills a-flowin',
  For the woods with blossoms blowin'
  For the world with beauty glowin'
  Don't you pine?
Atlanta Constitution.

Miscellany.

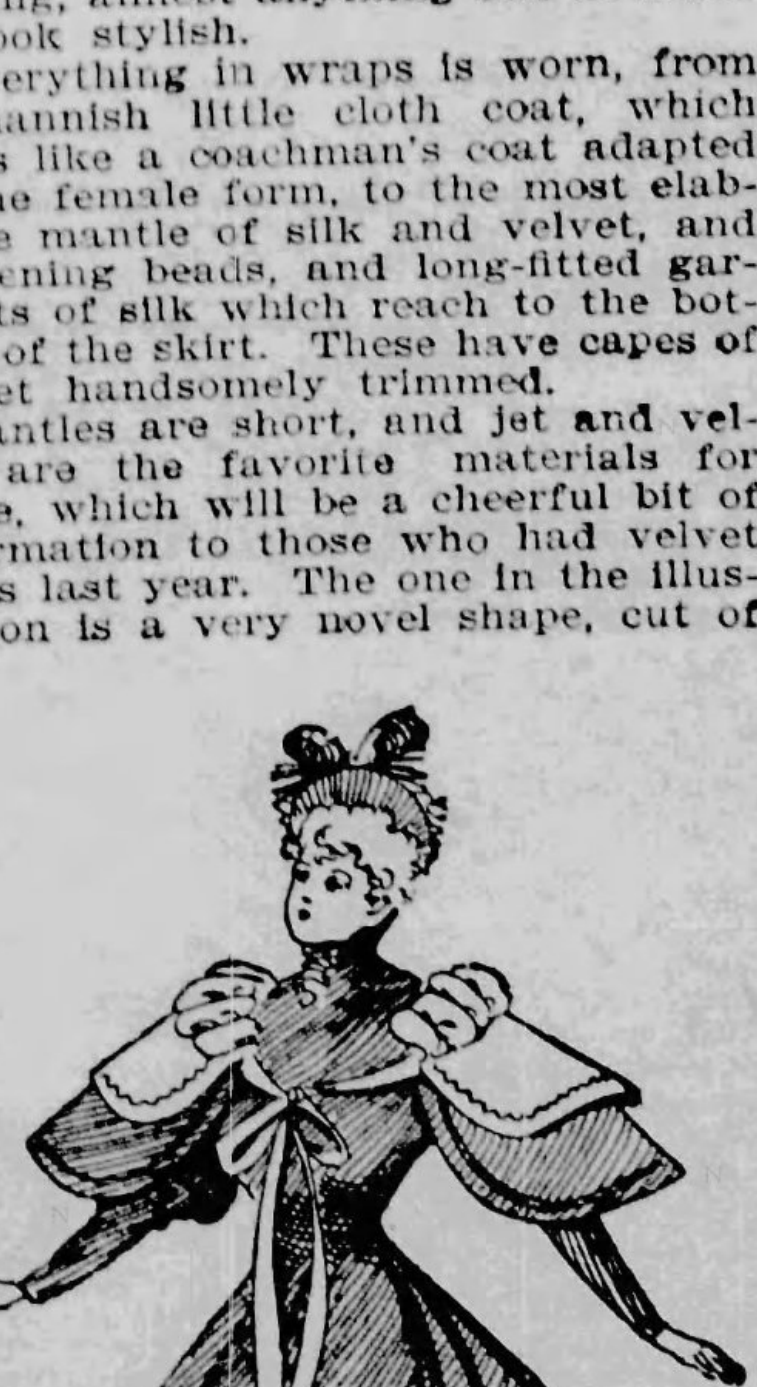
WRAPS FOR SPRING.

They Are Very Natty and Pretty—Some Pleasing Examples.

Fur and winter coats have not as yet become very cumbersome, but the necessity for spring wraps is inevitable, and the heavy garments must soon be discarded for the lighter ones. With so much to choose from, the want need not be a troublesome one. In fact, the one redeeming point in fashion is its elasticity. If one is ingenius and careful to preserve the general outline of amplitude, which at present is the special method in designing, almost anything can be made to look stylish.

Everything in wraps is worn, from a mannish little cloth coat, which looks like a coachman's coat adapted to the female form, to the most elaborate mantle of silk and velvet, and glistening beads, and long-fitted garments of silk which reach to the bottom of the skirt. These have capes of velvet handsomely trimmed.

Mantles are short, and jet and velvet are the favorite materials for these, which will be a cheerful bit of information to those who had velvet capes last year. The one in the illustration is a very novel shape, cut of velvet and trimmed with bands of passementerie. The deep collar is of moire, and forms revers in front, and the long scarf ends are of the same silk, finished with jet and a lace frill.



A stylish black velvet coat has a double cape around the shoulders, the upper one being of moire, trimmed with jet. The capes are open in the back, and the moire bows have long ends which tie in front.

She Spoke the Truth.

Mabel—George stole a lot of kisses from me last night.
Maude—Oh, he doesn't know any better!
Mabel—Yes, thats' so. He said they were better than any he ever had.—Truth.

VICTOR HUGO HALF FORGOTTEN.

The oHuse in Which He Lived For Sale—Few Flowers on His Tomb.

"How long has it been," asks a well-known Paris journal, "since enthusiastic people wished to make Victor Hugo President of the Republic? How long since Sarcey cried out, 'Speak, master, command! Each of thy words shall be our gospel?' How long has it been since the papers spoke of no one but him—since he was laid to rest in the Pantheon as an emperor or king might have been laid to rest? And to-day—his family cares as little about him as the people! 'France,' wrote a foreign journal recently, 'thinks it has honored its great sufficiently by forgetting them in the Pantheon.' And that is true. Party quarrels and general discontent have brought it about that the author of the 'Legende des Siecles' has no rival so far as his tomb is concerned; but how dead, how few in number, are the laurel wreaths which decorate his coffin! There are more in the house in which Gambetta died than in the Pantheon. The man who in his lifetime was a master of 'reclame' is now punished by a startling indifference.

"Soon after his death," adds the journal, "the Mayor of Passy, in whose arrondissement Hugo's house stood, declared in a theatrical fashion that it should never go into the hands of strangers, that it should become a Mecca for the entire nation. To-day, it is true, there is a marble slab above the door recording the name of the former famous occupant. But below it is the prosaic announcement, 'This house to let or for sale.'

"If one enters the house he finds it is empty; no longer a library, no working-room, and the garden neglected. Yet M. Lockroy, who owes everything to Victor Hugo, is still alive; and so is the spoiled favorite of the great poet, Jeanne, now grown up and married; and so is Georges, the principal heir. There is less respect for the dead one to be found among them than with Prince de Lusignan, the owner of the house. He, at least, did without the rent for years, in the hope that the relatives of Victor Hugo would keep their promise, purchase the building and make of it a kind of Victor Hugo museum. But as no one ever turned so much as a finger to bring about this result, the Prince is at last tired of losing a good income."

"THE FELLOW WEARS RUBBERS."

New Slang Phrase for Which State Senator Owens Stands Sponsor.

During a recent discussion between a newspaper man and State Senator Owens of Brooklyn on the merits of a third person, the Senator said. "Why, that man is no good. He's not even decent. The fellow wears rubbers."

The New York Sun man was at a loss to understand the Senator's meaning, but not wishing to appear behind in the slang of the day said nothing. The next day he approached a well-known politician and asked him about it.

"What does it mean when you speak of a man as wearing rubbers?" he said.

"My boy," said the politician, "that is the very latest slang expression. It simply means that a man is a sneak; that, figuratively speaking, he approaches you with muffled feet. If you go into any police museum in the country one of the things they'll show you is the rubber shoe that the sneak thief or the assassin uses. It is an ordinary tennis shoe with a rubber sole and a canvas upper, and the only reason it is worn by crooks is because it gives them an opportunity to creep up behind their victim without being heard."

Another bit of new slang is, "He doesn't cut any ice." It simply means that he or she, whichever sex is referred to, plays no part. Both of these expressions are almost brand new, and the first, at least, is likely to become much in vogue with people who like to piece out their vocabulary with slang.

DECADENCE OF MAN.

Sarah Grand Says That He Has Grown Monotonous and Cheap.

But, where are our men. asks Sarah Grand, of "Heavenly Twins" fame, in the North American Review. Where is the chivalry, the truth and affection, the earnest purpose, the plain living, high thinking and noble self-sacrifice that make a man? We look in vain among the bulk of our writers even for appreciation of these qualities. With the younger men all that is usually cultivated is that flippant smartness which is synonymous with cheapness. There is such a want of wit among them, too, such a lack of variety, such monotony of threadbare subjects worked to death! Their "comic" papers subsist upon repetitions of those three venerable jests—the mother-in-law, somebody drunk, and an edifying deception successfully practiced by an unfaithful husband or wife. As they have nothing true, so they have nothing new to give us, nothing either to expand the heart or move us to happy mirth.

Their ideas of beauty threaten always to be satisfied with the ballet-dancer's legs, pretty things enough in their way, but not worth mentioning as an aid to the moral, intellectual and physical strength that make a man. They are sadly deficient in imagination, too; that old fallacy to which they cling, that because an evil thing has always been, therefore it must always continue, is as much the result of want of imagination as of the man's trick of evading the responsibility of seeing right done in any matter that does not immediately affect his personal comfort.

But there is one thing the younger men are especially good at, and that is giving their opinion; this they do to each other's admiration until they verily believe it to be worth something. Yet they do not even know where we are in the history of the world.

Fable of the Adaptable Playwright.

Once upon a time, a morose tragedian, distinguished mainly for his elaborate regard of himself, discovered that his hearers considered his Hamlet hilarious and his Lear grotesquely robust.

"Miserable coquette!" he cried to the faithless providence about to desert him, "what a calamity!"

"Nay," replied that perverse entity, "not a calamity—an opportunity."

As flexible as the lady was ambiguous, the star in time adjusted himself to the suggestion, and by morbid execution and grewsome emphasis waxed renowned and rich in the domain of burlesque and extravaganza.

Moral—It's a wise frog that knows its own bellow.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Men That Women Don't Like.

Of course, women like good men, but they don't like prigs. The other day one bright girl was entertaining another with the description of a young man who lived next door. He seemed a model. He had never smoked, played cards, stayed out late, talked back to his mother, told a lie or said a swear word in all his life.

"Now, what do you think of a young man like that?" cried the first bright girl, with the expression of one who has played the ace of trumps.

"I think," said the second bright girl, slowly and solemnly, "that he must have liver complaint, and have it badly."—Chicago Post.

Figuring It Up.

"Don't you think sleighing is a rather expensive amusement?" said Hiland to Bellefield.

"I do," was the reply. My last sleigh ride cost me over $200."

"How did it come so high?"

"The hire of the sleigh was $5; the doctor's bill in the prolonged pneumonia case which resulted amounted to $75, and my loss of time came to $125 more."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Lucky It Wasn't Some Other Fellow

Brigs—You knew Mangle recently married a widow and went on a wedding trip, didn't you? I saw him yesterday on his return.

Griggs—Anything happen while he was away?

Briggs—Yes. He says that in a fit of absent-mindedness she proposed to him again.—Brooklyn Life.

To Keep Plates Hot.

An invention which does fill the much talked of and long felt want is a hot-water platter. It has a sunken surface which holds the boiling water and another depression in which to place a dish to be kept hot. This is the only way of preventing the food becoming dry and tasteless, but this way is remarkably sure.

Was There Ahead of Him.

Sioux City Journal:—Maj. McKinley is going to visit Minneapolis next week. It is taken for granted that he will take his boom along.

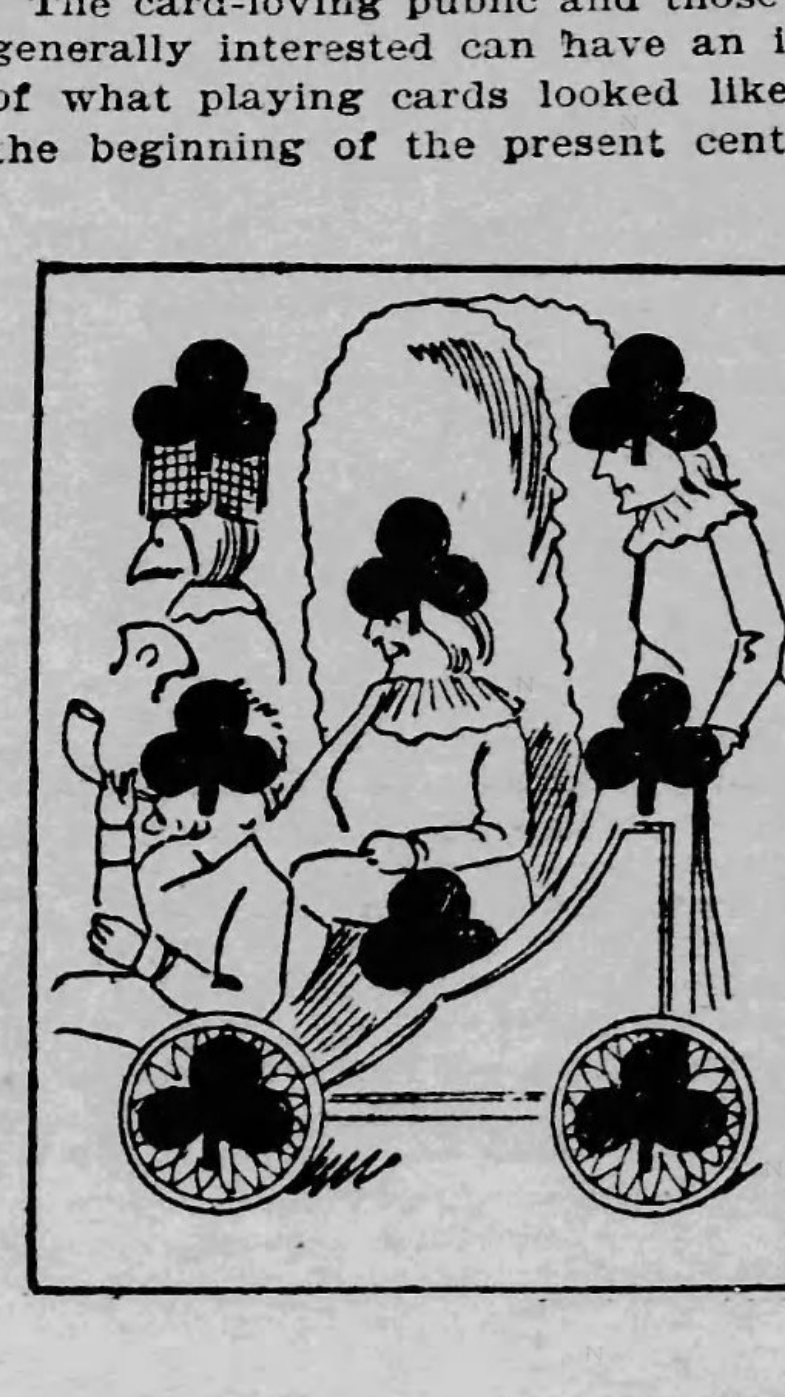
A Rare Case.

Justice White holds the unique position of a judge who has bedraggled his ermine before putting it on.—Boston Journal.

PLAYING CARDS IN 1810.

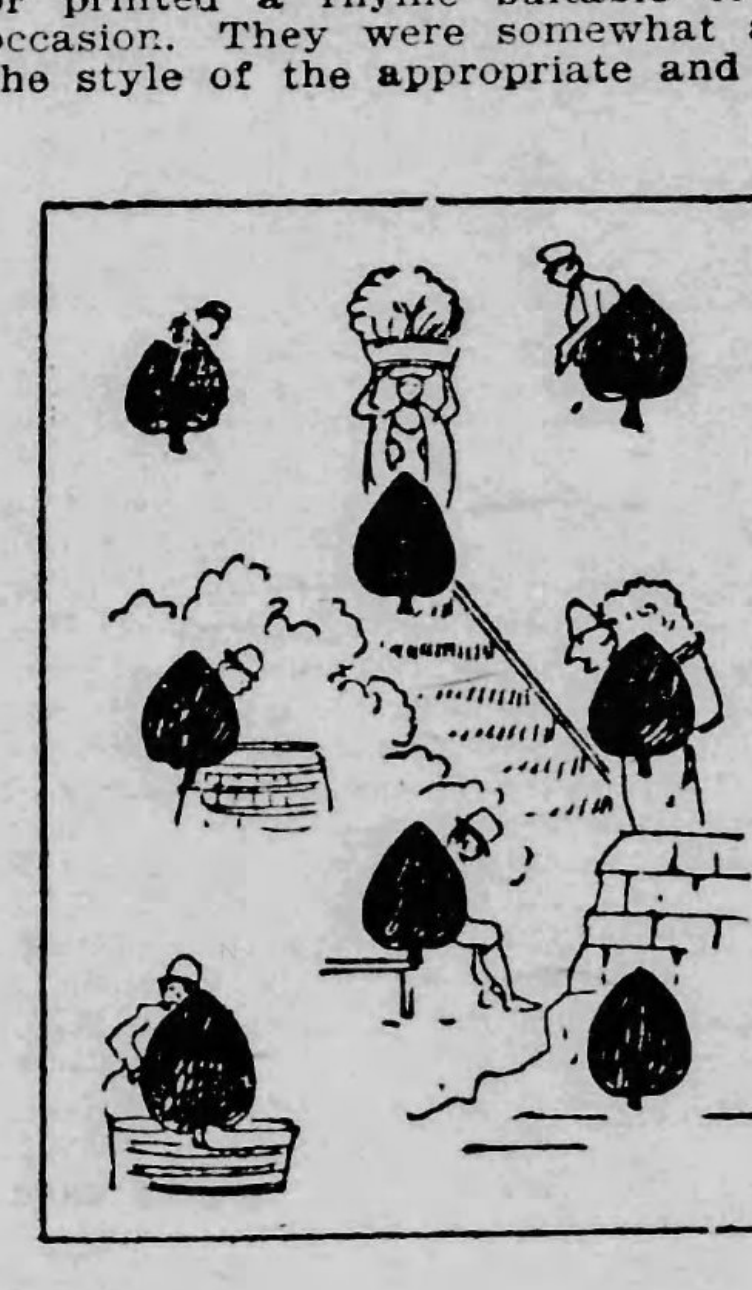
How They Looked—Made at the Beginning of the Present Century.

The card-loving public and those not generally interested can have an idea of what playing cards looked like at the beginning of the present century

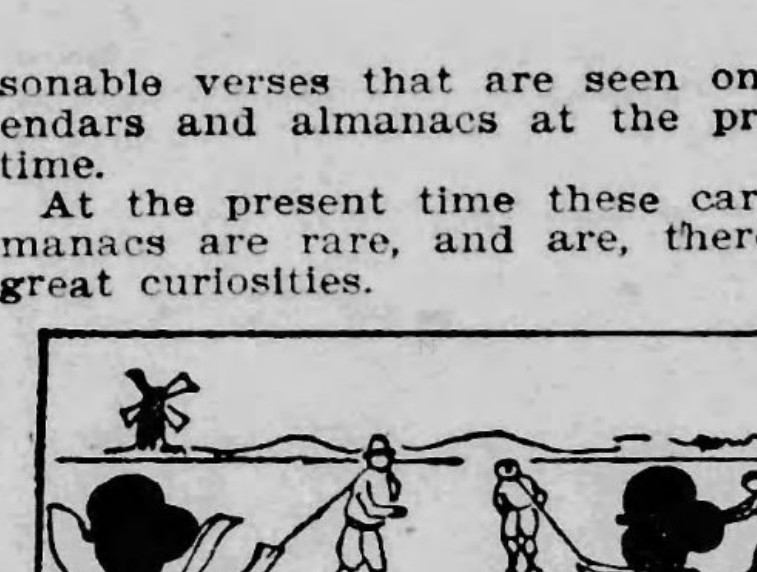


by an examination of these illustrations:

At the coming in of the new year these cards were made into card almanacs, and upon each card was painted or printed a rhyme suitable to the occasion. They were somewhat after the style of the appropriate and seasonable verses that are seen on calendars and almanacs at the present time.



At the present time these card almanacs are rare, and are, therefore, great curiosities.



Our illustrations, which are exact reproductions, show three good samples, showing clearly the tastes of people of that period.

LITTLE MEN.

The Social Philosopher's Dislike for Them Explained.

"I don't care what you say in his favor. but I don't like the little man," grumbled the social philosopher. "I wouldn't marry one of them if he were a millionaire and made of diamonds."

"Suppose you wait until one of them asks you to," put in the girl who is always saying spiteful things.

"He is nearly always conceited," went on the philosopher, ignoring the interruption, "and for some unknown reason he usually wears his hair long, which is a great bother, because when you dance with him the stray locks are forever flying into your mouth."

"A girl always feels about 100 years old when she's with a small man, and if he is young she has a constant struggle with herself to keep from addressing him as 'sonny,' as she does her small brother. Other men, who think they're funny, but who really are only jealous, take delight in making sarcastic remarks like, 'They say a girl has to be 30 before she falls in love with a boy.'

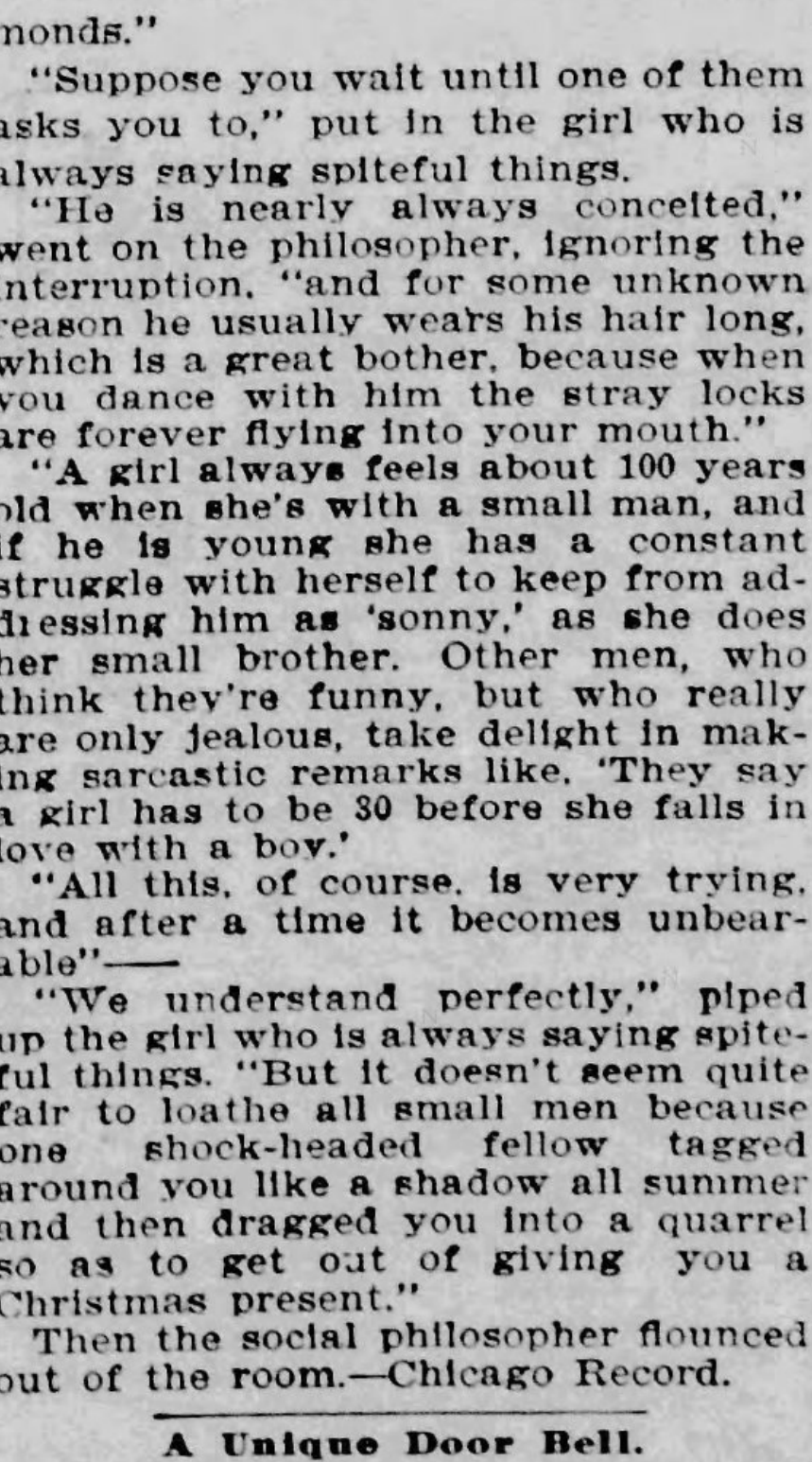
"All this, of course, is very trying, and after a time it becomes unbearable"——

"We understand perfectly," piped up the girl who is always saying spiteful things. "But it doesn't seem quite fair to loathe all small men because one shock-headed fellow tagged around you like a shadow all summer and then dragged you into a quarrel so as to get out of giving you a Christmas present."

Then the social philosopher flounced out of the room.—Chicago Record.

A Unique Door Bell.

A clock-work door bell having every appearance of its more aristocratic kinsman, the electric bell, is shown in the accompanying cut. It is operated by means of a push button, as shown in the cut, or can be worked with a direct wire and pull, as indicated by the projecting wire under the push button. It needs occasional winding, which is done with the T handle. It gives the sound of an electric bell, and will continue to ring (until run down) as long as the pressure is applied to the push button or the wire drawn by the bell-pull. This is accomplished by a clock mechanism inside.—Iron Age.



NEW DOOR BELL.

Hope Springs Eternal.

Mother—Well, Katie, you have had quite a lively chat with that young lawyer. Has he declared himself at last?

Katie—Not yet; but you see, Ma, all the time he was smoking his cigar he kept puffing rings into the air, and I am perfectly sure that he intended that as a covert allusion to the engagement and wedding rings.—Texas Siftings.

Shy of Low Temperature.

Winters—Why don't you ever take Miss Chilison sleighing?

Frost—Too cold.

Winters—Er—a—the weather or the lady?—Life.

QUEER PLANTS USED AS FOOD.

Vegetables and Edible Insects Found in Prairie Sections.

At the department of Agriculture in Washington, hidden away in an obscure corner, is an odd sort of exhibit of queer foods eaten by out-of-the-way people, says the Star. There is a loaf of bread made from the roasted leaves of a plant allied to the century plant. Another kind of bread is from the dough of the juniper berries. These are relished by some tribes of Indians, while others manufacture cakes out of different kinds of bulbs. The prairie Indians relish a dish of wild turnips, which civilized people would not be likely to enjoy at all. In the great American desert the "screw beans," which grow on the mesquite bushes, are utilized for food. Soap berries furnish an agreeable diet for some savages in this country, while in California the copper-colored aborigines do not disdain the seeds of salt grass. Also in California the Digger Indians collect pine nuts, which are the seeds of a certain species of pine—sometimes called "pinous"—by kindling fires against the trees, thus causing the nuts to fall out of the cones. At the same time a sweet gum exudes from the bark, serving the purpose of sugar. The seeds of gourds are consumed in the shape of mush by Indians in Arizona.

In addition to all these things, the exhibit referred to includes a jar of pulverized crickets, which are eaten in that form by the Indians of Oregon. They are roasted, as are likewise grasshoppers and even slugs. These delicacies are cooked in a pit, being arranged in alternate layers with hot stones. After being thus prepared, they are dried and ground to powder. They are mixed with pounded acorns or berries, the flour made in this way being kneaded into cakes and dried in the sun. The Assiniboines used a kind of seed to stop bleeding at the nose. Among other curious things used for food are acorns, sunflower seeds, grape seeds, flowers of cat tails, moss from the spruce fir tree and the blossoms of wild clover. The exhibit embraces a number of models representing grape seeds enormously enlarged. It is actually possible to tell the species of a grape by the shape of the seed. There is a jar of red willow bark, which Indians mix with tobacco for the sake of economy. This, however, is only one of a thousand plants that are utilized in a similar fashion.

ILL LUCK OF THE OPAL.

It Sometimes Works Both Ways According to Experience.

In speaking upon the subject of the common superstition that ill luck is sure to follow the owner of an opal, a New York jeweler said to a Sun reporter the other day:

"I could tell you a good many stories upon this subject, and not all of them would be in support of the general belief either. Of course women are the firmest believers in the superstition attached to this stone, and that sex figures in nearly all the cases that have come under my observation. A lady will come into my place, produce a ring or pin containing an opal, and ask me what I will give her in exchange for it. I examine it carefully, tell her what it is worth, and allow her to select anything of equal value from my stock. After the exchange is made, the woman will give a sigh of relief, and I prepare myself to hear her tale of woe. Everything has gone wrong with her since the fatal hour when that breeder of misfortune came into her possession. Even the most trifling misfortunes are charged to the opal. Sometimes, however, the story is quite the other way. About six months ago, a middle-aged lady of marked intelligence and refinement brought me a perfect gem of of an opal set in a pin, and desired to exchange it for a diamond pin. She said the opal had been presented to her by her father as a birthday gift, and she hated to part with it, but her husband and daughter had worried so much over the fatality they were sure would happen if she retained it, that she had finally concluded to yield to their fears and get rid of the stone. She selected a diamond pin in exchange for the opal and went away. About a week ago she came back again, recalled the transaction to my mind, and anxiously inquired if I still had the opal. I told her that it had been sold. Her disappointment was great, and she kept my attention for nearly half an hour telling me about the things that had happened to her since she parted with her opal pin. Her Prince Charles spaniel had died; one of her handsomest vases had been unaccountably broken into a thousand pieces; the moths had made sad ravages among her furs; her bank stock had ceased to bring her any returns in the way of dividends; a trusted maid had gone off without the formality of saying good-bye, taking with her some of her mistresses' choicest jewels, and many other dire things had occurred, all of which she was sure were due to the fact that she had parted with the opal. She made me promise to look up the purchaser of her pin, and said that she would pay double its value to regain possession of it. So it seems that the superstition about the opal is according to the fancy of the owner."

OUR COOKS.

"Is your cook what you would call No. 1?"

"I think from the way the dishes are going she must be No. 13."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Wife (resignedly)—If I cast my bread upon the water it will return.

Husband—Of course. You don't imagine anything would eat it, do you?—Town Topics.

"I find my lessons in bread making have saved us many dollars."

"But I thought you couldn't eat it, you said?"

"We don't, but I can make playthings for the baby out of it, and they never break or wear out."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Have you consented to deliver the address before the graduating class of the cooking school?"

"Yes."

"Hard to find an appropriate theme, isn't it?"

"No. Mine is: 'The Proof of the Pudding is in the Autopsy'."—Truth.

A Great Curiosity.

"I've got a great curiosity I'd like to sell you, sir," said a man in Kilduff.

"What is it?"

"A letter written by George Washington, and I'll take ten dollars for it."

"Let me see it."

"Here it is," said the man, producing a document.

"Why, you fraud," replied Kilduff, "this letter was written on a typewriter, and typewriters weren't invented when George Washington lived."

"Weren't they? That makes the letter a bigger curiosity than I thought it was. I'm glad you told me. I wouldn't sell it now for less than fifty dollars."

And the would-be vendor folded his precious document and stowed it away in his inside pocket.—Judge.

An Easy Road to Fortune.

Mr. Wheels—I've got it now, sure. I have invented a wheelbarrow that is simply perfect. All I want now is some capitalist to push it.

Mrs. Wheels—Why don't you hire a darkey?—Indianapolis Journal.

Absorbing Wisdom.

"Man was but made to dance to tunes that woman plays"—
At least that's what Bijones, the bachelor, says.
He ought to know, for woman was his special theme,
Absorbed from nurse to girl variety team.
—Hallo.

Dresses Out West.

When a girl in this part of the West gets more than two dresses at a time it proves that she is getting her wedding outfit ready.—Atchison Globe.

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THE LONE INN

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB," "MADAME MIDAS," "THE FEVER OF LIFE," "THE RED STAR," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY.

The drama of The Prodigal Son was enacted over again when I returned to Marshminster. My aunts had greatly resented my sudden departure to Paris, and announced that they this time intended to keep me with them for some weeks. I had no objection to this arrangement, as I anticipated a long and laborious task in ferreting out evidence against Felix. The first thing to be done was to learn all that had taken place in my absence, and the information was ably supplied by Aunt Jane, seconded by her sister. I inquired about Briarfield and his fiancee.

"Bellin hall is to be shut up next week," said Aunt Jane, "the Bellins are going to town, and with them Mr. Briarfield."

"I wonder they stayed here so long when the season was on in London," said Aunt Sophia, "but it was all that foolish Mrs. Bellin. She chose to consider herself ill, and so insisted upon remaining here. Now she can't resist the attractions of town life any longer and goes next week."

"She has to arrange about the wedding, Sophia. You know it takes place in July. I wonder if Mr. Felix Briarfield will be back in time to be best man."

"That I can safely say is impossible," said I, dryly.

"But why?" exclaimed both the old ladies, scenting news.

"Well, he ahs gone to Italy and from there goes to the East," I answered, unwilling to tell the truth. "I don't see how he can return in time for the wedding if it takes place in July."

My female relatives looked significantly at one another.

"What did I tell you, Sophia?" said Aunt Jane, in a tone of subdued triumph.

"Yes, sister, you were right," sighed Sophia, shaking her head. "Poor young man. I thought myself he loved Olivia."

"Who loved Olivia?" I asked sharply.

"Felix Briarfield," said Aunt Jane; "when his brother went to America he was always with her, and no doubt loved her dearly. I can scarcely wonder at that, as she is so beautiful a girl. But he behaved very well, and when Francis came back went to the Continent."

"He was unable to bear the sight of his brother's happiness," said Aunt Sophia, sentimentally; "poor, poor young man. I have no doubt his heart is broken. He actually left Marshminster before his brother arrived from America, so as to spare himself the painful sight of their happiness."

I saw by this conversation that my surmise was correct. Felix had fallen in love with Olivia while his brother was in America, and selfishly determined not to give her up, and devised the idea of passing himself off as Francis. With this in his mind he had gone to Paris, and pretended to stay there, then reappeared at Marshminster as Francis, alleging an earlier return from Chili as an excuse. When Francis really returned, Felix asked him to be at the Fen Inn, so as to rid himself of his brother before he could see Olivia. Whether he intended to kill Francis or to merely explain matters I could not tell, but at all events Francis had been murdered, and I firmly believed that Felix was morally guilty of the crime. The suppression of the letters, the substitution of himself as Francis, and the dexterous manner in which he had rid himself of the corpse (according to Merrick's theory) all showed me that I had a dangerous and reckless man to deal with. But after the clever way in which he had baffled me in Paris by resuming his name, I was prepared for any villainy at his hands. He had committed himself so far that he could not draw back, and was compelled to follow crime by crime in order to bolster up his position.

He was going to town with the evident intention of evading me. Doubtless, he thought that deceived by the episode at the Hotel des Etrangers, I had quite abandoned all idea of meddling in the affair. But for Merrick I should certainly have done so. Now that Merrick saw the matter in the same light as I did I was determined to go on, but resolved to give no hint of this to Felix. When he left Marshminster I could pursue my inquiries at leisure. Already I had been too rash in revealing my intentions, for had I not mentioned my journey to Paris Felix would not have been put on his guard, and baffled me so adroitly.

I had at least gained one important piece of information, which in itself was sufficient to break off the match. The passenger list of the Copiapo proved conclusively that Francis had not reached England before the 6th of June, and this shown to Olivia would show that Felix was passing himself off as her lover. With such proof I could stop the marriage immediately, but preferred to wait until I gained further evidence implicating him in the murder of his brother. I believed Merrick's theory to be true, and quite expected to find that Felix had ridden out to the Fen Inn for the purpose of hiding his brother's body in one of the bog holes.

"By the way," I asked Aune Jane, as we parted for the night, "how does Miss Bellin look. Like a happy bride! eh!"

"By no means," replied my aunt, solemnly, "she looks ill and miserable. But that I know this marriage with Francis is a love match I should say she disliked the idea of becoming his wife."

"No doubt," thought I, "no doubt, Olivia mistrusts Felix already."

I said good-night to my elderly relative and went off to bed. Instead of turning in, I lighted my pipe and leaned out of the window, thinking deeply. Could it be possible that Olivia had discovered the imposture? If so why did she tamely submit to marry a man whom she must know was guilty of his brother and her lover's death. Moreover if she was assured of this, she must also have condemned the deception at the Hotel des Etrangers. Her conduct seemed strange, yet I could not bring myself to believe that she knew the truth. If she did she was as bad as Felix.

"She must think he is really Francis and that Felix is in Paris," I thought. "Surely she would not willingly go to the altar with a man whom she knows to be a villain. No! He has thrown dust in her eyes, and made her believe what he pleases. I must save the poor girl from such a fate. Perhaps in spite of outward semblance she instinctively feels that Felix is not Francis. Women have their instincts. I knew of no other reason why she should look pale and ill."

My cogitations were cut short by Aunt Jane knocking at the door and telling me not to waste the candles. I was used to these little idiosyncrasies of my aunts so I answered that I was going to bed and put out the light at once, but the rest of the night was passed in a wakeful state. Truly I had a bad attack of detective fever.

For the next few days I kept very quiet as I was unwilling to rouse the suspicions of Felix. At length my aunts—who entertained no suspicion of my designs, informed me that he had gone to London with Mrs. and Miss Bellin. The coast now being clear I ventured out and began to work out my carefully laid plans.

In the first place I went to Bob Fundy to hire a horse. It was my intention to ride out to the Fen Inn and thoroughly examine the rooms as I fancied Felix might have hidden the corpse in the house. From Fundy I gained a piece of unexpected information.

"Want to ride to the Fen Inn, sir," said he, scratching his head. "Why, whatever's come over the old ruin. Everyone seems to be going there."

"What do you mean, Fundy?"

"First Mr. Briarfield and now you," said Fundy, "blest if I can understand it. Though to be sure he rode there at night and you go in the daytime."

"Did Mr. Briarfield go to the Fen Inn at night?" I asked, seeing I was on the eve of learning something important. I had not forgotten Merrick's theory.

"That he did, sir. He rode there two nights over a week ago."

"Curious," said I, with assumed carelessness, "it is not an attractive place. I dare say he only rode a little way out of the town."

"No, sir," said Fundy, decisively, "he went to the Fen Inn! He told me so himself, as I noticed the horse was so done up. Look here," added Fundy, opening his day book, "see, on the tenth of June he had a horse, and on the eleventh. Both at night, and did not return till midnight."

I mounted my horse and rode away, thinking deeply. If Felix had gone to the Fen Inn on the tenth, then I felt sure that he had actually murdered his brother. Hitherto I believed Strent was the guilty party, but now, thanks to the evidence of Fundy, I saw that Felix had committed the crime. He had also ridden to the Inn again on the eleventh, in order to conceal the body. Merrick's theory was thus proved to be correct. Link by link I was putting the chain together. I had proved that Francis had not arrived in England till the sixth of June, and so made certain of the identity of Felix. I had discovered that Felix was at the Inn on the fatal night, and also that he had concealed the body. Now I wished to discover how the murder was committed.

The Fen Inn was quite deserted, and as evil-looking as ever. In spite of my searching, I discovered no sign of the dead body of my friend. The clothes which I had seen folded on the chair beside the bed were also gone, and there was not the slightest thing left to excite suspicion.

"He must have hidden the body in the marshes," I thought after a vain search. "I'll see if he has left a trail."

Struck by the feasibility of this idea I went out at the front door and examined the ground. It was moist and muddy owing to the incessant percolation of marshy water. The path leading from Marshminster was marked confusedly with horses' hoofs, so it was quite useless to look for a trail in that direction. Looking from the door of the Inn the path trended to the right, but on the left, where there was no path, I noticed hoof marks, also that the lush grass was trodden down.

"Here is the trail," said I, mounting my horse, "he took the body to the left."

Following the trail carefully, and it was plainly discernible owing to the dampness of the ground, I rode straight on for some considerable distance. The spongy marsh jetted black water under the feet of the horse, and it seemed as though I was in danger of being bogged. Nevertheless, as the trail still continued in front of me, I followed it. Where Felix could go, I could follow. He had evidently placed the body of his brother across his saddle and ridden with it in this direction. I wondered at the nerve of the scoundrel

Unexpectedly the trail turned off at right angles, and led toward a broad pond of water, slimy and sullen in appearance. On the verge of this the tracks ceased, and then I knew that I saw before me the tomb of Francis Briarfield. Into those black water the murderer had hurled his victims, and doubtless, if the pool were dragged, the body would be found. This I determined to do before taking further steps in the matter.

"Then, Mr. Felix Briarfield," said I, riding back to the inn, "then we will see how much your astuteness will avail you."

It was late in the afternoon when I got back to the inn, and the cold vapors of the marsh made me shiver. As I am subject to rheumatism, I was afraid of future sufferings, so, having some brandy in my flask, determined to light a fire for the purpose of heating water, and comforting myself with a hot drink. There was plenty of fuel about, and I had matches in my pocket. I began to rake the dead ashes out of the dining room grate, when I disturbed an oblong piece of flint which rattled on to the earth. All ideas of lighting a fire were forgotten as I stood with that in my hand. It was an arrow head. I handled it gingerly, for I knew well that it was steeped in poison, and that with this Francis had been murdered.

I saw at once what had taken place. Felix had arrived, and had gone up to his brother's room. Holding the flint with the razor-like edge outward, he had shaken hands with his brother, and so wounded him. A quarrel had ensued, but Francis, not thinking he was poisoned, never dreamed of his danger. Then he had fallen dead, and Felix placed the body on the bed, had returned to the dining room, and flung the poisoned arrow into the fire. The most astounding thing was that I had not been awakened by the outcry of Francis, but I suppose I was quite worn out by my walk and in too deep a sleep. Nevertheless it was strange that I had heard neither the arrival of Felix nor the struggle which must have taken place. Possibly I had been drugged.

With this damning piece of evidence in my pocket, wrapped up in paper—for I feared the poison myself—I rode back to Marshminster, wondering how Felix had hit upon such a terribly ingenious fashion of removing his brother. So far as I knew, he had not traveled much, and would not be likely to have any savage weapons in his possession; yet he could not have owned a flint arrow-head in the ordinary run of things. This puzzled me greatly.

I returned the horse to Fundy without making any remarks, and, thoroughly tired out, went early to rest, still puzzling over that arrow-head. Before dawn I solved the mystery. In the entrance hall of the Bellins' house a perfect armory of savage weapons were arrayed against the wall. There were clubs, arrows, bows, mats, and grinning heathen gods. Doubtless Felix, knowing the arrows to be poisoned, had taken the flint head of one in order to put his brother to death. As early as I could I went to Bellin Hall to satisfy myself on this point.

The Hall was a show place, as it possessed a fine picture gallery, so I had but little difficulty in gaining admission from the woman in charge. Requesting permission to examine the warrior-like implements patterned against the wall, I narrowly observed the arrows. It was, as I thought—one of the arrows was missing, and Felix had stolen it in order to kill his brother. I did not take much interest in the pictures after such a discovery, and the talk of the housekeeper fell unheeded on my ears. Finally I gave her a sovereign, and left the house, impatient to be alone and think over my discoveries.

I had now sufficient evidence to prove that Felix had killed Francis, and quite sufficient to warrant my having him arrested. If the pool were dragged, the body would be found with the ragged wound of the flint arrow-head on the right hand. I could prove the finding of the arrow-head in the ashes, and how it had been taken from Bellin Hall. Fundy could give evidence to Felix having taken a horse to the Fen Inn on the tenth, and also on the eleventh. And, altogether the evidence against Felix was clearly sufficient to hang him. Still, I did nothing rashly, and before taking further proceedings, returned to London to consult Merrick. His advice, I knew, would be judicious.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER SURPRISE.

Dr. Merrick was delighted to see me again so speedily, and assured me that he had thought of nothing else but the Lone Inn crime. The peculiar circumstances of the case fascinated him greatly. "Decidedly I should be a detective," he said, laughingly, "I have been inventing all kind of theories in connection with this matter. By the way, my idea of searching the shipping list was a good one."

"Excellent. You received my letter?"

"I did, with much pleasure. So Francis did not arrive in England until the sixth of June?"

"No! Therefore it was Francis whom I met at the Fen Inn, who was killed by his brother, and it is Felix who now passes himself off to Olivia Bellin as Francis."

"Does she not guess the imposture?"

"No! So far as I can see, she firmly believes Felix to be Francis. You were also right about the hiding of the corpse."

"You don't say so," cried Merrick, highly delighted; "did Felix ride out to the Fen Inn and hide the body as I surmised?"

"He did! I have the evidence of the livery stable keeper to prove that he hired a horse on the eleventh and did not return till midnight."

"During which time he disposed of his brother's body."

"Precisely! I tracked his horse's hoof marks to the pool wherein I am convinced the body lies hidden."

"Egad! You are a wonderful man, Denham! Did you have the pool dragged for the body?"

"Not yet. I wished to tell you all my discoveries before doing so."

"Many thanks. I am so interested in this case that it a great pleasure for me to follow it step by step."

"I wish no thanks from you, Merrick," said I heartily. "It is rather the other way, as your reasonings have led me to these important discoveries. First, that Felix was in Paris; second, that Francis did not arrive from Chili till this month; and third, that Felix himself hid the corpse. By myself I should never have discovered so much. But I have made one most famous discovery."

"Yes! And that is."

"I know how the crime was committed, and by whom."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Merrick, in much excitement. "Have you seen Strent?"

"No, it was not Strent who killed Francis Briarfield."

"You don't mean to say it was Rose Strent?"

"No! It was Felix himself."

Merrick uttered an exclamation of surprise and remained silent for a few minutes.

"But you said yourself that Felix never came to the Inn on that night," he objected.

"So I thought, but it appears that I was mistaken. Fundy, the livery stable keeper, told me that Felix hired a horse from him on the tenth and and eleventh of June. On both occasions he did not return until midnight. Now Francis was murdered on the tenth, and his corpse disappeared on the eleventh. Felix is therefore responsible for both the murder and the concealment of the body."

"That is purely circumstantial evidence."

I laid down the arrow head on the table.

"This is proof positive," I said triumphantly, "with that piece of flint Francis was killed."

"Really," said Merrick, sceptically picking up the arrow head, "with such a clumsy instrument he must have bungled the job considerably."

"Not at all. That arrow head is steeped in virulent poison."

"The deuce," cried Merrick, dropping it hastily, "why did you not warn me of its danger. I might have cut myself and gone the same way as poor Francis Briarfield. How do you know the murder was so executed?"

"I told you about the discolored wound in the palm of the right hand."

Merrick nodded.

"Well," I continued. "That was the cause of death as there was neither scratch nor violence on any other part of the body. I picked up that arrow head in the fire place of the dining room of the Fen Inn where it had doubtless been thrown by Felix after the committal of the crime."

"Where did he get the arrow head?"

"That is just what puzzled me for a long time. Fortunately, I remembered that the entrance to Bellin Hall was decked with a perfect armory of savage weapons. I made an excuse of looking at the picture gallery, and so gained admission to the hall."

"Did you find anything likely to confirm your suspicions?"

"Yes! I found that an arrow had been removed from the wall."

"How could you tell that?"

"Because the weapons were arranged in patterns, and one of the patterns was incomplete. Moreover on comparing that arrow head with those on the wall I found it was precisely similar in appearance."

"Humph," said Merrick, thoughtfully, "there is only one deduction to be taken from all this. Felix stole the arrow head, and knowing it to be poisoned rode off to the Fen Inn to kill his brother. He is a clever scoundrel."

"Very clever, indeed," I answered, drily, "but for you Merrick he would have baffled me altogether.

"I think you have him this time," said Merrick, laughing, "now what do you intend to do next?"

"Have the pool dragged for the body and Felix Briarfield arrested."

"Before doing so it would be advisable to find Rose Strent or her father."

"Why so?"

"Because they only can give positive evidence as to the committal of the crime. Failing them Felix may slip through your fingers."

"They won't show up or give evidence for their own sake."

"In that case they must be found and forced into confession," said the doctor, quickly, "and what about Felix and Miss Bellin."

"They are now in town. Mr. and Miss Bellin in Swansea Square and Felix at his chambers in Jermyn street."

"I wonder if Felix is still in communication with Rose Strent," queried Merrick, half to himself.

It's not impossible! Whatever Rose Strent was or is she is not a waiting maid. I believe some guilty bond unites the pair and that Rose assisted Felix in his scoundrelly schemes out of pure love."

"Hardly," responded Merrick, thoughtfully, "if Rose loved Felix she would not assist him to marry Olivia and by removing Francis she certainly did so."

"How would it do to see Felix at his chambers and bully him into confession."

"You won't manage that—the man is too clever."

"He can't do much against the proofs in my possession."

"He'll deny anything!"

"At all events I'll try, Merrick. This evening I'll call on Felix and swear that I am going to have him arrested for the murder of his brother. That will bring him to his knees."

"It might and it might not. Better look for Rose Strent."

"If anyone knows where she is to be found it is Felix. I can't do better than see him."

"Try it by all means," said the doctor, doubtfully, "but I'm afraid you wont get much satisfaction out of him. First find Rose Strent, have the pool dragged and the body found, then what with the evidence of Fundy and that arrow head you will have no difficulty in getting a warrant for his arrest. At present Felix will simply order you out of his rooms."

"I'll run the risk of that," I answered and shortly afterwards took my departure.

I could not now complain of lack of interest in my life. It took me all my time to keep the many details of this case in mind. There was no doubt that I had already solved the mystery and that Felix was guilty of his brother's death. Yet as Merrick said, it would be necessary to find the body and thus establish conclusive proof of the crime before the murderer could be convicted. When this was done the evidence in hand would be sufficient to ensure his condemnation. For my part I believed that he would be driven into a corner and forced to confess his complicity in the crime.

Firmly convinced of this man's guilt, I was determined he should not marry Olivia. The crime had been committed for her sake, and seeing that he had behaved in so cowardly a fashion it was a fit retribution that he should not achieve his purpose. It was no use my warning Olivia as to the true character of Felix, as she firmly believed him to be Francis, and would decline to believe my story. Under these circumstances, I judged it advisable to see Felix at his chambers, and warn him that I knew all. Terrified by the predicament in which he found himself he might leave England, and thus Olivia would be saved from life-long misery. His punishment for the crime would occur later on; as notwithstanding his flight he could be arrested on the Continent while extradition treaties were in force.

After dinner, I therefore went to call on Felix. His rooms were in Jermyn street, and as mine were just round the corner in Duke street I had not far to go. My visit was paid on the chance of finding him in, as I did not wish to put him on his guard by notifying my wish for an interview. As the twins, in spite of constant disagreement, occupied the same rooms, I could not but wonder at the nerve of Felix in coming back to the apartments where every familiar object would remind him of his fratricidal act.

It was just at 8 o'clock when I reached the door of the chambers. At the foot of the stairs I found the caretaker ensconced in a glass box like an insect. To him I addressed myself. He was an old friend of mine, and rather an oddity in his way.

"Is Mr. Brairfield within?"

"Mr. Francis Briarfield is in his rooms," said the caretaker; "but Mr. Felix is in Paris."

Of course, I guessed that this would be the answer, and secretly admired the dexterity with which Felix had carried out his plans. Doubtless in the end when his brother did not return—or rather when his pretended self did not re-appear, he would account for it by an accident in the Eastern deserts. However, my business was with Felix, alias Francis, so I made no comment on the carekeeper's remark.

"Pray take up my card to Mr. Briarfield," I said. "I want to see him at once."

"I can't take it up now, sir," said the carekeeper, civilly. "Mr. Briarfield is engaged, and gave perticular orders that he was not to be disturbed."

"Ah! but doubtless he is engaged with a friend of mine," I hinted, ambiguously.

"Is the lady a friend of yours, sir?"

A lady! My thoughts at once reverted to Rose Strent; but then the chances were that it might be Olivia.

"Yes, Miss Bellin?"

"That's the young lady, sir, to whom Mr. Briarfield is engaged?" asked the carekeeper, who was a confirmed gossip.

"Yes!"

"It is not her, sir! I know her well by sight, as she has been here with Mrs. Bellin! It's another lady!"

My surmise was right and I felt confident that while I stood there Felix was having an interview with his accomplice. I could not disturb them, yet wished to assure myself of the identity of Rose Strent. When I found out all about her there might be a possibility of solving the mystery.

"Well, no matter," I answered carelessly, stuffing the card back into my case. "I'll see Mr. Briarfield another time."

"Will you leave your name, sir?"

"No, it doesn't matter. I'll call about nine on the chance of finding him in."

Having thus baffled the inquiries of the caretaker, I strolled into the street, and taking up my station at the corner, kept my eyes on the door. If Rose Strent was with Felix she must certainly come out in a short time. Then I intended to follow her up and speak to her if I got a chance. Failing Briarfield, I might possibly extort a confession from the weaker vessel.

In about a quarter of an hour the woman came out. She wore no veil, and as it was still fairly light I had no difficulty in seeing her face. She passed hurriedly by me in the direction of the Haymarket without observing me, and I recognized her at a glance. It was, as I thought, Rose Strent, and none other. In place of the waiting maid's linen dress she was arrayed in a smart tailor-made costume, and looked very fashionable indeed. Her face wore a triumphant expression as though she had been successful with Felix. I guessed the interview had been for the purpose of extorting blackmail. With her knowledge of his secret Felix was certainly at her mercy.

Following her up at some little distance, she went down the Haymarket and turned into one of the side streets. Turned off there into a dirty little alley and finally disappeared into a swing door over which was a lamp inscribed with some letters. I looked up and saw written thereon "Stage door."

"An actress!" said I, and went round to the front of the theater to inspect the play-bill. It was the Frivolity Theater, and they were playing the burlesque of "As you don't like it." Glancing down the list of characters I saw that Orlando was played by Miss Rose Gernon.

"A leading lady," I thought, transfixed with astonishment. "A burlesque actress, doubtless, in the receipt of a good salary. What in heaven's name took her to the Fen Inn?"

This question I was of course unable to answer, but I guessed it had something to do with love and Felix Briarfield. Leaving the matter alone for a few moments I secured a stall, and entered the theater. When Orlando came on I was thoroughly satisfied. Rose Strent was Rose Gernon, and I had seen her play the part of waiting maid at the Fen Inn on the tenth of June, that fatal night of the murder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cleveland's Destiny.

After the second term he will be a minus quantity. There will not be even a Mugwump so poor or eccentric as to do him reverence.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

STORIES OF WAR TIME

TALES OF DARING IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

Contributions From Gen. Longstreet, Col. W. S. Wofford, Col. Joseph Moore and H. H. Perry.

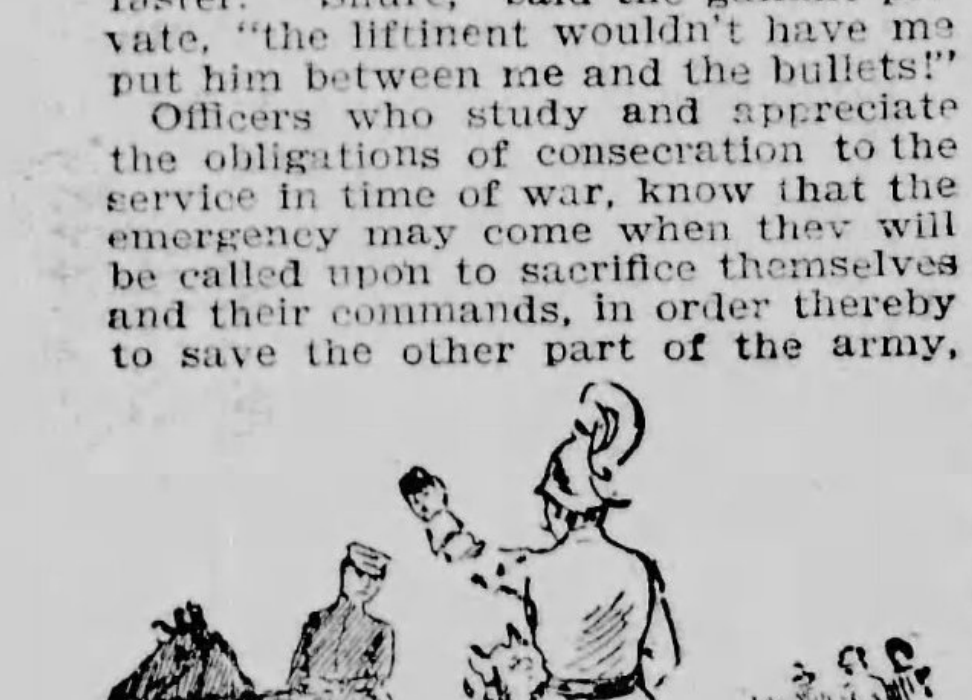
Told by Gen. James S. Longstreet.

It is a delicate, difficult, and apparently an invidious task for a man who has served through three wars in active and prolonged military life, to particularize what he ragards as the "bravest deed" during such periods; and it is not intended that what is related is the "bravest." In such an extended service and experience, covering years of my life, numerous instances of marked daring and valor were witnessed as performed by the Blue and the Gray, all showing that the Americans, North and South, are the most martial nation on the face of the globe; and it is hoped that in the fast and furious race for wealth we will not allow the era of selfishness to overshadow the epoch of heroism.

During the Mexican war, at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, as Gen. Taylor's artillery was actively at work and his infantry winding their way through the water to assault the Mexican lines, Capt. Charles May stood with his squadron on the road as near the enemy as cavalry adjustments woulld warrant. As the proper moment came for May to reach the enemy's battery and our infantry leaped from the water against the enemy's infantry, Gen. Taylor ordered: "Charge, Capt. May." Randolph Ridgely, who commanded Ringgold's splendid battery, called: "Hold on, Charlie, till I draw their fire. He provoked and drew upon himself the fire that would have been hurled into his cavalry comrades. May quickly made the dash and captured the battery before it could reload, taking as prisoner, with others, Gen. La Vega.

At the battle of Molino Del Rey, Lieut. Morris, of my regiment, was severely wounded. In those days we seldom had stretchers for removing the wounded from the field, and on this occasion we didn't even have a blanket. As Morris was anxious to be conveyed out of the severe fire, a stalwart, jolly Irishman was asked if he could take the disabled officer on his back. He said probably he could, and we lifted Morris to his stout shoulders. The officer's arms were still strong enough to clasp tenaciously around the private's neck. Just behind us the ground divided to a little ravine that furnished shelter from the Mexicans' galling fire. Upon starting, the soldier moved by backward steps, facing the enemy, and putting his body between the Mexican bullets and Morris, and thus backed to get under cover at the ravine. Morris impatiently ordered the soldier to turn about and hasten off faster. "Shure," said the gallant private, "the liftinent wouldn't have me put him between me and the bullets!"

Officers who study and appreciate the obligations of consecration to the service in time of war, know that the emergency may come when they will be called upon to sacrifice themselves and their commands, in order thereby to save the other part of the army, and these are the occasions that sorely try men's souls. On the march of the Confederate army from Richmond and Petersburg to Appomattox Court House, in April, 1865, Lieut. Gen. Ewell and Lieut. Gen. R. H. Anderson, realizing the necessity of holding the line at Sailor's Creek, to save the army trains, put their respective commands in position for that purpose and utilized every moment to hurriedly throw up some slight embankments. Our rear guard command came up and marched on by, leaving Ewell and Anderson without any artillery. They fully understood that their one and only chance was that the Federals might charge precipitately, without waiting the play of the batteries, and in this contest they felt they should hold their ground. "In vain is the net spread in sight of the bird." The pursuing Federals were too wily and wary, flushed as they were in following a foe that vainly and reluctantly retreated. The Union batteries coming up, the infantry soon halted, while the heavy guns felt our position and soon disclosed or exposed our men without any artillery. Without coming directly under our infantry, their batteries, so skillfully handled, as they always were, put the Confederates to disorder, when a valiant charge was superbly made, capturing nearly all of Gen. Ewell's men, the major portion of Gen. Anderson's and the trains, but the unselfish, gallant conduct of Ewell's and Anderson's men, who beforehand thoroughly understood the consequences, saved for the time the balance of Gen. Lee's army. JAMES LONGSTREET.

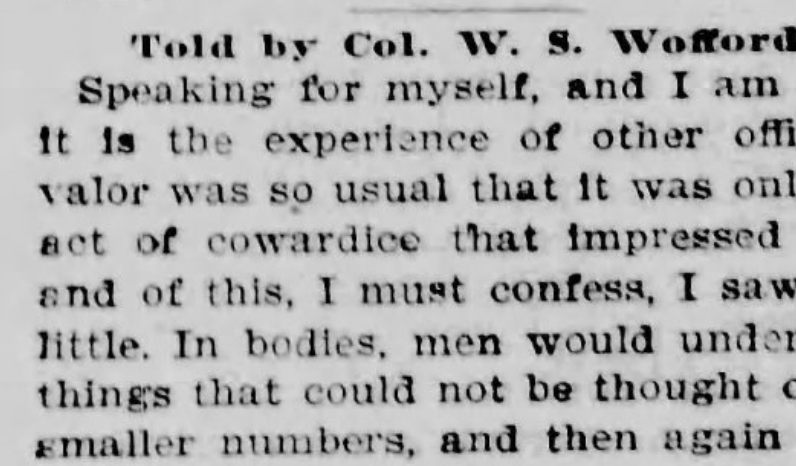


"HOLD ON, CHARLIE."

Told by Col. W. S. Wofford.

Speaking for myself, and I am sure it is the experience of other officers, valor was so usual that it was only an act of cowardice that impressed one, and of this, I must confess, I saw but little. In bodies, men would undertake things that could not be thought of by smaller numbers, and then again field officers did not have an opportunity to note individual acts.

It was at the battle of Sharpsburg where I had the honor to command a brigade under Gen. Hood. I need not remind any of the survivors North or South that Sharpsburg or Antietum, as our Yankee friends call it, was, for the numbers engaged, the bloodiest battle of the war.



"WE SAW HIM LIFTING A MAN."

We had been fighting all the day near or about a building known as Mumma church. Sometimes we were in the advance of this building, and again the terrific firing would force us to seek shelter in the woods, where there were a few pieces of almost useless artillery. The Fifth Texas, on the right of the brigade was commanded by the gallant Captain Turner, and as I rode in his direction, I noticed that an enlisted man, whose name I learned was Monroe, was engaging him in earnest conversation.

Before I came up, Monroe had left the captain and was running like a deer in the direction of the enemy, who were quick to fire on any moving thing. "Captain, what does this mean?" I asked, as I looked after the flying figure.

Pointing to the trampled corn field in which so many men, friends and foes lay, the captain said: "Monroe, one of my men, saw a flag rising and falling a bit ago, over near that burned stump, and he asked for leave to go and get it."

"Has your regiment lost its flag?" I asked. "No," he replied with pride, "what's left of the colors of the Fifth Texas, is still in our possession, and we'll keep it while there's a man to carry it," and he pointed down the line to where a lot of blood-stained tatters flapped about a bullet-scared staff.

"It must be a Yankee flag," I said, "and if so, I hardly think it prudent to risk a man on such a venture."

Captain Turner made no reply, but meanwhile my attention was drawn to Monroe, for I was now intensely interested in the outcome of this adventure.

He reached the black stump about two hundred yards away, and dropped so suddenly that at first we thought he was shot. Soon to our great relief, Monroe rose to his knees. We saw him lifting a man on his back and that the man clung to a flag.

Monroe straightened up, took a quick glance about him, and then started for our lines. He was a young athletic fellow, but he had no child's burden. Men were falling back in the line, and how he escaped is one of those wonders that can never be explained, though he was slightly wounded in the shoulder.

He brought back with him not a Yankee and his colors, but the color-bearer and flag of the Fourth Texas, lost in our retreat. Every man in the brigade saw this exploit and greeted it with a ringing cheer. The colors were saved, and I may add the color-bearer got well.

W. S. WOFFORD.

Told by H. H. Penny.

The bravest deed I witnessed during the war was at Sharpsburg, as we call it, or Antietum, as known at the North, and the participants were all commanding officers. Among them was Gen. Longstreet, "Lee's Old War Horse," as Gen. Lee himself styled Longstreet at the close of this battle. When the fighting was over, all the generals had reported and collected at Gen. Lee's headquarters. Longstreet came up a little late, when Lee stepped forward, and, heartily clasping his hand, said, "And here comes my old war horse." From that time to the present "Lee's Old War Horse" was the nickname Longstreet has gone and goes by. The Union forces had killed all the gunners of one of our batteries, and here a portion of our line was unoccupied, and Burnside's men, seeing the gap, charged up to take possession. Perceiving the imminent peril, Gen. Longstreet, Col. Osmond Latrobe, Col. G. M. Lowell and Major Fairfax dismounted, and Longstreet loaded the cannons and used the lanyard himself. For quite a while this quartette fought an immense Federal force, and Longstreet's splendid skill and practical knowledge as an artillerist stood him well in hand, as they handled three pieces of artillery with such tremendous effect that the Federal advance was checked and they were compelled to fall back beyond Longstreet's range. In the meantime he sent for ex-Senator Robert Toombs' brigade, gunners were supplied and well supported by Confederate infantrymen. I believe this was the only instance during the war where a corps commander with his own hands actually managed the loading and training of artillery, sighted the cannons and jerked the lanyard.

H. H. PENNY.

"HERE COMES MY OLD WAR HORSE."

Told by Congressman Woomer.

One of the most conspicuous examples of persistent nerve and endurance that came under my eyes during the war occurred at the fight near Marye's Heights, not far from Salem Church and Fredericksburg. We had been camped during the night on the Falmouth side of the Rappahannock. In the morning we crossed to Fredericksburg, driving the Confederates before us, and capturing the Washington Artillery, a brigade from Louisiani. Fredericksurg Heights were occupied, and the sixth corps pushed on to Salem church, four miles farther on, and there met another body of the enemy and engaged them in fierce fighting. Company A, of the 63d Pennsylvania, of which I was a member, was with the regiment, in a very uncomfortable position. Though the men were falling all around me, I took particular notice, quite naturally, of my own bunkmate, E. C. Euston, who fell, apparently killed or mortally wounded, almost at my side. Amid the roar of the cannonading and the frightful rattle of the musketry, I shall never forget how it occurred to me that poor Euston was gone, and that I would have to hunt another bunkmate. Later in the day, the tide of battle turned in favor of the Confederates. We were repulsed with great loss, and before night were compelled to fall back, and recrossed during the night to the Falmouth side.

When about to go into camp I felt about as gloomy as a man could be capable of feeling, when I saw what seemed to be a familiar form approaching slowly. When it came close enough for recognition, who should it be but Euston.

"Why, I thought you were killed," I exclaimed, hardly believing the evidence of my eyes, and almost ready to think it was Euston's ghost.

"Not by a long shot," was the reply, but in a strange, mumbling tone, which made his words almost unintelligible.

"Where were you shot?" I asked.

He answered by pointing to the left side of his nose, and then I noticed that there was a hole there, and that it was stuffed full of cotton.

"Where did it come out?" said I.

He put his finger in his mouth and touched the roof of it and said "here."

"And where is the bullet?"

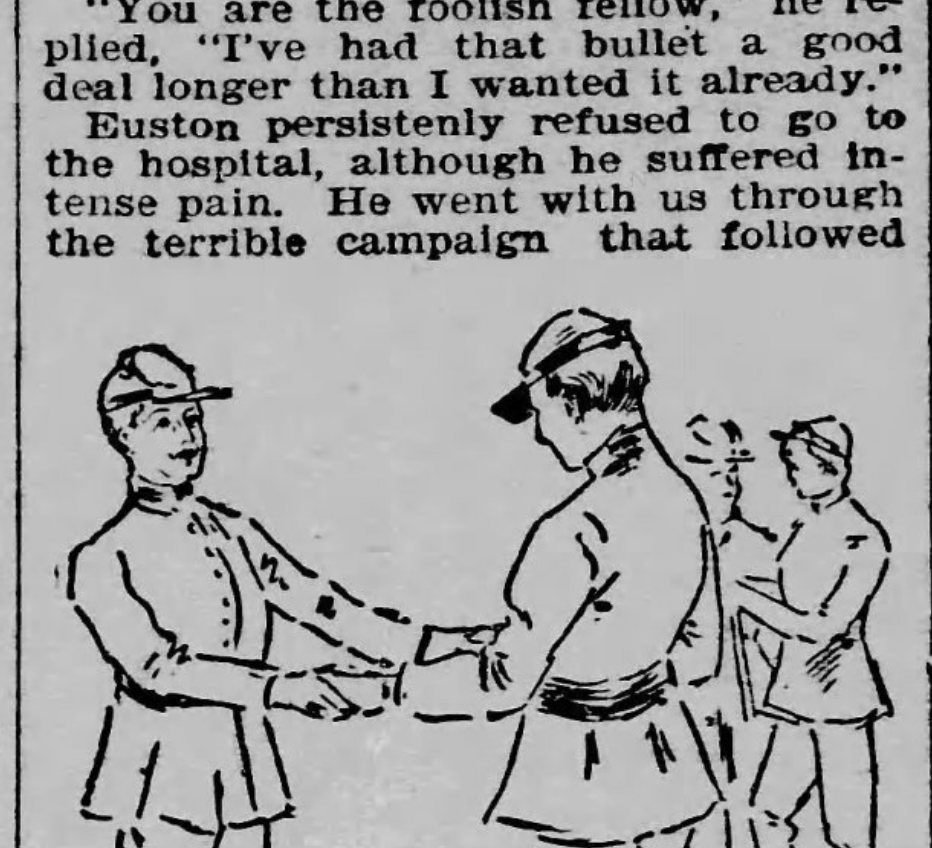
"Oh, I threw that away," he mumbled.

"Why, you foolish fellow," I said, "You should have kept it for a souvenir."

"You are the foolish fellow," he replied, "I've had that bullet a good deal longer than I wanted it already."

Euston persistenly refused to go to the hospital, although he suffered intense pain. He went with us through the terrible campaign that followed Fredericksburg, unable to bite anything hard, living on soup and hardtack softened in water, and afterwards fried, and fought bravely through the battle of Gettysburg in that condition, and is still living.

E. W. WOOMER.



"WHO SHOULD IT BE BUT EUSTON?"

Told by Col. Joseph Moore.

Claude Neville is rather a romantic name, but the original was anything but a fine type of the hero of fiction. He was a Kentucky mountaineer, and how he ever came to join the 58th Indiana, I do not know. I had charge of a pontoon section in Gen. Slocum's wing of Sherman's army, and four companies of this Hoosier regiment were in my command, among them Claude Neville.

This man was tall, lank, sallow, reticent, full of dry humor, and more indifferent to fatigue than any one I ever met, yet he was not personally energetic, indeed, at times he was as painfully deliterate in his actions as he was in his speech. He could go for days without eating, and then he had the capacity to gorge himself like an anaconda. I have heard that he could drink a company blind and never show a sign of liquor himself. He was as placid under fire as if smoking miles away from the enemy.

We had reached the Ogeechee river in an advance under Sherman, and finding the bridge across that stream burned, we prepared to put down pontoons. Above the place where we struck the river, Neville found a dugout, and was paddling down, when the nemy's sharp shooters opened fire, and we could see our friend fall in the bottom of the boat, and believed him to be dead.

It was growing dark very fast, and as the water was bitterly cold, we reasoned that Claude Neville was beyond help, no attempt was made to secure the dugout, but it was permitted to drift down under the cypresses and moss-covered live oaks.

The night before we entered Savannah, I got a permit to visit a brother officer in command of our pickets, not far from the enemy's works. It was about ten o'clock, and I was about to return to my own camp, when a sergeant and two men came in from the front, with a well-mounted prisoner, two mail and despatch bags being strapped behind his saddle.

I heard the prisoner shouting out:

"You —— —— ejots! I'm a Kentucky Yank, d—— you! and my name's Claude Neville! I belong to the 58th Indiana, I do!"

I hurried to the man, and on seeing me he caught me in his arms. I never saw him demonstrative before, and then he told his story. He had not even been wounded, but he floated in the dug-out past the enemy's camp. He hid in the swamp till that afternoon, when he came upon a carrier's horse hitched before a house. He leaped into the saddle, "and rid for dear life to the West." The dispatches proved to be of value, and I have always doubted if any man but Claude Neville could have done that thing.

JOSEPH MOORE.

(THE END.)

Vandalia, Illinois.

Ivy Poisoning

Eight Years of Suffering

Perfectly Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"We have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and find it to be all you claim for it. My wife was poisoned by ivy when a young woman, and for eight years was troubled every

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

season with the breaking out and terrible itching and burning. I thought hers was as bad a case as anyone ever had. She was in this distressing condition every year until she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has effected a perfect cure, without leaving any scars, and she has had

No Sign of the Poison Since.

She is well and hearty. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla after the grip with good results, and have also given it to our four children. We are all pictures of perfect health and owe it to Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. C. FREEMAN, Vandalia, Ill.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels.

Peculiar to Itself.

So eminently successful has Hood's Sarsaparilla been that many leading citizens from all over the United States furnish testimonials of cures which seem almost miraculous. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not an accident, but the ripe fruit of industry and study. It possesses merit "peculiar to itself."

Hood's Pills cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on the Blade's Book Table for Review.

"Journey to Mars," by Gustavus W. Pope, M. D., is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York City. It is the first of a series of imaginative stories about the planets which has been inaugurated by this house. The book advances the theory that all are inhabited by beings like ourselves: that science, philosophy and religion all agree to that, and so he makes the people of the earth mingle with those of Mars, as easily as any two nations of the earth mingle together.

"The Englishman at Home," by Edward Porritt, is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York City. This is a study of the municipal and national life of England. Some of the subjects discussed are municipal administration, the poor law system, elemenatry education, criminal and civil justice, imperial taxation, and the proceedings of Parliament in legislating. There are also chapters of the Church of England, and non-conformity; labor legislation in all its phases—in short, most of the subjects leading up to the great problems of to-day are presented.

"Secularism, Its Progress and Morals," by John M. Bonham, is published by G. R. Putnam's Sons, New York City. This is a thoughtful work from a materialistic standpoint, which is worth a careful reading by those who differ from him widely. The chapters upon "Intuition" for instance advance some carefully considered ideas with regard to ideals and their wide diversity in the human family, and also that an absolute unity of belief would paralyze mental progress.

J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York City, issue a very handsome volume entitled "Sandow on Physical Training." The work was compiled and edited under the great athlete's personal supervision by G. Mercer Adam. It is a study of the perfect type of the human form, which it is believed Mr. Sandow is. The first chapter contains an earnest plea for physical education, and then follows a biography of his professional career, embracing details of his phenomenal prowess and gladiatorial skill in competitive matches, contests and exhibitions. This simple method of physical education for the home, the gymnasium and the army are given, and also his views generally of the functions of the muscles and everything connected with the development of the body. The volume is finely illustrated.

A new book by the author of "Hiram Golf's Religion" is "They Met in Heaven." In this one published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West 23d street, New York City, more reminiscences of the "Shoemaker by the Grace of God" are given. They come in the history of the discussions of the Fireside Club, and all that is related shows the remarkable beauty of his charater. The whole book is pure, uplifting and cheering, helpful to everybody who may read it.

Some of the pamphlets brought out recently are the following:

"Hawaiian Life or Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," by Charles Warren Stoddard, published by F. T. Neely, Chicago. It is very prettily written.

From the same publisher comes "The Anarchist," by Richard Henry Savage, author of "My Official Wife" and others.

From G. W. Dillingham, New York, comes "A Senator at Sea," by George F. Duysters, a sensational story; and "Uncle Bob's Baby," by William Fisk Brown, which is in the nature of an autobiography.

Edgar S. Werner, 28 West 23d street, New York City, publishes "Readings and Recitations," which are compiled and arranged by Caroline B. Le Row. This is the tenth number which has been issued.

His Description.

Sara—He is a fly youth, isn't he?

Anne (doubtfully)—Well, he's a bird.—Detroit Free Press.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young man, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, premature decay, lost vigor, lack of vitality, atrophy, vericocele, etc., will write me, I will send him a plain envelope sealed, free, full particulars for a certain, speedy and permanent cure. Address, G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1602, Marshall, Mich.

GET A
COLUMBIA
IT IS ECONOMY TO RIDE THE BEST

Columbias are built to last. Riders know this; they see the honest old Columbias about and doing good service year after year. Columbias are also built to look well, as everybody knows who ever saw a Columbia.

At $125.00, Columbias present a value which no rider can afford to overlook.

POPE MFG. CO.,
Boston, New York,
Chicago, Hartford.

Our catalogue for 1894 shows a line of wheels, all newly designed, which for attractiveness excel any bicycles ever offered. It is free at our agencies, or we mail it for two 2-cent stamps.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The McKinley Bill.

H. L. M., Plumsteadville, Pa., asks: "How long did it take the McKinley bill to pass both houses and have the President's signature?"

The McKinley bill was reported by the Ways and Means committee to the House on April 16, 1891. The debate on it began on May 6. It was passed by the House on May 21. The dependent pension bill, Sherman silver bill, etc., were engaging the attention of the Senate, and though it was reported to that body by the Finance committee, its discussion did not begin until July 25. Discussion was not continuous, many important measures being discussed and passed at intervals. It passed the Senate, as amended, September 17. It went back to the House, where a conference committee was asked for. This committee reported it back September 26. The bill passed the House September 27, the Senate September 30, it was signed by President Harrison the next day, October 1, and it went into effect October 6.

The delay in this bill did not effect business, because it was understood that no injurious reductions of duty would be made. In point of fact, trade increased during the time it was pending. The exact opposite is the case with the Wilson bill. It will cut down duties, and there is too much risk to allow any sensible man to extend his industry, increase his stock, etc., until he knows the final shape of the bill.

Joan of Arc.

R. D. S., Midland City, O.: Joan of Arc was a peasant girl, born at Domremy, in Lorraine, France, about 1411. She had no education, but tended sheep and rode horses to and from water. The peasants were very superstitious, and those of Lorraine sympathized with the Orleans party in the divisions which rent France at that time. Joan shared the political excitement and religious enthusiasm, and loved to meditate on the legends of the Virgin Mary. She dwelt especially on a prophecy current at that time that a virgin should relieve France of her enemies. At the age of 13 she began to believe herself the subject of supernatural visitations, spoke of voices she thought she heard, and visions she believed she saw. A few years later she became possessed of the idea that he was called to deliver the country and crown the king. She appealed to the governor of a city near by, but he refused her at first; but finally yielding to her importunities, sent her to the court of Charles, then at Chinon. After some time, his fortunes being desperate, the king granted her desire to lead his army. The superstitious soldiery were enthused by her supposed divine leadership and under her lead defeated the English who were besieging Orleans. Other exploits followed, and in three months Charles was crowned king at Rheims, Joan standing in armor at his side. She remained with the army, but in the spring of the next year, 1430, she was captured in battle by the English, taken to Rouen, tried and convicted of sorcery, and burned at the stake on May 31, 1431.

International Postal Union.

C. W., Red Bud, Kan.: The international postal union was formed by a convention which met at Berne, Switzerland, in 1874. A treaty was concluded between the countries represented for the formation of a general postal union, in which uniform rates of postage shall prevail. The countries forming the original union are Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Egypt, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Italy, Luxemburg, Norway, Holland, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and the United States. France joined in 1876. Since then the following countries and colonies have joined the union:

British India, French colonies, Bermuda, Ceylon, British Guiana, Hong Kong, Jamaica, Labuan, Mauritius, Straits Settlements, Trinidad, colonies of Holland, colonies of Spain, Japan, colonies of Portugal, Brazil, St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. John, Greenland, Persia, Argentine Republic, Canada, Soudan, Cyprus, British West African colonies, Falkland Islands, British Honduras, Newfoundland, Andorra, Honduras, Ionian Isles, Liberia, Lichtenstein, Mexico, Monaco, Nubia, Peru, San Marino, Salvador, Bulgaria, Leeward Islands, Venezuela, Bahama Islands, Ecuador, Uruguay, Dominica, Grenada, St. Lucia, Tobago, Turk's Islands, Chile, Hayti, Paraguay, Colombia, Guatemala, Barbadoes, St. Vincent, Hawaii, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Siam, Congo State, Bolivia, Samoa, Cameroons, German protectorates of Togo and Southwest Africa, Tunis, Marshall Islands.

Money in Circulation.

J. D. W., Elbert, Colo., asks: "Please explain how the amount of money in circulation in any certain year in any country is ascertained? It is easy to know how much has been issued from time to time, but the exportation of coin, and the loss of vast quantities of paper money by fire and many other ways, as well as the loss of coin by melting to use for manufacturing jewelry and other things, makes it look like a difficult problem."

The exportation and importation of coin is a matter of statistical record, and hence can easily be ascertained. The loss of paper money is not very great, and is but a fractional per cent of the total volume. This loss is estimated from the amount unaccounted for of circulation of national banks which have withdrawn their circulation, and which affords a pretty sure guide. The loss of coin by manufacturing is very small. It does not pay to use coin when bullion can be easily obtained. Silver bullion costs only half the price of silver coin, and it is more economical to buy gold bullion than to use gold coin, for there is no loss by abrasion.

Source of the Mississippi.

F. J., New Lisbon, O.: The Mississippi river rises in Lake Itasca. The impudent claim of the man Glazier that its real source is a little pond which he called "Lake Glazier," has been fully exposed as a fraud. The state of Minnesota had a surveying party visit the place, examine old maps and records, and settle the question. The little body of water which Glazier assumed to have discovered, was found to have been mapped and named a half century or more ago; hence he did not discover it. It was also found that there are a number of little lakes and ponds, of which it is one, around Lake Itasca, and emptying into it; but none of them furnishes a stream larger than a spring run, nor is any worthy to be called the Mississippi river. Hence the report was that Lake Itasca is the true head of the Mississippi, and that Glazier is a fraud.

Fractional Silver.

J. W. R., Minerton, O., asks: "Is there less silver in a dollar's worth of fractional currency than in a silver dollar; or in other words, is there more silver in a one dollar piece than in two fifty cent pieces?"

Yes. Minor coins are merely for convenience, and all nations make them light weight, to keep them from being used as bullion. As no minor coins are full legal tender, this has nothing to do with the free coinage question. It is "free coinage of silver dollars with full legal tender powers," which is being debated over the country now. A silver dollar weighs 412.5 grains; a half dollar is only 192.9 grains, instead of 206.25 grains, or half as much as a dollar; a silver quarter weighs only 96.45 grains, and a silver dime only 38.58 grains.

"Stamp Flirtation."

"J. C. B.," Willow Springs, Mo., asks: "Will you please give a history of the origin of stamp flirtation; also the meaning the stamps have when placed on the envelope in different shapes?"

There is no "history" to it. The use of a stamp on a letter is a matter of business, not of silly love-making. There is but one proper place for a stamp on a letter, and that is on the upper right-hand corner. To put it anywhere else shows, first, gross ignorance; second, stupid folly. Don't indulge in such silly exhibitions of greenness.

Reckoning Ages.

G. F. T., Norfolk, Va., asks: "A person was born March 6, 1852, at 6 o'clock a. m. What will be his age at March 6, 1894, at 12 o'clock in the day?"

The law does not recognize fractions of a day in determining a person's age, when it comes into question legally—such as determining whether he is of voting age, etc. A man born on March 6, 1852, completes his 42d year on March 5, 1894, and on March 6 begins his 43d year.

The Best Reading.

W. S. F., Windsor, Ill., asks: "What is the best reading for a Republican, to post himself for the next campaign?"

The Toledo Blade, by all odds. Every question which will enter into the campaign—the Wilson bill, protection, free silver, etc.—will be fully and exhaustively discussed in its columns.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. E. E. M., Grelton, O.: No.

L. M. B., Trenton, Mo.: That would be to give addresses, and the Rules above forbid that.

Inquisitive: Why did you not send your postoffice address? We are weary of telling people they must follow this rule if they expect answers. We know nothing of the paper you mention.

Elizabeth, Fostoria, O.: Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) was married on May 31, 1853, to Miss Mary E. Pringle, of Charleston, S. C. We don't know whether the pair had or have any children.

Subscriber, Philipsburg: There were many points of difference, the dependent pension bill signed by Harrison being far mor generous in its provisions than the one Cleveland had previously vetoed.

W. T. S., Wheeling, W. Va.: Thanks for your good wishes. The article you refer to needs no refutation. Every one in Toledo knows its utter falsity. The paper publishing it simply desires, we suppose, to have The Blade take it up in order to get some free advertising in our columns, and we don't propose advertising it except at regular rates.

Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, Mass

Dr. R. C. Flower, the eminent physician of Boston, will visit a few of the important cities of this section of the country, as follows:

Evansville, Ind., St. George Hotel, Monday, April 2.

Indianapolis, Ind., New Denison Hotel, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3 and 4.

Lafayette, Ind., New Bramble House, Thursday, April 5.

Ft. Wayne, Ind., Randall Hotel, Friday, April 6.

South Bend, Ind., Oliver Hotel, Saturday, April 7.

Jackson, Mich., Hibbard House, Monday, April 9.

Lansing, Mich., Hotel Downey, Tuesday, April 10.

Bay City, Mich., New Fraser House, Wednesday, April 11.

Detroit, Mich., Hotel Cadillac, Thursday and Friday, April 12 and 13.

Toledo, Ohio, Hotel Madison, Saturday, April 14.

Dr. Flower is too well-known to require an introduction to our readers. His marvelous and seemingly miraculous cures of prominent people all over this country, has placed him in the foremost rank of his chosen profession.

This visit of Dr. Flower will afford an excellent opportunity for many to consult this eminent specialist close to their homes.

TOLD THE WRONG STORY.

How the Husband Got Into Trouble at His Silver Wedding.

They were celebrating their silver wedding, and, of course, the couple were very happy and affectionate.

"Yes," said the husband, "this is the only woman I ever loved, and I shall never forget the first time I proposed to her."

"How did you do it?" burst out a young man who had been squeezing a pretty girl's hand in a corner.

They all laughed, and he blushed, but the girl carried it off bravely.

"Well, I remember as well as if it were but yesterday. It was at Richmond. We had been out for a picnic, and she and I got wandering alone. Don't you remember, my dear, and what a lovely day it was?"

The wife smiled.

"We sat on the trunk of a tree. You haven't forgotten love, have you?"

The wife smiled again.

"She began writing in the dust with the point of her parasol. You recall it, sweet?"

The wife nodded.

"She wrote her name, 'Mary,' and I asked her to let me put the other name to it. And I took the parasol and wrote my name, 'Smith,' below it. And she took back the parasol and wrote below it: 'No, I won't.' Then we went home. You remember it, darling? Ah, I see you do."

Then he kissed her, and the company murmured, "Wasn't it pretty?"

The guests had all departed, and the happy pair were left alone.

"Wasn't it nice, Mary, to see all our friends around us so happy?"

"Yes, it was. But, John, that reminiscence of yours!"

"Ah, it seems as if it had been only yesterday, Mary."

"Yes, dear; there are only three things you're wrong about in that story."

"Wrong? Oh, no.

"John, I'm sorry you told that story, because I never went to a picnic with you before we were married; I was never in Richmond in my life, and I never refused you."

"My darling, you must be wrong; I have a good memory."

"I am not wrong, Mr. Smith, and my memory is as good as yours; and although

FOR WAKEFULNESS

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. C. R. DAKE, Belleville, Ills., says: "I have found it, and it alone, to produce sweet and natural sleep in cases of wakefulness caused by overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

The man who is standing up for you soons gets tired and sits down.—Atchison Globe.

It is an indisputable fact that every man who wears his watch in his vest pocket is behind time.—Philadelphia Record.

Waiter—De usual steak, sah?

Regular Customer—No. I am tired tonight. Bring me in a plate of hash.—Indianapolis Journal.

She—You know papa has failed; and he says that we must begin to economize.

He—Well, we needn't be wearing out two chairs.—Life.

He (audaciously)—Suppose I were to kiss you unaware.

She (coyly)—I don't believe you could.—Browning's Monthly.

Judge—Do you know anything favorable about the prisoner?

Witness—He ran away wid me ould woman, yer rauner!—Life.

Trotter—Say, old man, do you know that pretty girl over yonder?

Barlow—Know her? I should say I did. I've proposed to her three times already.—Judge.

A Frank Lover—Why, you silly boy, you couldn't even pay my dressmaker's bills.

"I know. But I can pay my tailor's bills now."—Life.

Friend of the Family—Aren't you afraid to let your husband take that trip into the mountains at this season of the year?

Mrs. Billus—It drives me nearly frantic to think of it. But he's well insured.—Chicago Tribune.

Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody.

Wife (calmly)—Order is heaven's first law.—New York Weekly.

Nelly—Mamma, would it take anybody a long time to get to heaven?

Mrs. Knickerbocker—Yes, my dear, a very long time.

Nelly (after deep thought)—As long as it takes to get to Brooklyn, mamma?—Truth.

A Clincher—"No, sir, I cannot let you kiss me."

"You permitted Jack Getthere to kiss you the other night."

"But that was in payment of a forfeit. Then you know he is my cousin; and besides, he is a divinity student."

"Well, so am I a divinity student."

"You?"

"Yes; haven't I been studying you for a long time?"—Chips.

A Harbinger.

'Twas early in the morning when
I heard that rooster boom,
And, dreaming of the spring, I said,
"The crow cuss is in bloom."
—Detroit Free Press.

The Modern Way

Commends itself to the well-formed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Bunch on Mare Colt's Navel.

C. E. E., Pennsylvania: The bunch in the navel of your colt is umbilical hernia. It is caused by the passing of a portion of the bowel or omentum through the navel. It is common in foals. It appears as a soft-all-over compressible mass at the navel or umbilicus. Most of this kind of hernia disappear before the animal reaches the age of two years. But it is better to take measures to assist nature. There are several ways of doing this. The better way, perhaps, will be to clip the hair from the prominence. Then take a piece of soft cork, cut it so that it will be a little oval shaped, and of a size a little less than the opening. Fit this in snugly and over it put a plaster of pitch. Then pass a breast band around the body of the colt with straps and buckles on the back to hold it in place. Keep the band on for three months. If the hernia is a bad one, which it does not seem to be, it will be necessary to cast the colt and put the bowels in. Another way to treat umbilical hernia is to apply nitric acid with a small brush using only sufficient to moisten the skin. This causes an adhesive inflammation which in many cases closes the opening in the navel.

Broom Corn Millet.

W. M. P., South Dakota: The common broom corn is classed among the millets. The millets are: Arabian evergreen, Australian cat-tall, Egyptian evergreen, German, Morocco, pearl, Texas millo maize, and red millo maize. More properly speaking, broom corn is included with the varieties saccharatum, or ordinary sugar sorghum, millo maize, Kaffir corn and dourra. These all come under the head sorghum vulgare.

Sprung Knees.

Subscriber, Ohio: Spring knees result from injury to the leg, strain of the tendons, corns or navicular disease. Six of every ten spring kneed horses will be found to have corns. Feel along the back tendons to see if there is unusual warmth. If so, foment the legs with warm water until the fever is out. Then rub along the tendons and around the joints a little of this: Biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Rub an ounce a day for five days, washing it before each application with warm water and soap. Poultice the feet for a full day; then examine for corns. These corns should be well cut out, and the part touched with caustic silver. Poulticing for a full day once a week for a month will be beneficial. Flaxseed is the best poultice. If corns are found it would be well for you to give the animal a run at grass for a month, and apply hoof ointment every day.

Frog in Horse's Foot—Colt Stiff.

Farmer Boy, Iowa:—The foot of the horse should be carefully examined by a qualified veterinarian. A nail wound or punctured wound may involve the plantar cushion, the seasamoid sheath, the navicular bone, or the coffin joint, and no matter if it be healed over, there may be a deep-seated injury. If you cannot get a veterinarian, poultice the foot for two days with linseed meal. Then have the sole pared and cautiously tested to see if there is pus present. If so, the part should be carefully opened, and more poulticing done. Then wrap a small piece of whalebone or strong, pliable wood, with a thin covering of soft linen. Dip this in a solution of two parts carbolic acid to twelve parts of water, and cautiously wash out the wound to the bottom. If the wound has healed properly, you may rub around the coronet the following: Biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Mix well and rub in once a day for a week, washing off before each application with warm water and soap. The hoof may be well rubbed daily with equal parts of tar, Burgundy pitch and mutton suet. There are so many things that might have caused the stiffness in your colt that the ditor could not express an intelligent opinion. Had you told of that which you fed the colt, the quarters in which it was kept, and whether or not it was exposed to draughts of air, he might be able to tell you something about it. A colt is very tender.

Raising Skunks.

J. Y. F., Ohio:—A man in East Tennessee, it is said, has made a success of the skunk industry, but so far as the editor has learned, he has not given his method of raising them. A great many of these animals might be raised on three or four acres of ground. Of course they must have a place in which to burrow in the ground or amongst holes in rocks. There should be plenty of trees and brush, in which they may hide. To prevent wandering away, a wire fence would be necessary, as they will, as they increase, seek new homes. They are a graniverous as well as herbivorous animal. Perhaps some one of the readers of The Blade can give all the information for which the inquirer is anxious to learn. A communication on this subject will be cheerfully given space in the Blade Farmstead.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Plum—The Writer's Own Philosophy.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I have given the plum a great deal of attention for many years, but with little success, however I think that I have been richly paid for my labor, as I think there is no fruit that will surpass or equal a good variety of plums as a table luxury, and had it been a freestone lumbard plum that the devil offered to Mother Eve I surely could not blame her for the great curse that she brought upon her paternity and for she and Adam saying it was pleasant to the taste. But like nearly all other plums the so-called plum curculio is its enemy and great destroyer; however, I want to say right here, according to my own philosophy and observation that there is no such insect as the plum curculio; these clumsy bugs that you jar off the tree by thumping it with a wallet are not the things that do the mischief to the plum. I had one Lumbard plum tree last year that was quite a distance from the house and it was very full of plums, but they were all stung and fell off. I put soft soap and tar all around the tree so that no insect could have gotten over it and I sprayed this tree three or four times, but it did no good. I had four other trees of the same kind, but they were much younger, but from which I got a fine crop, considering that the trees were so young. One is planted quite near the gas regulator, another close by the corner of the house and two among the chicken coops and all very near paths often used by the family. I have a neighbor who has a large Lumbard plum tree that stands in the edge of the path which leads to the well from the house and is near both. It has yielded a very large crop of plums for a great many years in succession. My plan would be to raise plums on a small scale—to plant the trees near the home and along paths that are frequently used and among chicken coops.

The lent worm is a great pest to the farmer while it lives in the ground as a worm and it also is when it lives in the air as a fly. When it is born again or transformed into an ariel being it is about the size of a small wasp and of a yellowish color and of a high grade of life and very sprightly. They become very numerous about the last of May or the first of June and when the farmer sees them he can then plant his corn without fear of the cutworm destroying it. However, the brutes, although they are angels, are able to do the husbandman more mischief than they do before in the way of destroying his plums and other fruit, for the corn he can remedy and the other he cannot. I have gone out to the large plum tree that I spoke of that was so full and there would be dozens of these arial cut worms dabbing around all through the top and going through the motions the same as the butterfly that deposits the eggs on the cabbage which produces the cabbage worm. Nearly all insects winter in a nude or somnambulistic state in the ground and come forth in the air in the summer with a higher grade of life and live in the air and on the foliage of trees and plants.

Two farmers in this country that plowed up their orchards last year very late in the fall, and they both had a fine crop of apples, while others near by had none. We believe that very late ploughing and keeping the ground stirred late in the fall would be the very best way to get rid of many of their pests. The fruit tree agent will tell you to set your plum trees out in a cluster or make a thicket with them and then they will bear; they do this to sell you trees. The cluster or thicket plan won't work. I say this from experience, and one good large tree set out alone, in an open place and well taken care of will bear more plums than forty in a cluster or a thicket. I have two other kinds of plums that I can recommend —the Robinson and the Alaviana; they are a medium sized red plum; they have been bearing four years and have never failed to bring a good crop. They are very early and the fly that destroys the plum dares not bother them. By a small amount of labor I have had an abundance of fine fruit to do me the year round and some to spare for a great many years in succession.—David Alter.

TREES Fruit and Ornamental. Grapes, Shrubs, Roses, for Spring Planting. Handsome new 160 page Catalogue Free. Awarded Several Medals at the World's Fair. Ellwanger & Barry, —Mt. Hope Nurseries— Rochester, N. Y.

Stump Sucking in Horse.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In The Blade of March 8 I see a remedy for a stump sucking horse, viz., to buckle a strap tightly around the neck. My experience is that he will be much worse as soon as the strap is taken off. I have used the following successfully: To one part rock salt (powdered fine) add two parts baking soda. Put one teaspoonful in the feed twice a day until the horse stops cribbing. After that, feed once a day, but do not stop or he will commence again. Sawing between the upper front teeth will sometimes cure it. In doing this use a very fine saw.—S. D. Purviance.

(The above remedy acts upon the digestive organs, which is necessary to a cure of stump-sucking. An old stump sucker is seldom cured. The strap idea is an old one, and has many advocates, but it frequently leads to something worse than stump-sucking. A strap studded with sharp points of iron opposite the lower part of the jaw is a preventative, but not always a cure.—Ed.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to Raise Squabs.

The Country Gentleman, in reply to a question, says: The number of pigeons that can be kept in one building will depend on the size of the building. If the birds are allowed to fly at large, and the building is large enough, several hundred can be kept together. The writer has kept 50 to 75 birds in a room 8x12, and had them do well. The larger the number kept within the same limits the greater the care to keep everything clean, and cleanliness is one secret of success in rearing squabs.

As the birds pair, it will be necessary to have as many males as females, and each pair of birds should have a separate nesting-place. If one started with one hundred pairs, he would have to provide one hundred separate nesting places. The cheapest way to provide these is to erect at the back of the room devoted to the pigeons a row of shelves, one above the other. Divide these shelves by upright boards of same width into apartments, and where the upright boards come nail a board to edge of shelves, so that one-half of its width will extend over each compartment and shelter it from sight and from air. In these places nesting pans of wood or other material can be placed, and may be filled with pine saw dust, which has a tendency to drive off the insects that may trouble the young squabs.

The best pigeons for raising squabs are a cross between the runt and the common pigeon, but if these are not easily obtainable, the next best pigeons would be the common ones. White ones are preferable to blue, for the reason that the squabs bring a higher price in the market; otherwise one is as good as the other.

Squabs should be killed just before they are ready to leave the nest. At this time they are fatter, heavier and tenderer than at any other. They are bled in the mouth and sold unpicked and undrawn.

Pigeons should receive a mixture of gray peas—of which they are very fond—wheat, and cracked corn. The latter grain is too heating for the health of the pigeons if fed in large quantities. Food can be given to them in self-feeding hoppers, but care should be taken to keep the hoppers filled so that they will always have food. Fountains for water should be used, and an occasional bath will be appreciated. Cleanliness is very important. Pigeons that are allowed perfect liberty will require less care, and do better than those which are kept in confinement, but there is a chance of losing a few when they are at liberty, from hawks, cats and mischievous boys.

Some Bee Diseases.

Mrs. L. Harrison says in Orange Judd Farmer: The weather has been very warm of late for this time of the winter. Bees had a fine fly on the shortest day of the year (December 21st), and even now the air is warm and balmy, and the bees are sporting about their hives as in summer time. These warm days give them an opportunity to clean house, which they have improved to the fullest extent. I went around with the broom to sweep bits of comb, dust, dead bees, etc., from the alighting boards, and soon found that they were as full of life as of old. Mild times which give the bees an opportunity to void their faeces, and to bring honey into the cluster, are invaluable for their health. Although the winter may be severe, if the bees can fly once a month, they may be expected to come through the cold weather in good condition, provided they have plenty of stores. Bee paralysis. For some years this was known as the "nameless disease," until some one suggested paralysis. The first time that I saw bees afflicted in this way was at an apiary of a friend, whose bees acted as though they had the ague. Another peculiarity I noticed, while watching them, was that the afflicted ones were black and shining, and those which were pulling them out of the hive were well-marked Italians. I never had but one colony affected in this way. While the other colonies were swarming and storing surplus the Italians were dragging out black shining bees into the grass, and the colony decreased in numbers instead of increasing. It did not swarm nor store surplus while affected in this way. I did nothing to it, for I did not know what to do. The trembling black bees disappeared before the close of the season, and the colony gathered a small amount of surpus. Some honey producers report much loss from this trouble. A remedy for this disease, successful with some apairists is a change of queens. Others report failure with this treatment. Salt or salt water, is claimed to be an effective remedy when sprayed on the combs. A correspondent in a late number of Gleanings writes: "I have had several cases of bee paralysis, and salt had no effect. But I have discovered that powdered sulphur, well sprinkled over combs and bees, cures the worst cases in from one to three days. When bees get lazy that is the commencement of the disease, and an application of sulphur kills the fungous growth, and the bees go to work with a vim. I have cured ten cases with it, and it does not injure the bees." Bee paralysis does not appear to be contagious, and climatic conditions may be more favorable to develop it, in some localities than in others. I have only met with one case. Foul Brood. Those contemplating ordering bees for spring delivery, should be careful where they send their orders, and only get from those who have a reputation to maintain, and could not afford to send out a foul brood colony. It is not safe to obtain a colony from an apiary, where it has appeared, even if the colony in question shows no signs of it, for the poison may be lurking there, and reval its presence at any moment. Some aplarists claim that the disease originates from the dead, putrid brood; that the bees remove it and the queen lays in the cell. When the egg hatches, the young larva is fed the milky fluid, which absorbs the poison from the cell, and destroys the young bee. I have had no experience with this malady. From all that I am able to learn from the best authorities, foul brood is infectious and transmitted by infection only.

BEAUTIFUL GLADIOLUS.

No flower so adorns the garden or lawn as does the Gladiolus, or is so fine for cutting for decorating rooms, churches, dining-tables, halls, stores, offices, etc. It is truly the king of summer flowers, and is as easily grown in any soil or situation as a potato. Plant in rows or in masses at any time from April to July; they bloom during July, August, and September. The great flaming spikes of bloom, three to four feet in height, and of the most fascinating colors of every shade and combination imaginable, make a show which no other summer flower can equal. We grow Gladiolus by the million,—the largest stock in the world, covering 150 acres thickly planted,—and offer the very choicest varieties at the following extremely low prices to induce people to try our superior bulbs. They are so fine and so cheap that every lover of flowers should plant them by the hundred or thousand. *Bulbs sent by mail, post-paid. Order at once; this offer will not appear again.*

Mixed colors, all sorts, extra fine, 30 cents per doz., $2.00 per 100.

Mixed colors, all sorts, second size, fine flowering bulbs, 15 cents per doz., $1.00 per 100, $8.00 per 1000.

Mixed colors, all sorts, third size, but blooming size, 60 cents per 100, $5.00 per 1000.

Lemoinei Hybrids (Orchid Gladiolus), mixed colors, grandly beautiful, 25 cents per doz., $1.50 per 100.

5 Named Gladiolus, 5 fine colors, white, scarlet, yellow, pink, and blotched, the 5 for 10 cents.

15 Named Gladiolus, the 15 finest varieties, $1.00.

SPECIAL OFFER. For only $2.00 we will send by mail, post-paid, or extra large bulbs by express (not prepaid), all of the following: the 15 grand named varieties, 25 Lemoinei Hybrids, and 100 finest mixed sorts, making in all a grand collection.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE

Is an elegant book of 200 pages, composed of three distinct Catalogues bound together—

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A work of unexcelled beauty and merit, rewritten and reconstructed in every particular. Every cut new, every line fresh. Printed on fine paper and in lovely bronze violet and brown colors. Many charming colored plates. Nothing like it ever before seen. We offer new and special strains of Flower and Vegetable seeds, all the standard new and rare Plants and Bulbs of every kind. Millions of Gladiolus, choicest Shrubs, Trees, Vines; also new and rare Fruits. The greatest collection of rare things for the garden ever presented, and all at moderate prices. Do not fail to see this wonderful book catalogue. Sent FREE if any of the above Bulbs are ordered.

John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N.Y.

TOBACCO AND TEMPERANCE.

Cigars Have Had the Effect of Reducing Drunkenness.

James Payn in London News: It is in a great part due to the influence of club life, Lord Salisbury tells us, that the custom of drinking has almost disappeared among the upper classes. Something of this is perhaps owing to the influence of opinion, for even a toper who thought nothing of getting drunk in congenial company and among bacchanalian friends might hesitate to do so among strangers, but the chief cause of the improvement is undoubtedly the introduction of the after-dinner cigar.

Tobacco was frowned upon at home before our womankind began to appreciate its soothing effect upon us, and the smokers naturally took refuge in their clubs. Then it very soon did away with the snuff box and more gradually, but quite as surely, with the magnum of claret after dinner. A few old gentlemen still stickle for a glass or so—which two generations ago would have been a bottle—but the minds of most men who have dined will turn, like a flower to the sun, to the smoking-room.

The speeches which follow our public dinners would now be quite intolerable to the young and middle-aged but for the mitigation of tobacco. The ignorance of the anti-everythingians about social matters is proverbial, but it is never so clearly demonstrated as in those who denounce tobacco on the ground that it leads men to drink; it does lead them to drink coffee.

It may be said, if it pleases the opponents of the fragrant weed, that it is only one bad habit driving out another, as the gout expels a fever, but the fever is, at all events, far the more dangerous of the two.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OUR FLAT.

Mrs. New Flatte—Now, Brother John, hubby told me I was to get you to come over and settle our flat for us. You know you are handy. Hang the pictures and curtains, and fix the locks and lay the rugs.

Brother John—All right, sis; I'll come —and I'll teach your parrot to swear at the same time."—Judge.

Pluto—I guess you'll have to feed Cerberus more raw meat.

Proserpine—He is terribly savage now.

Pluto—Yes, but he doesn't seem to impress these new arrivals very much. Most of them say something about janitors and just laugh.—Town Topics.

House-Hunter—Don't you think the rent of this flat rather high?

Agent—Comfort must be paid for, sir.

"I presume so; but"——

"Use your eyes, sir. No signs of steam heat here, sir! no, indeed, sir! no furnace, either. Every room has a stove pipe hole leading into a chimney. You furnish your own stoves, sir, and have the inestimable privilege of regulating them to suit yourself!"—Puck.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excess will inclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Will also furnish remedies if desired. Address, Mr. Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

THE DIFFERENCE!

I bought Belinda Jane a rose
In Summer time;
(Belinda's twenty.)
She tilted up her dainty nose;
In Summer time
Are roses plenty.

To-day I bought Belinda twelve,
It's Winter time;
(They cost me twenty.)
She kissed me twice, the winsome elve;
In Winter time
They are not plenty.
Life.

Longfellow North and South.

A gentleman traveling in the South recently was interested when a chance acquaintance at a hotel said to him, "I have some of Longfellow's hair." Then he drew from his pocket a little box, and exhibited a quantity of coarse, black hair. "Oh," said the gentleman with surprise, "I should have thought it would have been white." "No," said the proud possessor of the relic. "It's all right. I was in the stable myself yesterday, and got this where he'd switched it off against the side of his stall." It was thus that the gentleman first learned that a famous horse had been named for the poet.—Boston Courier.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

EASTER SERMON BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Tribute to Greenwood Cemetery Where Many Noble Ones Are Laid—The Idea of Resurrection.

The Easter services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle were attended by immense audiences. Beautiful floral decorations almost hid the pulpit from view, and the great organ gave forth its most rapturous strains in honor of the day. In the forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered an eloquent sermon on: "Easter in Greenwood," the text being taken from Genesis xxiii. 17, 18: "And the field of Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the King of Terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up the ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah his wife had died—that remarkable person who at 90 years of age had born to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached 127 years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber. Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—400 shekels of silver. The cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made, in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times.

The world knows of our Greenwood, with now about 270,000 inhabitants sleeping among the hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster Abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies in stone, Iliads in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

Buried at Greenwood.

Among the preachers of the gospel Bethune and Thomas DeWitt, and Bishop Janes and Tyng, and Abeel, the missionary, and Beecher and Buddington, and McClintock and Inskip, and Bangs and Chapin, and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians the renowned Gottschalk, and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hooper, and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation.

Among the literati, the Carys, Alice and Phoebe, James K. Paulding and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby, Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his sodiers, "Old Stars;" Prof. Proctor and the Drapers, splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate.

Among inventors, Elias Howe, who through the sewing machine, did more to alleviate the toil of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Prof. Morse who gave us magnetic telegraphy; the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchinson and Marion Sims and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph which he ordered cut in honor of Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and amen." This our American machpelah, is sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse. "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question: What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say a garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see to-day had to be petted and coaxed and put under shelter, or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year, the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence.

Royal Family of Flowers.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far North, and others indigenous to the far South—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beyrout you may see Dr. Post's collection of about eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oaks of frozen climes and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorne, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think os what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear, his last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree shaded. In June Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

The idea of resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You touch the lever, and then come forth the very tones, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that cannot Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips, and the tongue, and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips, and the tongue, and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice, and the brain, and the muscles, and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection.

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet in one sense, it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at twelve years of age, when, disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took a red hot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body. We never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times, in this world, is it mysterious that he can rebuild him once more and that in the resurrection?

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection, and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon the body so that at your will your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up, in the morning of the resurrection. They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired.

Will Come Up Rested.

How often have you heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience and go around the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue. I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, or business application, or bereavement, or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in, is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its hilarities are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat. If a drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without stopping, his officer would be court-martialed for cruelty.

If the drummer boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum beat for the march of life, thirty, or forty, or sixty, or eighty years ago, and it has had no furlough by day or night; and whether in conscious or comatose state, it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit has flown for the ausculator says that after the last expiration of lung, and the last throb of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a mercy, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can halt!

Under the healthful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted, and the bath of good, fresh, clean soil will wash off the last ache, and then some of the same style of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in Paradise, get any recuperation from the storehouse from which he was constructed without our going back into the dust? That original, life-giving material having been added to the body as it once was, and all the defects left behind, what a body will be the resurrection body. And will not hundreds of thousands of such appearing above the Gowanus heights make Greenwood more beautiful than any June morning after a shower? The dust of the earth being the original material for the fashioning of the first human being, we have to go back to the same place to get a perfect body.

Factories Are Rough Places.

Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smutched. But who cares for that when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery? What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and it comes out pianos and organs.

A WOMAN'S POWER.

IT IS THE GREATEST ON EARTH.

It Establishes Thrones and Destroys Nations.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

The influence of women upon the civilization of the world could never be measured. The flash of her eye, the touch of her hand, and we have the marvelous power of women, glorious in the possession of perfect physical health. Lydia E. Pinkham, by her wonderful discovery of the Vegetable Compound has done much to place this great health power in the hands of women. She has lifted them out of the misery brought by displacement of the womb, and all the evils that follow diseased uterus.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures leucorrhœa, backache, strengthens the muscles, restores the womb to its normal condition, regulates menstruation, removes inflammation, ulceration, and tumors of the womb, etc. Here are two women who speak from experience, and for the benefit of others.

Miss Helen Smith, 43 22d Place, Chicago, Ill., says:—

"I was troubled with irregularity and leucorrhœa. I followed Mrs. Pinkham's advice, took her Vegetable Compound, and used her Sanative Wash. I now feel like a new woman, and am perfectly healthy."

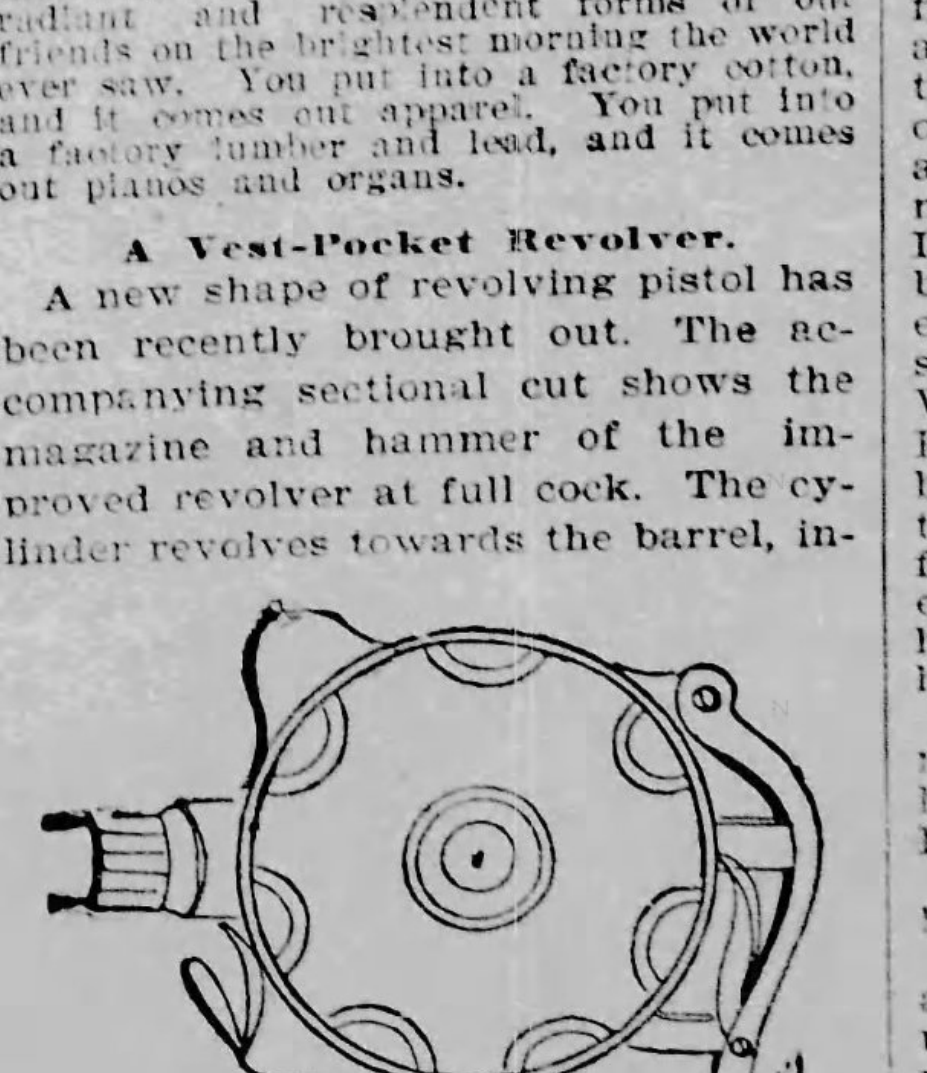
Mrs. E. Fox, Woodstown, N. J., writes:—

"I had been sick 10 years with womb trouble and leucorrhœa. Doctors could not help me. *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound did. Employment of any kind does not trouble me now, and I can stand nearly all day and not feel tired. I cannot thank you enough. I recommend the Compound to every woman who has any weakness."

Your Laundress' Back, and her time, are not the only things that you save, if she uses **Pearline**. You'll get your clothes washed without that ruinous rub, rub, rub that wears them out quickly. It's a gain for her and a gain for you, and they're washed just as safely as they could be with the best soap—only a great deal more easily. But see for yourself that what she uses is **Pearline** — the original washing-compound; the best; the one proved to be perfectly harmless. All these washing-powders that you're warned against are only imitations of **Pearline**. 406 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

A Vest-Pocket Revolver.

A new shape of revolving pistol has been recently brought out. The accompanying sectional cut shows the magazine and hammer of the improved revolver at full cock. The cylinder revolves towards the barrel, instead of from left to right, so that the revolver can be carried in the vest pocket as easily as a watch. It occupies less than one-half the space of the ordinary revolver in the pocket, and weighs but 11 ounces. A safety spring is attached, which is controlled by the pressure of the forefinger when in action. The seven shots can be fired with remarkable rapidity, and standard cartridges are used.—Philadelphia Record.



The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

From an Old Veteran.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have remained silent and listened while others told their stories of heroic deeds done in the war. They, perhaps, have seen more than I, by reason of longer service. But for the statement made by Dr. John T. Nagel in his tale of brave deeds, published in the issue of February 8, 1894, I should have remained silent still.

I was a member of the 170th Ohio, which was called out and organized in Bellaire, O., in April, 1864, for 100 days' service, to garrison the forts about Washington, D. C. We occupied Fort Gaines for about two weeks, and were then sent to Fort Sumner, where we received marching orders about 7 o'clock in the evening of July 4 to report at Washington. We reached there about daylight next morning. From there we were sent by rail to Maryland Heights, reaching there next morning.

The rebels had possession of Harper's Ferry, and we had to cross over the mountain. There we found the Johnnies, who had invested the place, drawn up in line of battle, and we were immediately sent to support a battery. The Johnnies occupied a strip of high ground about a mile off, and attempted no fighting until about 4 o'clock in the evening. They they brought up two pieces of artillery, which became at once a target for our battery on the heights and our field artillery, which literally lifted them off the ground before they could fire a shot.

The next morning we were sent out on the skirmish line, where we remained until the next morning.

The Johnnies having decamped in the night, we remained in camp until the evening of the 9th, when we marched down to Sandy Hook, drew our rations and our ammunition, then marched to Middletown valley.

There we went into camp in a clover field behind a rail fence, alongside the pike. Our colonel told us we might take the top rails off the fence, which we did. We could distinctly hear the guns at Monocacy, a distance of twelve miles. Col. Mulligan joined us here on that day, with a part of the 8th corps. We remained here until the 15th, and here we first saw the dismounted cavalry mentioned by Nagel. We crossed the Potomac at Berlin and joined the 8th corps, Gen. Crook commanding, and were attached to the 1st brigade, 1st division, 8th corps.

Next day we started for Leesburg Pike, on which Early was retreating from Washington; struck the pike about 12 o'clock that night at Purcellville. Early had passed there about 5 o'clock. We lay in camp all next day, waiting for the 6th and 19th corps, who had followed Early.

After they came up we started in pursuit of Early, who was retreating by way of Snicker's Gap and Winchester. We reached the Gap about 12 o'clock, and Col. Mulligan attempted to reach the ford, but was shelled back by Early's artillery. After halting here two or three hours, our brigade (Col. Thoburn commanding) was sent down the river back of the foothills, which were covered with timber, to Island Ford, in the Shenandoah river. This island lay close to the opposite shore. As soon as we broke cover of the woods we went at double-quick and crossed over the river.

The water on our side was deeper than on the other, as on the latter it came only to our knees. There was nothing here to oppose us except a picket line, which we captured. We first formed our line of battle at right angles with the river, but the rebels coming in sight on our flank, our line was swung back into the road parallel to the river. There was a rail fence in front of us, and this proved an excellent protection. The bottom ran back level for about 150 feet, then rose sharply, making a ridge about 100 feet higher than our ground.

The Johnnies were approaching us from behind this ridge. The dismounted cavalry regiment, and I think a part of the First West Virginia regiment were placed in front at the foot of the ascent, to be moved to either flank as needed. We fired over their heads. Colonel Thoburn, Colonel Washburn, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth Ohio, and Colonel Frost rode to the top of ridge before they reached our line in return, the rebel skirmish line began firing from the top of the ridge, killing Colonel Frost and shooting Colonel Washburn through the cheek and eye. I remember but little else that occurred, only what happened in front of our regiment. The rebels promptly followed their skirmish line, fired a volley and started down the ridge with a yell, but received so withering charge from us that they were checked. Our regiment, the One Hundred and Seventieth Ohio, was lying against the bank firing from off the rail next the lowest one—the rear rank loading and front rank firing. We kept up a constant firing, but for how long I can not tell as in battle the one has no correct idea of time. At any rate the Johnnies went back over the hill faster than they came.

We had but one killed and 18 wounded all in the arms and shoulders as we had to raise our arms in firing.

Now as to Dr. Nagel's statement.

When the Johnnies ran over the ridge the firing ceased and we remained in line probably ten minutes when the order to "right face," "file right by company to the rear!" was given. I knew what that meant and I was mad, as we had driven them off the field. I did not see the necessity of retreating.

I fell a little in the rear of our company by reason of time spent in putting on my jacket (or blouse), re-arranging my blanket and indulging in no little grumbling.

I was next the color Company C on the left, and when I reached the river the whole command was in the river, and not a shot was fired at us.

Our flag was in the midst of the Company C, as I can prove by every survivor of the regiment.

Dr. Nagel admits that he does not know what stream it was, but thinks the Rappahannock.

If he was very familiar with all the facts concerned in his story he would know that Colonel Thoburn never served on the Rappahannock.

Since he cannot give the place with certainty I think it very probable that he is altogether misinformed as to the facts. He could not have been a witness of the scene.

If any flag had been left there (and I think it extremely doubtful) I should have seen it assuredly. If any flag was left, it must have been that of the dismounted cavalry, as an officer told me that they (the cavalry) fled at first fire and were all in the river about the time the rebel line fired their first volley. This volley passed over us, but struck the district cavalry in the river where the greater number of our casualties occurred. As I said, we were enlisted for 100 days, but we served five months; also, we expected to do garrison duty but were sent to the front, of which I am glad. We were brigaded with the brave old Eighth corps, the heroes of a hundred battles, and there does not live a man that can say in truth that we ever failed to do our duty promptly and efficiently, or that we ever failed to hold any position we were ordered to hold.

We received the praises of our commander when we were sent home, and have a certificate of thanks from President Lincoln.

Our honor is as dear to us as if we had served four years.

I am 65 years old, have not been able to be away from home for a year, nor out of the house for four months, yet, with my locks fast turning gray, my limbs fever-scorched and rheumatic, not knowing when I may hear the last roll call, I would refute the imputation put upon my brave company's honor. Respectfully, John F. Wortman, Sergeant Company H. 170th Regiment, O. V. I.

An Incident of Bravery.

Editor Camp Fire:—Please let a high private in the rear rank relate a case of what is called true bravery, based upon cool, legitimate rights, not upon cruel revenge, or presumptuous rashness. It was a case that had but few witnesses that belonged to the Union army. I was an eye witness, and know it to be true, and brave—according to what is termed bravery. I do not write it for the boys in blue to gloat over and rejoice at the awful scene. But rather let it arouse your sympathy, and sorrow, and weep with the boys in gray.

I shudder at the thought, as my mind reverts to the time and scene, but such is war, and its shocking, heart-rending, dreadful bravery. It is one of the incidents that happened on Gen. Banks's retreat from Strasburg, across the Potomac, in the latter part of June, '62, I think. It was on Saturday morning the retreat commenced, and by night all that had not been captured had reached Winchester. A strong outpost was stationed in order to keep Gen. Jackson back, and give our baggage train a chance to get away. Sunday morning came, and with it our picket, which had kept Jackson and his 40,000 warriors at bay, for he expected that Gen. Banks had been reinforced, and so advanced cautiously. But everything was now making good time, getting out of Gen. Jackson's way, leaving him monarch of what he had anticipated would be a bloody field. I have said that everything had gone, but that would spoil my case. The silence of that holy Sabbath morning was broken by two cannons, and four brave men, dealing death to from three to five of Jackson's soldiers every time either gun pealed forth her anthem of death. It is now about 10 o'clock a. m., and six men are watching Gen. Jackson's long line of infantry, slowly marching, drawing nearer; and Jackson could be seen waving his sword, urging and cheering his soldiers on to victory or death. They are now within seventy rods of the two Union guns, and two men now leave the scene of action, and pull for the Potomac shore. The other holds his position until the enemy were within forty rods, but the farewell shot is not quite yet; though to hold that position any longer was getting dangerous and uncertain. Do you ask where Jackson's cavalry were? Well, that was a very important question with us at that time, but did not stop to find them, but dashed through one of the principal streets streets of Winchester, Va. We had got nearly to the north side of the city, when we looked back and saw Jackson's cavalry coming eight abreast at full speed, and the head of the column nearly half way through. Something must be done and that quickly. With lightning speed they wheeled that cannon into line to rake the street, and when they had advanced to within eight or ten rods, they had it double shotted with grape and canister; and here the cannoneer discharged his farewell shot—and the result you can imagine better than I can tell it. For short, I call it wholesale slaughter. At least it stopped that cavalry charge, for the time being, and the cannon and four men went on to a place of greater safety. There were only four witnesses to this last shot, who belonged to the Union army. The name of the battery I have forgotten. It is possible that the man who fired that gun may be alive yet. If so, and this comes to your notice, please report to the Camp Fire. I give it as a truthful tale of daring, hard to beat, but poorly told, evading fiery eloquence in thunder tones. Boys in gray, who remembers it?—W. W. Rice, 1st Mich. Cav.

At the Siege of Knoxville.

Editor Camp Fire:—As we have more than a sufficient quantity of loyal timber in the old Keystone state, will contribute some from an engagement that differed in weapons and material—ballot and copperhead of present day. My writing is of loyalty and rebellion during the siege of Knoxville, Tenn.

The regiment that I am proud to be called a member of was with the right of regiment resting on Fort Saunders. I was a member of third right company on the morning of November 29, 1863, during Longstreet's assault on Ft. Saunders. Co. A, of the 100th, was called into the fort, having two men killed in the fort. We were now second company from fort. After the failure of rebel forces to carry the works, they fell back rapidly to cover, leaving their dead and wounded close up to the Union works.

It was not long until a flag of truce was out, Burnsides granting the rebels permission to bury their dead, and take their badly wounded. Part of the artillery in Fort Saunders was of a Rhode Island battery. Of course they had a member of said battery—that was an Irishman. Getting around to front of fort, about the time they commenced to carry and drag out; along came four union soldiers, having a very long, slender Reb. in a blanket. The Reb. had a terrible wound in the thigh. As I passed I could hear the wounded man pleading with the boys to hold up on this side, and then for God's sake hold up on this side. The boys stopped during one of those appeals. During the halt up came our Irish comrade, and hearing the same old cry, "Hold up on this side!" the native of Erin, but a citizen of Rhode Island, says to the rebel: "G—d d—n yer ould murderin' sowl, yes didn't say howld up' whin yes was comin' up here, this morning!" If this same rebel is living at present, most assuredly he is a Democrat, and probably has a postoffice.—Wm. H. Huffman, Co. D, 100th or Round Heads, Penn. V. V.

Splinters.

Comrade B. Brown, 11th Wis. Vol., wants to hear from his regiment.

Comrade S. S. Steele, Co. A, 187th Pa., tells some interesting incidents of battles in Texas.

Comrade W. K. Gearhart, Co. H, 30th O. V. I., wants to hear some stories from his old comrades.

Comrade Carter Johnson, Co. B, 13th Tenn. Cav., tells of some of the last raids of his regiment in '65.

Comrade J. J. York, Co. C, 11th U. S. Inft., tells a story of one of the battles in the Wilderness, and asks to hear more.

Comrade Jasper Gruel, Co. E, 87th Ill. Vol., tells of an act of heroism that came under his observation in the Red River campaign.

Comrade Daniel Cartright, Co. G, 17th Ky. Inft. tells a good story connected with the killing of Maj-Gen. Abert Sydney Johnson.

Comrade E. Crockett, Co. H, 65th New York Volunteers, asks who remembers the famous Valley campaign terminating at Cedar Creek, in which the 65th fought.

Lightning-Like Motion.

M. de l'Isle discovered an animalcule that could run six inches in a second, and we have been married twenty-five years. I'd like to know who that minx was. You never told me about her before!"

The husband answered nothing, and his silver-wedding-day smile was a thing of the past.

OUR NEW 1894 FLOWER SEED OFFER.

A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 200 Varieties, FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by an Old and Reliable Publishing House! The Ladies' World is a large 20-page, 80-column illustrated Magazine for ladies and the family circle. It is devoted to stories, poems, ladies' fancy work, home decoration, housekeeping, fashions, hygiene, juvenile reading, etiquette, etc. To introduce this charming ladies' paper into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following colossal offer: Upon receipt of only 12 Cents in silver or stamps, we will send The Ladies' World for Three Months and to each subscriber we will also send Free and postpaid, a large and magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, 200 varieties, including Pansies, Verbenas, Chrysanthemums, Asters, Phlox Drummondii, Balsam, Cypress Vine, Stocks, Digitalis, Double Zinnia, Pinks, etc., etc. Remember twelve cents pays for the magazine three months and this entire magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, put up by a first-class Seed House and warranted fresh and reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of both seeds and Magazine if you are not satisfied. Do not confound this offer with the catchpenny schemes of unscrupulous persons. Write to-day. Don't put it off! Six subscriptions and six Seed Collections sent for 60 cents.

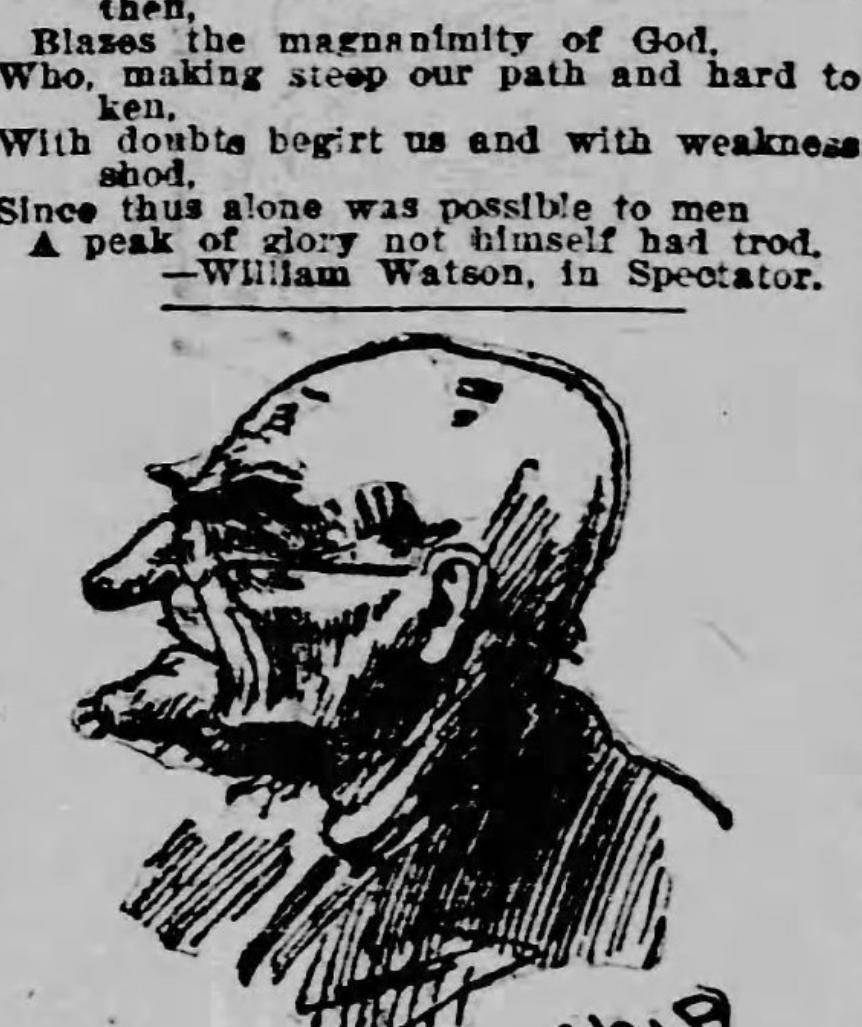
SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady sending us 12 cents for above offer, and naming the paper in which she saw this advertisement, we will send free, in addition to all the above, one packet of the celebrated Marguerite Carnation (half dwarf variety), the only Carnation that will bloom from seed the first season. It produces in great abundance, large, exquisitely fragrant flowers of the most brilliant hues, in the various shades of white, red, pink and variegated, fully 80 per cent. being double. Plants begin to bloom in four months after planting, and continue in great profusion until frost comes. This packet of seeds is alone worth the price charged for the entire combination.

ANOTHER GREAT OFFER! Upon receipt of Thirty-five Cents (our regular subscription price) we will send The Ladies' World for One Year, together with our magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds above described, likewise one packet of the extensively advertised and popular Marguerite Carnation. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

THE SOUL'S OPPORTUNITY.

My friend the kindly champion of his kind,
Who loves not God, or loves him unaware,
Loving in man whatever is most fair,
Said lightly: "Him whom men adore I find
Less worshipful than is the adoring mind.
Poorly his deeds, that cost him nought, compare
With splendor of the lowliest soul that e'er
Bore others' pain and its own bliss resigned!"

Friend, is this truth? The more effulgent, then,
Blazes the magnanimity of God,
Who, making steep our path and hard to ken,
With doubts begirt us and with weakness shod,
Since thus alone was possible to men
A peak of glory not himself had trod.
—William Watson, in Spectator.



AN OLD EXPRESSION.

WIT IN SMALL DOSES.

Briggs—"Mr. Cloaker has stopped advertising."

Griggs—"I see. Retired from business."—Cloak Review.

Mrs. von Blumer—"Let me congratulate you on your engagement, my dear. He is so charming that I am really beginning to regret now that my Clara felt she ought to refuse him."

Miss Twickenham—"You mustn't blame her, my dear Mrs. von Blumer. She was much younger than she is now."—Brooklyn Life.

He—"I hear that Talkins moved out of his house because it was haunted."

She—"Oh, I see. He left because the spirit moved him."—Indianapolis Journal.

Jimson—"Why don't you write better?"

Jackson—"Because people then could read my letters so quickly that they would notice how little really I have to say."—Yonkers Statesman.

Lobelia Parvenue (of Chicago)—"Bring in a book, May, and read to me while I dress for dinner at Mrs. Gotham's."

May—"What book do you want?"

Lobelia Parvenue—"Find some book on etiquette. I want to know how they eat pigs' feet among the New York Four Hundred."—Judge.

"Josiar," said Mrs. Corntossel, "these remarks 'bout scientific cookin' is mighty puzzlin'."

"I reckon," replied her husband.

"One person says that fish hain't fit ter eat; another says ye ortent ter tech meat, an' another declares that bread is mighty onwholesome."

"Notions nowadays is mighty new-fangled."

"But it explains suthin' ter me. With our ancesters subsistin' on improper diet all these years, an' lettin' of their constitutions run down, it ain't no wonder that we come ter raise dudes."—Washington Star.

How an egg can be made to stand on end.

It Didn't Matter.

A church organization in Maine intending to give a performance of some oratorio were a little alarmed about the cost of the thing. Accordingly the director of the chorus suggested to the leader of the orchestra that had been engaged: "We've got to keep our expenses down, and I thought we might get you to leave out the trombones. You know they have only four measures in the entire oratorio, and if we leave them out we can save at least $25, and no one would be the wiser."

The leader of the orchestra assumed a tragic attitude and answered: "That would be an insult to the composer."

Thereupon the chorus director observed: "Oh, never mind him, he's dead."—Washington Star.

Crossing the Atlantic.

Usually involves sea sickness. When the waves play pitch and toss with you, strong indeed must be the stomach that can stand it without revolting. Tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen, mariners, all testify that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best remedy for the nausea experienced in rough weather on the water. Nervous and weakly travelers by land often suffer from something akin to this, and find in the Bitters its surest remedy. No disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels is so obstinate that it may not be overcome by the prompt and thorough remedy. Equally efficacious is it for chills and fever, kidney and rheumatic trouble, and nervousness. Emigrants to the frontier should provide themselves with this fine medicinal safeguard against the effects of vicissitudes of climate, harship, exposure and fatigue.

HER EASTER BONNET.

Great Heavens! I do wonder if my bonnet's on straight.

The Only Surplus.

There is only one surplus in sight, and that is the Republican majority in Pennsylvania.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Public Library Official (tearing up card) —What chump let you have a book on that card? It expired a month ago!

Nearsighted Party—He was a sour-looking, light-complexioned young squirt, with curly hair and—why, it was you!—Chicago Tribune.

They Stay at the Front.

Boston Globe:—The men who put on their spring overcoats first are the ones who get the first pneumonia.

In the Early Days of cod-liver oil its use was limited to easing those far advanced in consumption. Science soon discovered in it the *prevention* and *cure* of consumption.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites of lime and soda has rendered the oil more effective, easy of digestion and pleasant to the taste.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

The Sunday School.

Discord in Jacob's Family.

LESSON II., APRIL 8, 1894.

Golden Text: See that ye fall not out by the way.—Gen. 45:24.

LESSON TEXT.

(Gen. 37:1-11.)

1. And Jacob dwelt in the land wherein his father was a stranger, in the land of Canaan.

2. These are the generations of Jacob. Joseph, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren; and the lad was with the sons of Bilhah, and with the sons of Zilpah, his father's wives: and Joseph brought unto his father their evil report.

3. Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors.

4. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peacefully unto him.

5. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more.

6. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed:

7. For behold we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf.

8. And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

9. And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me.

10. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?

11. And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying.

Illustrative Applications.

And Jacob dwelt in the land of his father's sojournings (v. 1). It may be an advantage, and it may be a disadvantage, for a young man to live in the land where his father lived. If the father had a good record, it may help the son, at the start, to be known as the son of such a father. If the father had a bad record, it may stand in the way of the son's getting a good start in that community. In any event, the son will have to live his own life just there. His father's record can not answer for him also. And a son ought to do better than his father wherever he is, or he does not do as well. Each generation ought to improve on the one that went before.

Joseph brought the evil report of them unto their father (v. 2). Nothing is surer than that, if we desire a bad name we shall have it. And if we have a bad name in our own neighborhood, it will be known elsewhere. If a boy doesn't behave well at school, his parents will find it out sooner or later. And if a young man keeps bad company, or lives a dissolute life, he can no more conceal the fact from his acquaintances than he can hide the smell of onions or tobacco in his breath. The very clove or coffee which he chews will only show that he is trying to hide something. If a man thinks that he can let down a little from his home standard of conduct or conversation or companionship while he is up country on his summer vacation at Dothan, he will find that somebody who met him there has gone back and told the whole story at Hebron—and he must face the facts before his family and townsfolk. If you want a good name at home, you must act so as to deserve a good name away from hime.

His brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, and they hated him (v. 4). Why didn't they love him all the more on this account? If they loved their father, why didn't they love the one whom their father loved best? That ought to have been the case. It is a pity that their course doesn't seem strange and unnatural. Love is said to be very selfish and very exacting. Too commonly this is so; but it ought not to be so. The truest love, the purest love, is in its very nature unselfish. It is a God, and so far God-like. It rejoices in doing and in sacrificing for a loved one more than in getting from and possessing that object of love. This it is that makes unselfishness the soul of friendship — of that love which makes no bargains, no exactions, which is not dependent on mere relations and circumstances, the greatest delight of which is in doing or yielding for its object. Jealousy of a loved one's fidelity to the right is one thing; but envy of the love which we would like to have, but which another has instead of us, is quite a different thing. Friendship—the truest love, the purest love—"seeketh not her own." A true mother will be glad to know that the married son loves his wife more dearly even than he ever loved his mother. She will not hate the new daughter-in-law because the young husband loves her more than all the world besides. The course of Joseph's brethren was as despicable as it was natural.

Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren: and they hated him yet the more (v. 5). The dreaming a dream was all right, but the telling a dream to his brothers was not all right. What good was likely to come through Joseph's telling that dream to his brothers? What proper motive could have prompted Joseph to that telling? Did he think that his brothers would gain in character or in spirit through learning that he would overtop them all? It is never right to say that which is not true, but it is not always right to tell just what is true. A boy ought to know what to keep to himself, as well as what to speak out about. Modesty ought to keep a boy's mouth shut when he is tempted to tell how big a man he seems to God or to his fellows.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren (v. 9). If a lad is inclined to talk too much, or too freely, one lesson of trouble is not enough for a cure. He is hardly out of one difficulty before he gets himself into another. God's spiritual revelations to us are not always to be disclosed to others. In every case they are sacred, and they are to be used only as we understand to be God's purpose through us.

And his father rebuked him, and said.... Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down to thee?——But his father kept the saying in mind (vs. 10, 11). Even if a father would be glad to know that his son is to be greater than himself, he does not want the son to be telling of it beforehand. Modesty is a good accompaniment of greatness, even if it be not essential to it. But a father who sees that his favorite son has visions in dreams, with signs of coming greatness in them, will be pretty sure to keep the matter in mind. Jacob and Joseph, and the brethren of Joseph, had their good traits and their faults. The faults are to be shunned by us, and the good traits improved on.—H. Clay Trunbull in S. S. Times.

For Strengthening and Clearing the Voice, use Brown's Bronchial Troches.—"I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

He Got Back the Change.

Congressman Turpin, of Alabama, was accosted by one of the Pennsylvania avenue brigade of beggars a couple of nights ago.

"Mister, won't you give me three cents?"

"Honest, now, what do you want just three cents for?"

"Well, honest, I have got twelve cents. I know where I can get a drink for five. I have two pals on the corner. We all want a drink."

"But don't you think it would be wrong for a minister of the gospel to countenance your drinking and treating by giving you money?"

"Oh, sir, if you are a minister, I beg your pardon. We didn't think you were a minister."

"You didn't? Well, honest again. What did you think I was?"

"I don't care if I tell you, sir. We spots people we think we can work. We sometimes can't agree. This time we did. All three of us thought you was a gambler in luck."

Congressman Turpin offered the gentleman a five cent piece, and was handed two pennies in return. True. —Washington Capital.

True Heroism.

"Cholly is going to play the lover to Miss Antique in our amateur theatricals."

"Lover? You mean hero, don't you?"—Hallo.

A CELEBRATED RUNNER.

Run for office
(Sixty-one),
War broke out;
Kept up the run.
Run so fast—
This fellow prime—
Beat the bombshells
Every time!
Still a-runnin',
Blaze o' splendor;
Never heard o'
Lee's surrender!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Marshall P. Wilder's Latest.

Marshall P. Wilder convulsed a crowd yesterday. Among his yarns was the following:

"I was coming down in the Elevated to-day, when a big, sour-looking chap got in. Across the aisle sat a gentlemanly-looking young fellow minding his own business.

"The sour-faced man did not like the looks of his neighbor, and after making several wry grimaces, the nice young man retorted by saying: 'You look as if you wanted to eat me.' 'I couldn't,' replied the sour-faced one, 'for I am a Hebrew.'" —New York Tribune.

A Big Record.

"What's Brown runnin' on this year?"

"War record."

"Good one?"

"You bet! Spent four years makin' coffins to accommodate the Confederacy!"—Atlanta Constitution.

SICK HEADACHE Positively Cured by these Little Pills. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

CARDS.

CARDS FOR 1894. 50 Sample Styles [illegible] FREE. HAVERFIELD PUB. CO., CADIZ, OHIO.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS MAKE $5 a Day Greatest Kitchen Utensil invented. Retails 35 cts. [illegible] Sample postage paid FREE. FORSHEE & CO., Cincinnati, O.

A WOMAN'S SUCCESS [illegible] at home. Instructions FREE to lady readers. [illegible] (No humbug). MRS. J. A. MANNING, Box 7, ANNA, OHIO.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY or commission, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making $50 per week. Monroe Eraser Mf'g Co., X 79, La Crosse, Wis.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1894.

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ROBINSON LOCKE..............Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

THE LAST TIME OF COUPON NO. 2.

This is the last issue of The Blade for March, and consequently the last time that Coupon No. 2 will be printed. Next week we will print Coupon No. 3, which will entitle any present subscriber of The Blade, who sends us a new subscriber at $1, to the third set of four parts of that splendid art serial, "Sights and Scenes of the World."

Be sure to clip out Coupon No. 2 and get a new subscriber, so that you can obtain this beautiful series. Meanwhile, we wish to remind all who have not yet obtained the first set, that the offer is still good for Coupon No. 1.

Read the details of the offer on the fifth page of this paper. You will find it worthy of perusal.

Are you reading our serial story, "The Lone Inn?" It is one of the best serials of the kind we have ever published, and we find our readers admire it highly.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the seventh page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have been asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

PUBLIC SCHOOL MONEY.

The revelations in regard to the use of public school funds for the support of parochial schools in Mercer county is followed closely by the disclosures in Huron county of the same misuse of the taxpayers' money. In Bronson and Perry townships, of that county, a total of $720 has been fraudulently drawn from the townships between November, 1890, and October, 1893, for the support of the Roman parochial school and to teach the Roman Catholic religion. The public school has 29 pupils enrolled, and the parochial school 42.

The parochial school was dismissed on Catholic holidays, this lost time being made up on Saturdays. The parochial school which drew this money was a church school, in which the tenets of the Roman Catholic religion are the principal things taught. The use of this money for this purpose is purely a violation of law. The state commissioner should see to it that the public schools have these funds returned, and that the free schools, untrammeled by religion, are given the support which the statutes and the constitution say they shall have. It might be well to look into some other sections of the state and see if funds are "misapplied" in the same way.

Three thousand representative negroes of Alabama, at Birmingham, the outher day adopted resolutions calling upon the negroes of America to emigrate to Africa. It was also resolved that as the white man had brought the negroes to America, he ought to pay their way back. If these colored gentlemen desire to emigrate to Africa the way is open for them, and they are free to go. To suppose that a wholesale exodus of the race from the United States will ever occur, is exquisitely absurd. It is impossible, simply because the vast majority of the race prefer to stay in the United States.

In order to raise $5,000,000 with which to meet the bequests of Senator Stanford's will, Mrs. Stanford is about to offer for sale all of her late husband's interest in the Southern Pacific. This interest amounts to one-fourth, and the disposition of it may be embarrassing to the Crocker, Huntington and Hopkins interests. Mrs. Stanford is to be congratulated, however, on her determination to get her husband's estate free from railway interests.

Mr. Hatch should amend his anti-option bill by adding a section to prohibit sugar speculation in the United States Senate.

Col. Breckinridge believes in the Calvinistic hell. This ought not to have a tendency to cheer him up in the least.

NEAL DOW AND THE MAINE LAW.

Neal Dow, the veteran temperance worker, reached his 90th birthday on March 20, and the friends of temperance the world over vied with each other in doing him honor. He is the father of state prohibition, which has not only extended from Maine to other states, but became the starting point for the restrictive and regulative legislation which has extended to all states, as well as having a great effect on the temperance movement in Europe. It is a pleasure to know that Gen. Dow has lived to see the vast results which have followed his act, in starting out to defeat the boorishness of the keeper of a local dram-shop in Portland. The veteran agitator himself thus tells the story of the origin of the famed "Maine law:"

> It was a good many years ago, and I was sitting in this same house quite late one evening. In answering a knock at the door I found a woman whom I knew very well as the wife of a government official in this city. He was a periodical drunkard, and on this very night was down town on a spree. His wife wished me to get him home quietly, because if he were drunk next day he might lose his position. I started out and found him in the back room of one of the down town saloons.
>
> I said to the keeper in a quiet way, "I wish you would sell no more liquor to Mr. Blank."
>
> "Why, Mr. Dow," he said, "this is my business; I must supply my customers."
>
> "That may be," I replied, "but here is this gentleman with a large family depending on him for support. If he goes to his office to-morrow drunk he will lose his place. I wish you would sell him no more."
>
> He became somewhat angry and told me that he, too, had a family to support, and that he had a license to sell liquor to whomever he pleased.
>
> "So you have a license, have you? and you support your family by destroying that man's. We'll see about this." I went home thoroughly determined to devote my life to suppressing the liquor traffic in the best way possible. The Maine law originated in that rum shop.

Neal Dow then started to labor for the total prohibition of the rum traffic in the state of Maine. It took him four years to get it adopted. He finally went before the people with a demand that a state legislature should be elected to enact a prohibitory law. The election showed the defeat of nearly every member of the previous legislature who had voted against his bill. The famous "Maine law" was passed on the last day of the session of the legislature of 1850, and it was promptly approved by Governor Hubbard.

From that time until the outbreak of the civil war, Dow's life was one of continuous battle with the Rum Power. He was assaulted in the streets, his home attacked by mobs, himself burned in effigy. He was elected mayor of Portland in 1855 on the liquor issue. When the war broke out in 1861, he was called on by Governor Washburn to recruit a regiment, which he did, and went into the field as colonel of the Fifteenth Maine. He and his regiment sailed with Butler's expedition for New Orleans, suffering shipwreck by the way. He took part in the capture of New Orleans, was made a brigadier general by Lincoln after Vicksburg, was captured by Gen. Joe Johnston's forces while lying wounded at Port Hudson, and sent to Libby prison, where he lectured daily on temperance to his fellow-prisoners. He was finally exchanged for Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and when he came home to Maine again took up the crusade against the saloons, in which he is still engaged, after nearly 50 years of effort.

Neal Dow is a typical reformer. Physically, morally and mentally he is made of enduring material. Secure in the rectitude of his intentions, with an absolute belief in the cause he advocates, he knows not the shadow of turning. Opposition but makes him work harder. No doubt ever crosses his mind as to the wisdom of his policy or of the methods whereby he endeavors to achieve it. Like all reformers of his type, he has done a vast deal of good in the world, but the ultimate solution of the problem to which he has devoted his life will probably not be the one he so strongly advocates. But while opinions may honestly differ as to this, even his most bitter enemies must concede to him the highest motives and the most fervent zeal. The world must grow much wiser and much better before his dream of universal prohibition can possibly be realized, but his lofty spirit of self-sacrifice and earnest effort to benefit his fellow-men have set an enduring mark upon the world's history; and his noble life, full of purity and truth, has been consecrated to the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR "REFORM" PRESIDENT.

The war cry of "civil service reform," which Cleveland voiced so powerfully years agone, seems to have lost its charm and potency with the big blunderer. He has been only a little over a year in office, yet he has already filled more than half the Presidential offices with Democratic incumbents. As was the case during his former term, he acted upon the principle that the civil service law should be strictly enforced by a Republican administration, but that it is proper and right for a Democratic administration to ignore its provisions utterly.

During Mr. Harrison's term, there was a terrible outcry kept up by the Democratic newspapers and politicians over what was termed his "wholesale removals" of postmasters. The fact is that a comparison of the number of appointments made during their first year by both Harrison and Cleveland, shows that the latter has largely exceeded the number of changes made in first-class offices by his predecessor; while of fourth class changes, Cleveland has made, within twelve months, over 25 per cent more than Harrison did in his first sixteen months. Great is the hypocrisy of civil service reform in Democratic hands!

President Cleveland is hunting for a man for the office of public printer who is not mixed up with the labor unions. So far the only one he has found possessing the necessary qualifications is a South Dakota banker who once ran a patent-inside country weekly.

No wonder Associate Justice White wanted to stay in the Senate to lobby for the sugar tax. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury shows that $49,533.92 was paid him as sugar bounty.

Rosebery is growing more popular every day. He has plenty of nerve and stands by his declaration that the Lords must go, and that Home Rule must come.

The evidence appears to show that Mr. Cleveland is walking the floor with the seigniorage bill these nights.

Adlai's Presidential boom has reached the "prominent-official-states-so-and-so" period.

Secretary Carlisle should plead guilty to being a cross roads politician and save costs.

Announcement Extraordinary!

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AMELIA E. BARR, Novelist and essayist.
"THE DUCHESS," The charming novelist.
THOMAS HARDY, England's great story writer.
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CONAN DOYLE, The creator of Sherlock Holmes.
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Never before has any one paper secured at one time such a galaxy of brilliant writers.

The Blade takes great pride in making this announcement, and feels sure that the approval of its friends will amply recompense it for the great expense incurred.

The series will begin in April, at a date to be soon announced.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is dead, at the advanced age of 92. He had been an exile from his native land since 1848, when he led the attempted revolution for Hungarian independence. This effort failed, and he became an exile. His death may have the effect of creating considerable political excitement in Hungary. An appeal for the restoration of his rights, as a Hungarian citizen was presented to the Hungarian diet, but was not acted upon, and the people, especially the peasantry, are greatly excited over the matter. The proposition has been anxiously discussed by the government and the politicians, but death removed the old patriot before action was taken, and thus prevented the reconciliation with the Emperor Francis Joseph, and the restoration of his civil rights, for which the Hungarians hoped.

THE WILSON BILL.

The New York Sun is Democratic, as every one knows; but the results of the spring elections so far has shown such an overwhelming drift toward the Republican party that the Sun frankly attributes it to the Wilson bill, of which it says:

> It is already making Republicans of Democrats by the thousands, the tens of thousands, the hundreds of thousands. Wherever the people get a chance to vote the wonderful efficiency of the proposed bill to make Republicans of Democrats, even in advance of its enactment, is demonstrated by actual results.

This is true, every word. The people are taking the first chance they get to knock down any and every Democratic candidate, as a means of emphasizing their opposition to the Wilson bill.

No witness in the memory of the oldest lawyer in Washington has displayed such wonderful talent as a foil for a cross-examiner as Miss Madeline Pollard. She has wonderfully strengthened her case, and changed public opinion in her favor to a remarkable degree.

The Alabama state campaign is becoming very warm already. The Kolb (Populist) candidates for state offices in Alabama have begun an aggressive campaign. The nominations will be made in May, and the state election occurs on August 6.

Ingalls, like the war-horse described in the book of Job, "smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting," and announces himself ready and waiting for the fray.

During the seven months ending January 31, our imports fell off $113,000,000, the result of hard times. When people have no money, they can not buy imported goods.

The deficit created by the Wilson bill will not be only in the Treasury. It will cause a deficit in every workingman's pocket.

Now, what will the Senate do with the patchwork Wilson bill?

THE RUSSO-GERMAN RECIPROCITY TREATY.

The new treaty between Germany and Russia went into effect yesterday. It is not a bargain of statecraft; it is not an alliance, defensive or offensive, against other nations, for the acquisition of territory or the absorption of some weaker country by the two contracting powers, but a treaty of commerce. It is a business bargain, for the best interests of the productive interests of both countries. It is a modern treaty, not one of the old-time sort, when war was the trade of kings, and their subjects were nothing but the raw material from which armies were to be recruited.

It is, in fact, simply a reciprocity treaty, embodying the principle of the reciprocity clause of the McKinley law. It is for a period of ten years, and during that time Germany agrees to put imports from Russia, of the latter's natural products, on the same footing as the imports of any other nation most favored by her other treaties. In return, Russia makes large concessions in the duties on German manufactured goods imported within her borders. It is exactly on the same principle as our reciprocity arrangements, under the McKinley law, with Brazil, the Spanish West Indies, and other nations to the south of us.

Russia is not a manufacturing, but an agricultural nation. She raises more grain and other farm products than her own people need and has other natural products, such as petroleum and the output of her mines. Germany is a manufacturing nation, which, even in the years of greatest abundance, must import grain and other food products to supply the needs of her own people; besides this, she needs petroleum and other Russian mining products. What more business-like proceeding than that each should agree to make concessions as to the importation of the things her people need, which she does not produce herself, in return for like concessions, by the other high contracting power, regarding things the latter does not manufacture, and must therefore import?

Aside from its business aspect, this ten-year treaty is an augury and to some extent a guarantee of peace between Germany and Russia. Commerce is a great peacemaker, and the closer the trade relations between two countries the less probability there is that they will go to war except for the gravest reasons. While it does not preclude war, such a reciprocity treaty is a factor in the preservation of peace; and it is especially valuable in Europe, because France and Russia have been counted allies. With a commercial "entente cordiale" established between Russia and Germany, while France is imposing discriminating duties on Russian grain, a really substantial guarantee is given against any outbreak of France and Russia allied against Germany, whom France regards as her enemy. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and the Russo-German reciprocity treaty is one of them.

THE AMENDED WILSON BILL.

The new tariff bill has at last been reported to the Senate. It is quite different in detail from the Wilson bill as it passed the House, but the differences are not of such a nature as to take away the obnoxious, industry-destroying features of that measure.

The one feature of the changes which comes home to the greatest number of the American people is the imposition of a duty upon sugar. Ever since the war closed, the Democratic fault-finders bestowed measureless abuse upon the Republican party for "taxing the necessaries of life," especially "the poor man's breakfast table," and sugar was the one item most insisted upon. Well the Republican party passed the McKinley bill in 1890, and put sugar on the free list. It provided abundant revenues, yet lifted $50,000,000 a year off the people in abolishing the sugar duty, which is a purely revenue duty, because the American sugar product, being only about one-tenth of what we require, could not act to reduce the price of foreign product by competition.

The Wilson bill as it passed the House left sugar on the free list, as it is in the McKinley law, thus admitting the soundness of that statute in dealing with this article. But the Democrats of the Senate have imposed a duty of 1 cent a pound on raw sugar, and a progressively higher duty on the different grades of the refined product. Who will this benefit? Certainly not the people, for if it is enacted into law all sugar will be 1 cent per pound dearer, and the finer grades proportionally higher. It places a burden of at least $40,000,000 a year on the people of the country. And it benefits only the Sugar Trust.

The scoundrelly insincerity of the Democratic howl against "trusts" could have no stronger illustration than this. The Democratic Finance committee of the Senate imposes a burden of forty million dollars of tribute which the people must pay to the Sugar Trust. Will they submit tamely to this enormous yearly steal to swell the profits of the most exacting trust the country has ever known, or will they rise in their might and hurl the lying, hypocritical Democratic party from power, by their votes at the Congressional elections?

When will the Wilson bill become a law? The debate in the Senate will begin on Monday, April 2. It is not deemed probable a vote can not be reached until some time in June. Then it will have to go back to the House, for the consideration of the Senate amendments. Probably there will have to be a conference committee of the two Houses, and it is not probable the bill can become a law until nearly election time next fall. And the business of the country must remain stagnant until then.

The postponement of the execution of Prendergast is a bit of maudlin sentimentality. The question of his sanity was raised at his trial, and there decided. It is a miscarriage of justice to postpone his execution in order to have another inquest of lunacy. It is direct encouragement to the army of shallow-brained cranks to kill and destroy.

Kossuth will find his last resting place in the soil of Hungary, from which he was an exile for over forty years.

Coxey ought to be made an honorary member of the Gubernatorial Paresis club.

Secretary Morton's boom for the Presidency apparently died before it was born.

A clean record is better than a silver tongue, Congressman Breckinridge.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The Saturday statement of the New York banks was deemed rather favorable, because of the increase in the amount of loans by two and a half millions, which indicates an increased demand for money in business, and in this case not caused by Wall street transactions. The reserves, however, increased one and three-quarter million, which indicates that idle money is still coming from interior points, and the New York banks hold nearly eighty millions beyond the legal requirements. The fallacy of the cry for more money could not be more strongly illustrated. Interest rates were never lower than at present in the financial centers; the banks are burdened with idle money, which is earning no interest; yet the parrot cry goes up from demagogues and their dupes for "more money." No matter how much money there may be in the country, there are but two ways in which it can can get into the pockets of the men who are voicing this cry. The first is by selling something they possess, either labor or some other commodity. The second is, by borrowing it. There is no trouble in borrowing now all the money one wants, if proper security is given; and if this can not be done, money could not be had if its volume were quadrupled.

Of course, money is abundantly offered, and interest rates in New York closed at the stereotyped figure of 1 per cent for call loans, on time at 2 per cent for 30 to 60 days, 2 1-2 for 90 days, and 3 per cent for four to seven months. No gold was shipped to Europe last week.

On the stock market, speculation showed no improvement in volume, but prices were well maintained. The London market was a fair buyer, and the tendency on the bond market is for idle money to be invested in the better class of these securities. In point of fact, the best issues of bonds are so scarce that investment purchases are beginning to be made in the higher grades of dividend-paying stocks.

Henry Clews takes a very hopeful view of the future of the stock market, in support of which he enumerates the following reasons:

1. Confidence is certainly reviving. Business is slowly but surely emerging from the distress brought on by the silver crisis and grievously prolonged tariff agitation.
2. Easy money is assured for months to come. Rates are extraordinarily low, and there is no immediate prospect of better rates. Even the approaching April settlements, usually a period of disturbance, are attracting no attention. This question of easy money is an important factor, because it not only facilitates speculation but in the long run encourages the demand for interest-paying properties.
3. There is a scarcity of good railroad investments in Europe, distrust of our currency system having caused a heavy return of both stocks and bonds. When this distrust is removed, as doubtless it soon will be, a marked revival in the European demand for "Americans" will inevitably follow.
4. In the event of any pronounced revival at home or abroad in the demand for railroad investments, the supply would be found inadequate to the demand; for railroad building in the United States has not, for five years past, kept pace with the growth of industry and population.
5. Several immense properties are still undergoing the process of reorganization, the first effect of which will be to greatly strengthen the railroad situation.
6. Decreases in earnings are steadily growing smaller, and the earning power of the roads soon promises to expand from the revival of trade. By great economies, chiefly for renewals and improvements, net earnings have been remarkably well sustained; and the fears of reduced dividends, which warranted the earlier decline in values, are slowly disappearing.
7. Small gold shipments have occurred thus far; and at the moment no heavy outflow seems probable.
8. The veto of the Bland bill will probably settle the silver question for good so far as this administration is concerned. This is not only the most important but the most encouraging feature of the whole situation. It will not only restore confidence in the ability of the government to maintain its obligations on a gold basis, but it will again restore American credit on a high plane the world over. A veto of the Bland bill will do much to counteract the effect of tariff changes, which have already done their worst.

The New York market for bar silver followed the London quotation closely. The metal was in abundant supply in New York, while London has for several weeks exported nearly double its receipts from the United States, Chile and the West Indies. The closing quotation in New York on Saturday was 59 1-4 cents per ounce.

ONE YEAR'S RECORD.

The record of the Democratic party for the year it has been in power is not one to attract any sensible voter to its support. Let us recapitulate just a few of the items in the account:

The financial panic.
The business depression.
The Wilson bill.
The repeal of the federal election laws.
The Sugar scandal in the Senate.
The Bland seigniorage fraud.
The policy of infamy in Hawaii.
Josiah Quincyism.

And the loss of millions of dollars to workingmen throughout the country by the asinine stupidity of its efforts at statesmanship.

What is there in this brief record of one year's lease of power to lead any sensible man to support the Democratic party in any election—national, state, county or city?

THE SEIGNIORAGE BILL.

The general belief at Washington is that the President will veto the Bland seigniorage bill. The country seems to have suddenly waked up on the subject of the measure. Commercial bodies and individual business men, who made no protest, or only a very mild one, while the bill was before Congress, are now loading down the President's mail with appeals for a veto of the measure. On the other hand, the silver men in Congress are besieging the President to sign it. Many of the protests against the bill are coming from the South and West. It seems probable that the President is endeavoring to reconcile duty and policy. Duty calls for a veto, while policy would dictate that he sign the bill in return for the support of the Wilson bill by the silver senators.

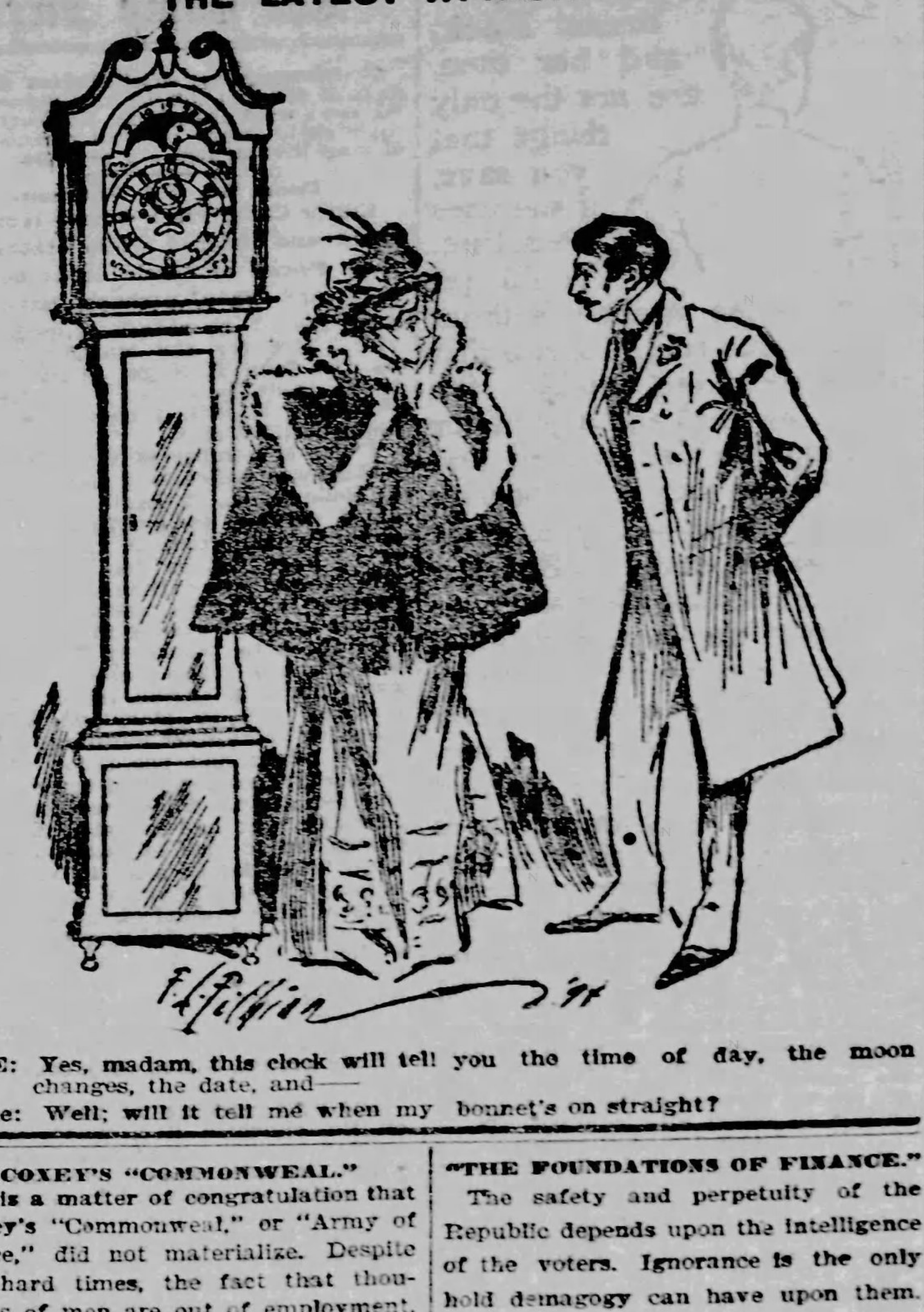
The Supreme court of Michigan has sustained Governor Rich in removing from office the secretary of state, state treasurer and land commissioner for gross negligence in canvassing the returns of the election in 1893, by which was adopted a constitutional amendment increasing their salaries. It is to be hoped the decapitated ones will now cease their struggling, and allow the usual summer-afternoon quiet of Lansing to be resumed.

Virginia has adopted the Australian ballot, making 37 states arrayed under the banner of ballot reform. The other seven states—which are all Southern, except Idaho—should come in out of the wet.

If the voters of the Breckinridge district are honorable men, with a proper reverence for pure womanhood, they will retire him to private life forever.

It don't matter what Breckinridge may prove concerning Miss Pollard's character; nothing can restore his reputation.

THE LATEST ATTACHMENT.



HE: Yes, madam, this clock will tell you the time of day, the moon changes, the date, and—

She: Well; will it tell me when my bonnet's on straight?

COXEY'S "COMMONWEAL."

It is a matter of congratulation that Coxey's "Commonweal," or "Army of Peace," did not materialize. Despite the hard times, the fact that thousands of men are out of employment, and the further unfortunate fact that there are very many men who believe the false financial theories to which Coxey adheres, less than a hundred persons, all told, started out from Massillon Easter Sunday.

Coxey's idea is to march by easy stages, hoping that the "Commonweal" will grow by accretions of volunteers at all points along the course proposed, until it shall reach, he hopes, 100,000 when it arrives in Washington on May 1. He wishes to hold a giant mass meeting at noon that day, "on the steps of the Capitol," which shall demand the passage, by Congress, of two bills, one providing for the issue of $500,000,000 of legal tender notes to be expended by the secretary of War at the rate of $20,000,000 per month in building roads in the various states; and the other bill providing that any state, city or village may deposit non-interest-bearing bonds to an amount not exceeding one-half the assessed valuation of its property, upon which the secretary of the United States Treasury shall issue legal tender notes.

It hardly needs to be pointed out to intelligent men that Coxey's ideas are thoroughly unsound, and that his method, were it carried out to the satisfaction of its projector, would be revolutionary and dangerous. The right of petition is guaranteed by the constitution; but a mob of a hundred thousand demanding crack-brained legislation, is a menace to the republic. Should Coxey succeed in reaching Washington, every one knows that Congress—even though it has a Democratic majority at present—would pass neither of his bills. The evil would be in the setting of the precedent of attempting to intimidate Congress; and it would likely be followed by other assemblages of ignorant and prejudiced men, demanding the adoption of some Utopian and impractical scheme.

Hence it is a matter of congratulation to the people that Coxey's crowd is largely made up of tramps, and that intelligent men keep clear of it. Probably the "army" will never reach Washington; but even if it shall, a mob of tramps can exert no influence upon legislation. Men of Coxey's stamp are dangerous—not because of their intelligence, but because they are fools, and don't know it.

FREE TRADE WOOL PRICES.

The Rochester Post-Express did a good thing in the preparation of the following table, which shows the remarkable decline in the price of wool since Congress met in extra session last August. Note the fall:

Grades.	1893. Aug. 4.	1894. Feb. 22.
Ohio fleece X and XX	24	22
Ohio medium	27	22
Unwashed Kentucky	21	19
Montana fine medium	20	15
Wyoming fine medium	17	13
Average	26	23

If that paper had gone back a month further, the comparison would have been more striking. It would have found Montana fine medium quoted at 46 cents and Wyoming 45 cents, which makes the decline in these grades, during seven months, 11 cents and 12 cents respectively.

Wool is purchased nearly a year in advance of the time it will appear as finished cloth on the shelves of tailors and dry goods men. The wool bought last summer was for manufacture during the winter into cloth to be put on the market this summer, for fall and winter use. No man of ordinary business sagacity would buy wool at the rates of seven months ago in the face of the certainty that low-tariff legislation would render it a losing venture. So the price fell, and kept on falling. It is to-day a free trade price, and it will remain so as long as wool is on the free list. Furthermore, we ask every intelligent reader to note that the prices of woolen clothing will not fall in proportion to the fall in wool.

Last year the local elections in the state of New York footed up 602 Republican supervisors and 346 Democrats. This year there were elected 718 Republicans and 230 Democrats. The substantial gain here shown, in purely local contests, into which national issues enter only indirectly, is a very substantial straw to indicate the direction of the political gale. By November next it will be a cyclone of magnificent proportions, and sweep Democratic supremacy off the earth.

The chief justice of New Jersey, Judge Beasley, is a Democrat. Hence he can not be accused of partisanship in his decision that the Republican Senate at Trenton is the legal body, and the Democratic organization illegal.

New Jersey can now apply for admission into the Union since the Supreme court has decided in favor of the Republicans.

Had the seigniorage bill been a pension that veto would have been written by Cleveland before this.

Breckinridge should go to some South Sea island, and start a harem of dusky beauties.

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

The safety and perpetuity of the Republic depends upon the intelligence of the voters. Ignorance is the only hold demagogy can have upon them. The people's hearts are right; they desire to support the measures best for the whole country; but if their heads are wrong—if they are misled by false logic, or are mistaken as to facts through ignorance, they may endanger the prosperity—nay, the very life—of the nation.

Our civilization is the result of many centuries of progress. Slowly the race has climbed from ignorance to intelligence, and through experience it has framed the present social and political fabric. Whatever the issue raised before the American people, the first question asked should be, "What has been the experience of the past in this particular?" Whatever lesson the past contains is valuable, as it certainly tells us what to avoid, and in what direction the path of true progress lies.

The Blade proposes to discuss the financial question from this standpoint—that of the experience of the past. We propose to show the beginnings of wealth, and of its representative, money; to trace, in clear and concise language, the history of money, and of its varied substitutes, and to give, in compact form, the principles which have been found sure by the experience of centuries, and on which all financial authorities are agreed. It will form an invaluable text-book on finance, and worth many times its cost to every intelligent voter. It will be absolutely non-partisan politically, and the mistakes that have been made in our national finances will be clearly pointed out, no matter what party was responsible for them. The series will be printed exclusively in The Blade, and will be begun in a few weeks, of which due notice will be given.

WILL HAVE WHALEBACKS.

The shipowners of Philadelphia are going to adopt whaleback steamers in the fruit-carrying trade between that port and the West Indies and Central America. About a score of steamers is now engaged in this trade, which is quite profitable, but they all are foreign bottoms—German, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish. Ten years ago this trade was in the hands of the owners of British "tramp" steamers; but these have all been crowded out, as they had previously crowded out American sailing vessels.

The Philadelphians have gotten tired of paying out thousands of dollars every month to these foreign vessels, none of which is spent in this country, but goes abroad. They propose to stop this money drain, and to have the traffic carried on in American-built and American owned vessels, manned by American crews. A company has been organized there, with several millions of dollars behind it, known as the "Uncle Sam Whaleback company." The vessels will be built at West Superior, Wisconsin, of steel throughout, with particular attention to speed, so that the foreign vessels will "not be in it," as fruit is perishable, and rapidity of transportation a necessity. The country will rejoice at the patriotism and business sense of these Philadelphians.

Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, who died Monday morning, was not a man who had made a very deep impression on the affairs of the nation. He was not a brilliant man, but known as a plodder. Had he not passed away, he would scarcely have been re-elected to the Senate, for the opposition at home was very great. Senator Colquitt had held many offices and served his people well. His death will cause a fierce fight in Georgia for his seat, and an increase of the political bitterness already felt.

Another Democratic promise has been proved a lie by the statement of the appropriations to be made by the present Democratic Congress. The total is shown to be several millions larger than those of the last Congress. This shows that the Democrats have found out that the Republicans were not extravagant. This is a big country, and it takes large sums to run it.

In all this talk among the Democrats about the necessity of selecting "some good Western man" for Presidential candidate in '96, Adlai Stevenson simply remarks that he "lives out West—at Bloomington, you know."

The membership of the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas has fallen from 100,000 three years ago to 20,000 at present. At the coming election the Alliance vote will fall out of sight.

Gov. Waite's bloody-bridled horse is evidently a nightmare.

The destruction of the peach crop is no joke now.

BRILLIANTS.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
—Shakespeare.

Or they lived their life through and then went whither,
And were one to the end, but what end who knows?
—Swinburne.

And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All are gone, the old, familiar faces.
—Charles Lamb.

Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee.
—Charles Wolfe.

Oh, would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years.
—Mark Lemon.

And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny and youth is vain.
—Coleridge.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.
—Longfellow.

Pity the man who enters no church door,
He starves his soul; his thought is thin and poor;
Blest is the man, with him a blessing stays,
Who in God's house delights in grateful praise.
—James Bartlett Wiggin.

Progress is
The law of life; man's self is not yet Man!
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows.
—Robert Browning.

MORE OR LESS CURIOUS.

Savannah is the forest city of the South from its innumerable shade trees.

An elevator up Mount Calvary is in construction for the benefit of tourists.

Bismarck, N. D., was so named in 1873 just after the Franco-Prussian war.

New York owns one-fourth of the commercial shipping of the United States.

The garden radish is supposed to be a Chinese plant which came West by way of India.

Every tree has "reserve buds," which develop at the point where a limb has been cut off.

Vincennes is the oldest city in Indiana and was its capital from 1800 to 1813.

The Western Union Telegraph company consumes 100,000,000 envelopes a year.

Peach stones find ready sale to be used in manufacturing perfumes, flavoring extracts and prussic acid.

New Jersey is first in silk manufactures and zinc, fourth in iron, sixth in buckwheat and seventh in rye.

Maine has 20,000 square miles of pine forests. The lumber industry sends out 400,000,000 feet a year.

Connecticut leads in clocks, is third in silk manufactures, fourth in cotton mills and eighth in tobacco.

Missouri is first in mules, third in hogs and corn, sixth in iron and horses, seventh in oats, ninth in sheep.

Roasted coffee and ground coffee beans mixed with honey are used to restore broken-down horses in Germany.

In time of war France is prepared to put 370 out of every 1,000 of her population in the field; Germany, 310; Russia, 210.

The women of the middle ages always parted their hair with a small dagger. When not in use it was carried in the girdle.

The oldest salvage corps in this country is reported to be the Protective society, of New Bedford, Mass. It was organized in March, 1829.

Handel's spinet (clavichord) was advertised for sale in the London newspapers two weeks ago, the vendor being a resident of Halle-on-Saale, Germany.

The British volunteer forces, corresponding in certain points to our national guard, numbered 219,300 efficients during last year, an increase of 2,000 over 1892, and 5,000 over 1891.

It is complained of English nurses who come to America that they are altogether too genteel, and carry their sense of superiority about with them in such an offensive and conspicuous manner as greatly to impair their usefulness.

EUROPEAN MUSIC GOSSIP.

Ludwig Grunfeld's opera, "Die Heimkehr," has been produced at the German theater, Prague. The music is said to be full of melody, with many beauties.

The following operas are said to be awaiting a market: "Juan," G. Menichetti; "Fatalita," Tommaso Bicchurat; "Madonnina," Suiro Samaro; "Ezzelino da Romano," G. Pratesi; "Il Canto del Cantico," M. Noli.

The four-act opera "Cleopatra," by August Enna, had its first performance at Copenhagen, February 7. It was not very successful.

Mascagni is at work on an opera in one act, which he will soon present to the public, bearing the name "Romano di Ettetat." At first it was announced as "Roma," and then as "Romano."

On February 1, an opera, "Il Birrichino," by Mugnone, was given at the Pagliano, Florence. Mrs. Gemma Bellincioni was one of the singers.

The music of "Mazeppa," the opera of Mrs. de Grandval, had its first hearing in Paris lately at the Salle Pleyel. It was a success.

"The Rose of Pontevedra," one of the Gotha prize operas, was lately produced at Pressburg, with the text re-written by Max Kalbeck, and had a genuine success.

In 1888, Mr. Carvalho was preparing to produce "Merlin," an opera by Emile Cheve, when the fire of the Opera Comique took place. The score parts were destroyed. Mr. Cheve, although broken-hearted at the loss, heroically set to work to reproduce the work, which is now finished, and he resolved to let it be heard at Brussels. The Cercle Artistique lent the building, the Monnaie lent several of its artists, and the French embassy its patronage. The performance took place February 11.

The Bouffes Parisiens lately produced an operetta in three acts, entitled "Les Forains." The heroine, Olympia, on the day of her marriage, discovers that she does not love her husband, the lion-tamer, Julius Caesar. She longs for a mightier than he. Her papa is a Graeco-Roman wrestler, who has never been downed; he is known as the Rampart of the Universe. Olympia has always, in her maiden dreams, pictured to herself a lover who could wipe the floor with her papa. Just after the marriage, at the evening performance, an athletic clubman beats the Rampart. Poor Olympia, what can she do? She avows her love, and being a slave to virtue, does nothing worse than desert the lion-tamer. The clubman hires a lot of acrobats and goes on the road with her for two months. Olympia meets Julius Caesar again, and he gives her a good thrashing, and of course she flings herself into his arms, vowing she adores him.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Although "La Valkiria" was not a success on the first night of its performance at La Scala, Milan, it has been drawing well ever since.

Mr. F. A. Cowen's opera, "Signa" is to be brought out by Sir Augustus Harris at Covent Garden during the coming season. The committee of the Gloucester Musical Festival has asked Mr. Cowen to compose a sacred work for its meeting in 1895.

Madam Amiel, whose "Chanson d'Autrefois" made such a success last season in Paris, will give a series of matinees with the assistance of M. Georges Boyer, in which they will sing the rondels and ballads of the Fifteenth century to the refrains of the early part of this one.

Before the Cavalleria Rusticana had made him famous, Mascagni had read Missal's romance, "Marito e Sacerdote," which impressed him so much he wished to have a libretto founded upon its story. It is now said that Missal is arranging one for him, which will appear under a different title.

Prince Henry of Battenburg has been chosen chairman at the one hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians, which is to take place on May 17, at the Whitehall Rooms, London. Four thousand pounds were distributed by this noble society last year in the relief of worthy musicians.

Josef Hofmann, the boy pianist, is now old enough to defy societies that look after the welfare of children, and if we are to believe the foreign press, has developed into a wonderful artist. He will begin an engagement in London early in May. It is said arrangements are in progress for an American tour next season, under the management of Abbey & Grau.

Sir Augustus Harris will give no elaborate performances of opera in German in London this season. The Figaro says: "Experience has proved that no German opera save the advanced works of Wagner, draws a remunerative audience. Moreover, five nights out of the six are already occupied at Covent Garden by the ordinary company, and to bring over a special troupe from Germany to give one performance weekly is pure waste. There is yet, I am sure, a future for German opera, but it must be given under very different conditions; that is to say, it must be performed by a complete company brought over from Germany, and at pretty well the prices charged in the Fatherland. A difficulty may arise in the matters of copyright. It is understood that the Covent Garden manager now has the whole of the performing rights in Wagner's advanced operas, and as no opportunity is to be afforded of hearing them at Covent Garden, they will probably now for a time pass out of the repertory."

OUR WATCH OFFER WITHDRAWN.

We have discontinued the arrangement whereby we furnished watches, and hereby withdraw the offer. Do not send any more orders for watches, as we will not fill them.

We think that all who desired watches under any of the various offers made are supplied. We shall probably, some time next fall, make a series of new offers, of an entirely different character, to those who may then desire watches; but until we make proper announcement, no watch orders should be sent us.

Publishers' Column.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.

The "mackintosh"—a thin cloth coat impervious to rain—is universally used abroad as an overcoat for winter, spring and autumn. It is infinitely superior in wet weather to the ordinary "rubber" coats, clammy and cold.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality so far as appearances go and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $16 to $35; but one of the American manufacturers has agreed to sell nsigle coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand, and this reduction brings the cost of an excellent coat to about one-half the usual retail price. The offer is limited to two colors and two grades, and to sizes (bust measurement) ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches. Each coat is fifty-three inches long, with a detachable cape twenty-four inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid. They are made of fine materials and in the best manner. They will not grow hard or stiff, and are first-class in every respect.

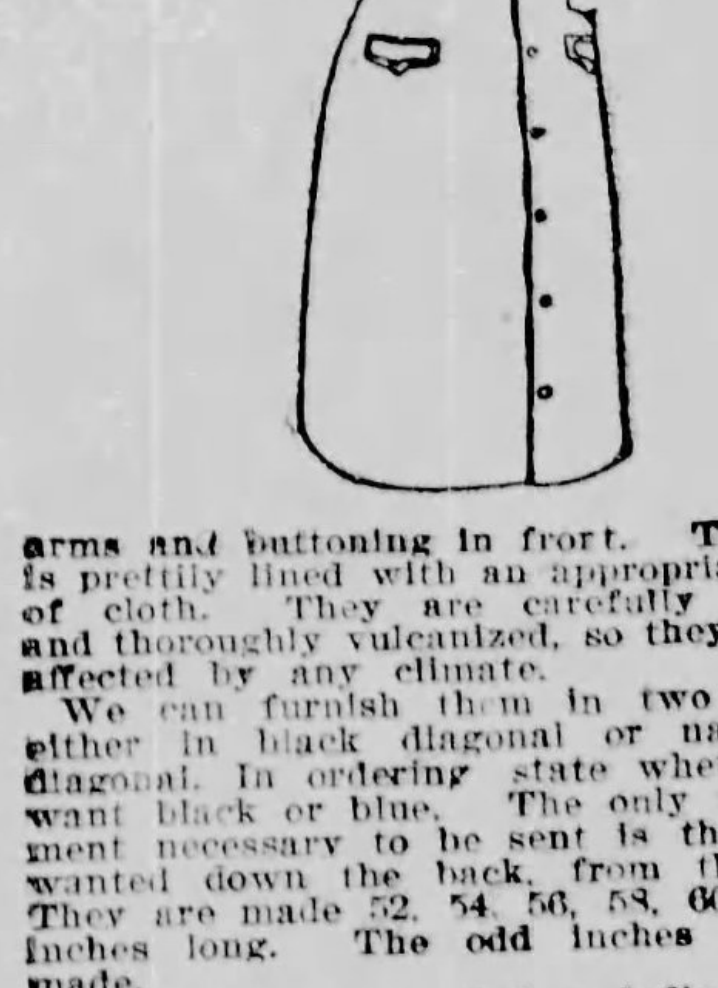
The dark-blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office n the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in Inveress shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the arms and buttoning in front. This cape is prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth. They are carefully stitched and thoroughly vulcanized, so they are unaffected by any climate.



We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is the length wanted down the back, from the neck. They are made 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs by express, and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $5.95. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

It is only after careful consideration and thoroughly testing the machine, that we arranged to offer our subscribers the BLADE WASHER. Thousands have been made and sold in Northwestern Ohio and throughtut the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this machine is $7. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade one year, for only $5.00; or we will ship a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire club of ten to be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated and shipped by freight, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Adrdsse "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver, the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburg and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopaedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most interesting and instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities. Its particular and unique value is its happy solution of the problem of fullness and convenience. It is neither bulky nor superficial. It is the book of reference for the million. Chambers' Encyclopaedia has always occupied a front place among the cyclopedic works to be coveted.

This is a new edition, revised in 1891, reset in clear but fine type. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, in paper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about 13 pounds.

READ OUR OFFER!

We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopaedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopaedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
3. "Diana or Christ?"
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home from the First Voyage.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

POETIC PARODIES.

You may break, you may shatter
  The vase if you will,
But stay with us, Bridget,
  We'll pay your wage still.
    —Kansas City Journal.

You may break, you may shatter
  The V if you will,
But no cent of the balance
  Will cling to it still.
    —Detroit Free Press.

O, woodman, spare that tree!
  It has a nightly use.
'Tis the only tree that Tom can climb
  When pa turns Towser loose.
    —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Woodman, chop that tree!
  Spare not a single twig;
Its switches have caused me
  To dance full many a jig.
    —Kansas City Journal.

THE BLADE IN OLDEN DAYS.

How It Helped to Pass the Time in a Lonely Sugar Camp.

Editor Blade:—There came to my table this week among a score of other papers, a copy of The Toledo Blade. It came by a mistake of the postmaster, for it bore another's tag; but it was just as welcome as if a regular visitor. Of course it was returned to the owner with thanks for its perusal.

As I glanced over its once familiar pages, my mind went back to the time when we first became friends—the Blade and I. Not that we have been total strangers since—I haven't been entirely out of the world—but I have not read it regularly since that time so many years ago, a quarter of a century at least, when I was just a little girl.

It was back in Ohio, my native state, in the very northwestern corner and on the bank of a creek, wending its way to add its rippling waters to Lake Erie's wide expanse. 'Twas in the springtime, too and many were engaged in sugar-making. Brother, four years older than myself, and I were tending camp. Very early in the morning, he went to start the fire and gather in the sap. Later in the day when the sun's genial rays began to warm the atmosphere, I set out with bucket in hand, to join him. Over the bridge that spanned the creek, across a pasture, through a gap in the rail fence and into the woods, I took my way.

There was a strip of dense, dark timber, mostly hemlock, that was the bugbear of the trip. How I dreaded that! A little stream trickled among the trees and I walked fast and faster till almost to it; then I began to run. I could jump the stream easier, you know, but some way, I forgot to slacken pace until the camp fire smoke was plainly visible.

I would not for anything have brother know how I watched for a big bear to spring from behind each hemlock stump. I had seen a woodchuck the previous summer that I was very certain was a bear, and had been on the lookout for the savage creatures ever since.

At last brother's cheery "hello" rang through the trees as he espied me; and in a few moments I was sitting on the big hollow log we put to such good use, warming my feet by the roaring fire.

I can shut my eyes and see it all to-day, the big iron kettle swinging from the huge pole above the fire. Into it was poured the gathered sap. Then there was the smaller brass kettle where the thickening syrup boiled. Big maple trees stood all about with spiles protruding from their sides, one, two, three or more and the sap dripping into rough hewn troughs. And banks of snow peeped here and there from among the trees.

It was nearly dinner time when I reached camp and what fun it was to cook. There were potatoes to roast in the ashes, eggs to boil in the sap, and berries to stew over the coals, besides the bread and butter and pumpkin pie. Those dinners were better than a feast in later days.

But after dinner the hours went slowly by with nothing to do, but keep up the fire and watch the syrup boil, and empty sap troughs, now and then. We dearly loved to read, but everything readable at our house had been read, re-read and read again; and so we deemed it most fortunate and timely when a bachelor neighbor offered to loan us his much-loved Toledo Blades.

With what joyful anticipations we lugged the great armfuls of papers into the woods and stowed them carefully away within the hollow log. Nor were we disappointed, as we sat hour after hour and read by turns the long, continued stories, entertaining short ones, with sketches and poems interspersed.

Time lagged on no longer, the fire burned low betimes, and the troughs were allowed to overflow, occasionally, in our eager forgetfulness. The lengthening shadows, all too soon, bade us stow our treasures away for the morrow.

Yes, it was long ago, and altogether I've read many papers since then, and wandered mid varied scenes, although that brother sleeps in a lonely prairie grave, I have never forgotten the happy hours we spent with the Toledo Blade. IDA KAYS.

Trenton, Neb., March 15, 1894.

—RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all first-class druggists.

Not Sensitive.

Fweddy (lighting a cigarette)—You—aw—don't mind my smoking, do you?

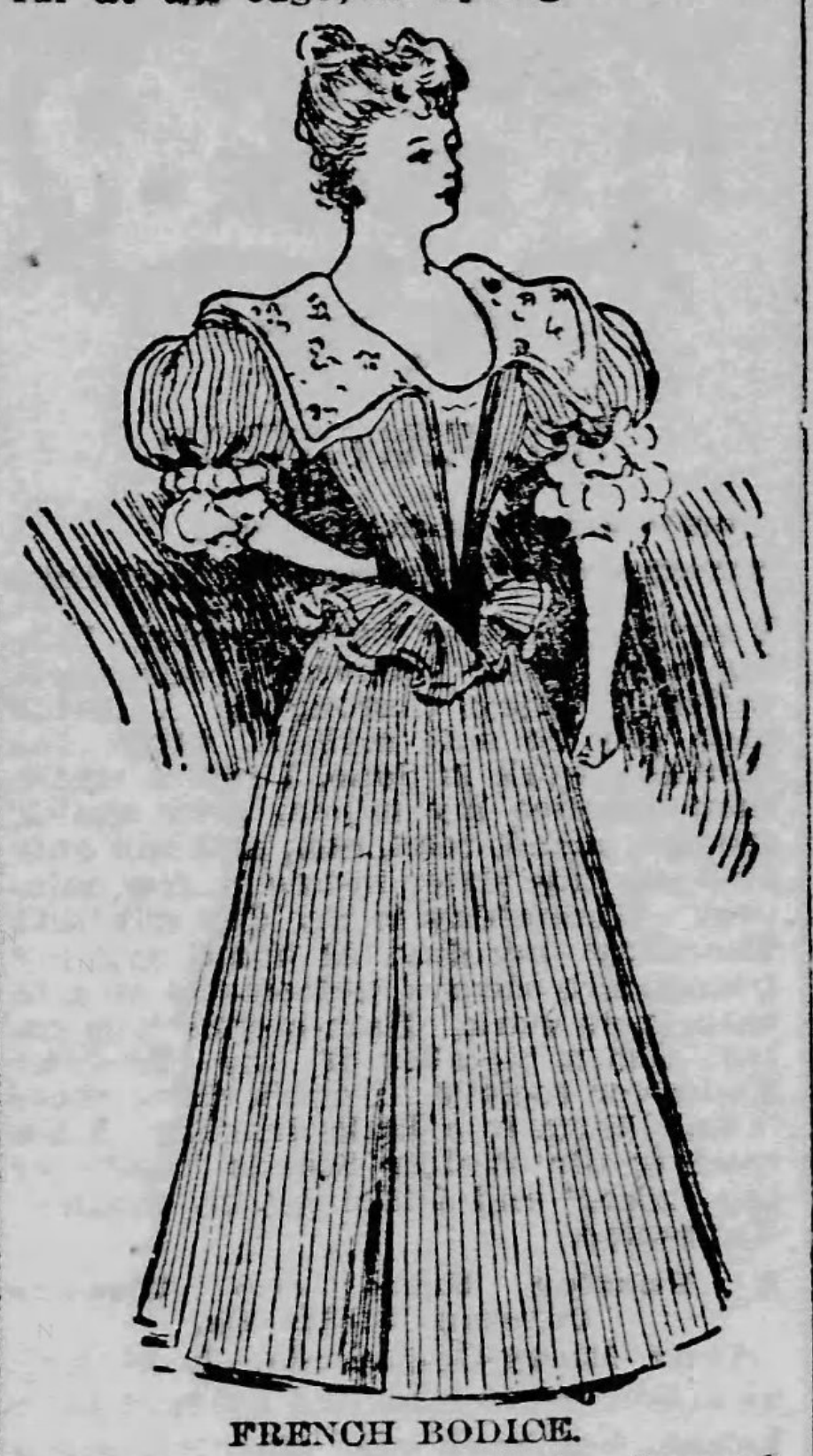
Stranger—Not at all, sir; I work in a glue factory.

THE NEWEST THINGS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.

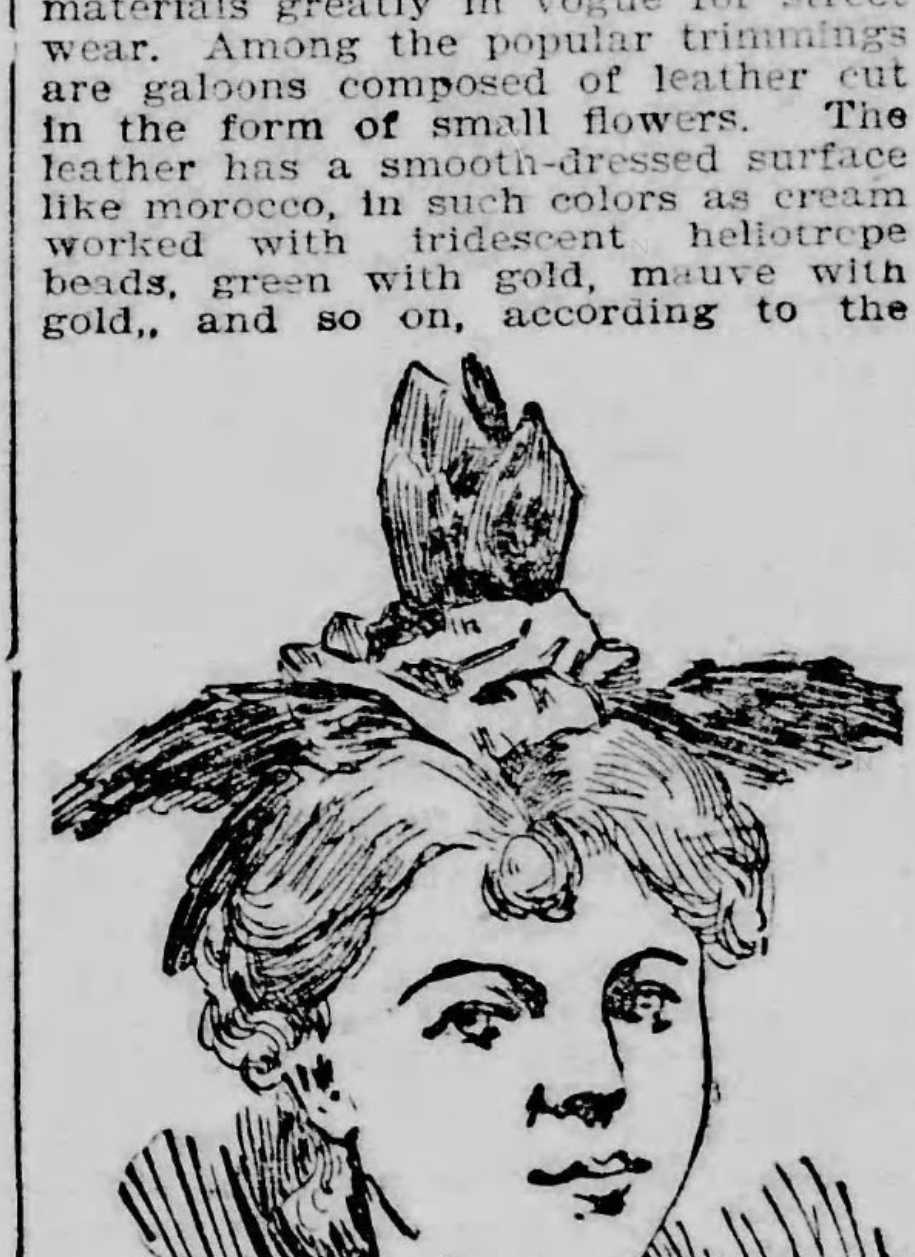
Lace Tiaras Are Now the Fashion, as Are Also Paddock Coats—Odds and Ends.

The creators of fashion are busy with the new spring and summer styles, and their minds are now exercised trying to look ahead a few weeks. But as their ideas go forward their thoughts go back more and more to the old pictures, and fashion sheets of the time of Louis XVI. This is noticed in everything from hat to shoe. Even the quaint little bags and reticules of our great grandmothers are again coming into favor.

Skirts are still worn plain, with either a rouleaux of velvet or narrow fur at the edge; as spring advances, of course, the fur will be dropped. Black will not be as much in favor in the near future as it has been in the past. The new shades of brown will be the color and light shades in all colors will prevail. Crepons and creped goods will continue all through the coming season among the leading materials. This beautiful and fascinating material comes in the daintiest tints, and of a heavier make than formerly. The edge of some of the goods comes with a crosswise stripe of narrow lace or ribbon, and is usually creped into the material. This year the dresses will be much plainer than for years past and heavy rough materials greatly in vogue for street wear. Among the popular trimmings are galoons composed of leather cut in the form of small flowers. The leather has a smooth-dressed surface like morocco, in such colors as cream worked with iridescent heliotrope beads, green with gold, mauve with gold,, and so on, according to the wearer's individual taste. The thick white lace insertions are edged with leather worked in brown, gold and the new shade called "mediterranean blue" and those also having the fringes of paillettes are much fancied trimming. Lace and velvet will continue for the demi-saison, and velvet will be used as trimming for dress-skirts as well but must harmonize with the shade of the goods offering no noticeable contrast.



FRENCH BODICE.

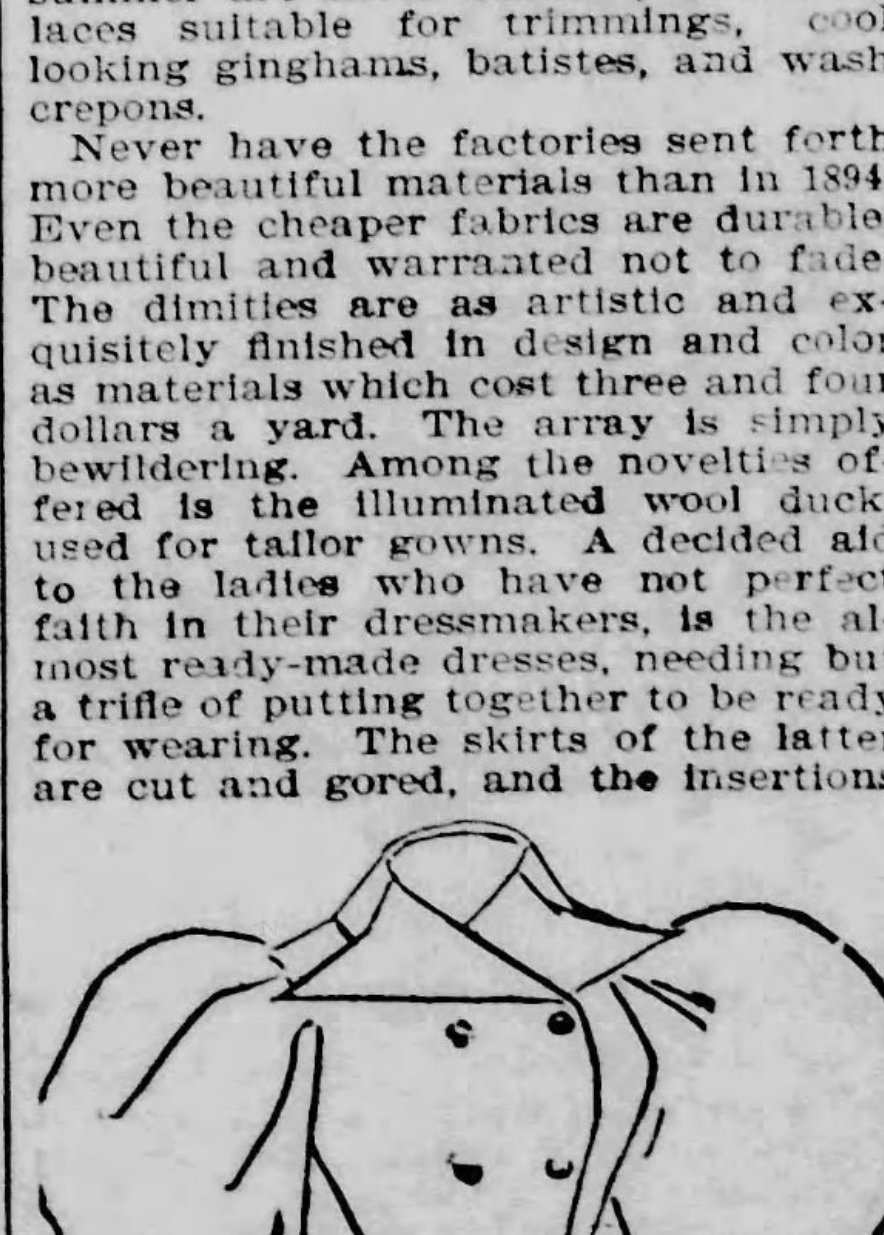


A TAKING HAT.

The above illustration is a French bodice made entirely of Louis XVI ribbon, vest and broad collar in point d'Angleterre; ruffles of pale pink silk muslin finish the short puffed sleeves. Hair dressed high in pointed knot with pink bow. Skirt accordion pleated of blue gauze. Fan of lace and velvet.

Among the beautiful fabrics seen for summer are sheer muslins, and filmy laces suitable for trimmings, cool looking ginghams, batistes, and wash crepons.

Never have the factories sent forth more beautiful materials than in 1894. Even the cheaper fabrics are durable, beautiful and warranted not to fade. The dimities are as artistic and exquisitely finished in design and color as materials which cost three and four dollars a yard. The array is simply bewildering. Among the novelties offered is the illuminated wool duck, used for tailor gowns. A decided aid to the ladies who have not perfect faith in their dressmakers, is the almost ready-made dresses, needing but a trifle of putting together to be ready for wearing. The skirts of the latter are cut and gored, and the insertions of lace or other woven trimming set in, needing only the band to make them complete. The material for the waist is planned out, together with the sleeve and waist trimming.



PADDOCK COAT.

The handsomest street outfit I have seen this spring was a plain full skirt of black moire with long paddock coat of same material, white glazed kid gloves stitched with black, patent leather shoes, muff of the moire and black lace, surmounted with a bunch of the natural violets, black jet and small lace bonnet, and another bunch of violets under the chin. The tout ensemble was the most fetching it has been my good fortune to see in many months.

Among the novelties is an overdress or upperskirt hanging straight to about midway of the underskirt, and gradually sloping backwards toward the back and bottom of the lower skirt. It is a sort of revival of our first overskirts of forty years ago.

No evening dress or street dress for that matter is complete without the hair being well dressed. All faces are not suited to the Grecian knot, and often when features and form are in keeping the effect is spoiled by a smoothly plastered head, the sight of which would make even a statue blush. The fine part and fluffy waves now used will make even a plain face comely. Bangs have disappeared entirely, and the fascinating single curl on center of the forehead continues to hold its own. It certainly tends to add youth to any face, chic even to a plain face, and a beautiful one it makes irresistible. The hair may be worn either high or low, or half way between the two.

The cut given shows one of the prettiest hats of the season. It is made of pale blue velvet, from paroquet's wings, with pink velvet roses.

Among street garments comes the paddock coat of which the one above is a good illustration. This is made long, coming down within twenty inches of the bottom of the dress It is tight-fitting, double-breasted, and tailor finished, with broad revers and big balloon-like sleeves. On a beautiful figure it is more than chic, and greatly improves even a poorly shaped figure.

ON T'OTHER SIDE THE FENCE.

You bet, I'm feelin' purty good,
  On t'other side the fence.
I'm tickled 'cause at last I've got
  A little good hoss sense.

I was a chump; in other words,
  I was a Democrat,
Till one day sez I to myself,
  By jinks, where am I at?

We'd talked and harped without a cause
  'Bout everything in range,
Without a reason, yet we felt
  We ought to have a change.

By gum, we got it like a storm
  That nothin' seemed to check;
We got the change—but, durn it all—
  We got it in the neck.

Banks went to bustin' everywhere,
  And fact'ries stood stock still;
It seemed like the whole country wus
  About to make its will.

Men by the thousand out of work,
  And children wantin' bread;
Seemed time to git some other kind
  Of politics in my head.

When Congress met it didn't do
  A durned thing but convene;
The great G. Cleveland's chief concern
  Was flirting with the queen.

A drummer told me, honor bright,
  Trade was so dead and blue—
On promissory notes he heard
  The interest falling due.

Sez I, this settles it fur me,
  And quicker'n you'd say scat!
I flopped and burned the clothes I wore
  When I wuz a Democrat.

You bet, I'm feelin' purty good,
  On t'other side the fence.
From this time on I'll try to use
  A little good hoss sense.
    —Pittsburg Dispatch.

HOW THEY FATTEN BEEF.

Fertile Lands, Capable of Growing Nearly Every Crop.

It is impossible to realize the extent of this natural pasturage by merely looking at the figures—600,000 square miles of it, as against 1 per cent of the whole republic which is now devoted to agriculture—a cattle range nine times the size of England and Ireland—larger than Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary Italy, Spain and Portugal all put together. It is estimated that the really good agricultural lands of this republic cover an area about equal to that of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin, and that it is capable of producing every crop grown in those states. Yet even the cattle which are marketed as beef, are never stall-fed, but are driven in, lank and tough, from the pampas. A while ago the Buenos Ayres Herald published the following significant item:

"One of the prime necessities of the times is the fattening of cattle for meat. We have no beef worthy of the name, while we have so many cattle that we cannot count them. The other day we heard of a thousand young bullocks which could not be sold for $11.50 per head; yet we have to pay very dear in this city for the very poorest of meat. The fact is that the cattle which reach us are utterly unfit for food, but are good candidates for feeding; and if those who own lands near by would go into the business of stall-feeding cattle for the market, it would not fail to prove profitable. One reason for this assertion is that the price of good beef is greater here than in the United States, where the price of land and of food is much greater than in Argentina, and yet where they find it a good business to fatten cattle. It is time that we had done with calling skin and bones beef."

The prices that animals bring in Buenos Ayres fluctuate with the season, but average about as follows, reckoned in gold: Milch cows, $10 to $15; working oxen, $12 to $35; beeves, $10 to $18; working mules, $20 to $35; working horses, $10 to $25; harness horses (native), $25 to $40; sheep, from $1 to $1.50, and goats about the same.—Buenos Ayres correspondence Philadelphia Record.

ROLLICKING BLADES.

Boiled Down.

Oh, the Democrats are saying "Dem!"
  The Populists drink only "Pop."
While Republican cloth—you can make a mem—
  Is the very best Rep to be had in the shop.

His Name Must Have Been Weeks.

"Hello, Jones! I haven't seen you for a long time."

"No. I have been away all winter."

"Yes?"

"Went away for three weeks."

"And stayed longer than you expected?"

"No, I intended to stay all winter."

"But you said you went away only for three weeks?"

"That's right; for three weaks—a weak digestion, a weak back, and weak lungs."

"That's one on me. Let's go and crack a wee cold bottle."

A Fowl Joke.

"What a fly girl Fanny Pinfeather is!"

"Yes," said Damascus Blade. "They say she lives on chicken-wings."

See?

"The Democrats are losing ground
  So much," said Roystering Blade in glee,
"Merely because it will be found,
  They are so very much at sea."

Off and Awful.

"Is your quarrel off with the colonel?"

"Oh, yes. He acknowledged the corn."

"Quite appropriate that, as a kernel, he should."

Survival of the Fightist.

"See that item about Robert Buchanan?"

"No. What is it?"

"Why, that he has enjoyed more literary quarrels than any other living author."

"The verb seems to have been very well chosen. He does seem to enjoy the quarrels hugely."

In the Cloak-Room.

"Oh, where, oh, where," shouts the sergeant-at-arms,
  "Oh, where may be the absentee?"
And the grin goes round at the sergeant's alarms,
  For they know that he is at the cold tea.

Why Did They Snicker?

"I hear the landlady has lost her dog," said the star boarder.

"I'm not sorry," responded the growler of the table. "He was a mangy-looking cur."

"But he was not so bad as he looked."

"No? So glad. Please pass me another sausage."

White Blood in Her Veins.

To be considered white is the one ambition of the European-clad Sandwich Islander. A very dusky maiden, clothed sumptuously in a parasol, was one day bragging of English enterprise in one embracive "we." "But you have no white blood in you," said a bystander. "Oh, yes, I have," she replied, in triumph, "my great grandfather helped eat Captain Cook."—London Sun.

—War! on scrofula and every form of impure blood is boldly declared by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great conqueror of all blood diseases.

Hearing a Fly Walk.

The microphone makes the sounds of a fly's footsteps perfectly audible. The apparatus consists of a box with a strong sheet of paper stretched over it in place of the customary lid. Two carbons separated by a thin strip of wood and connected by two wires charged with electricity are fastened to it, and connected with a carbon pencil which communicates with the paper tympanum. When everything is in readiness and the ear is held to the sounding trumpet a fly allowed to cross the paper makes a sound which to the listener is equal to the noise made by a horse crossing a bridge.—St. Louis Republic.

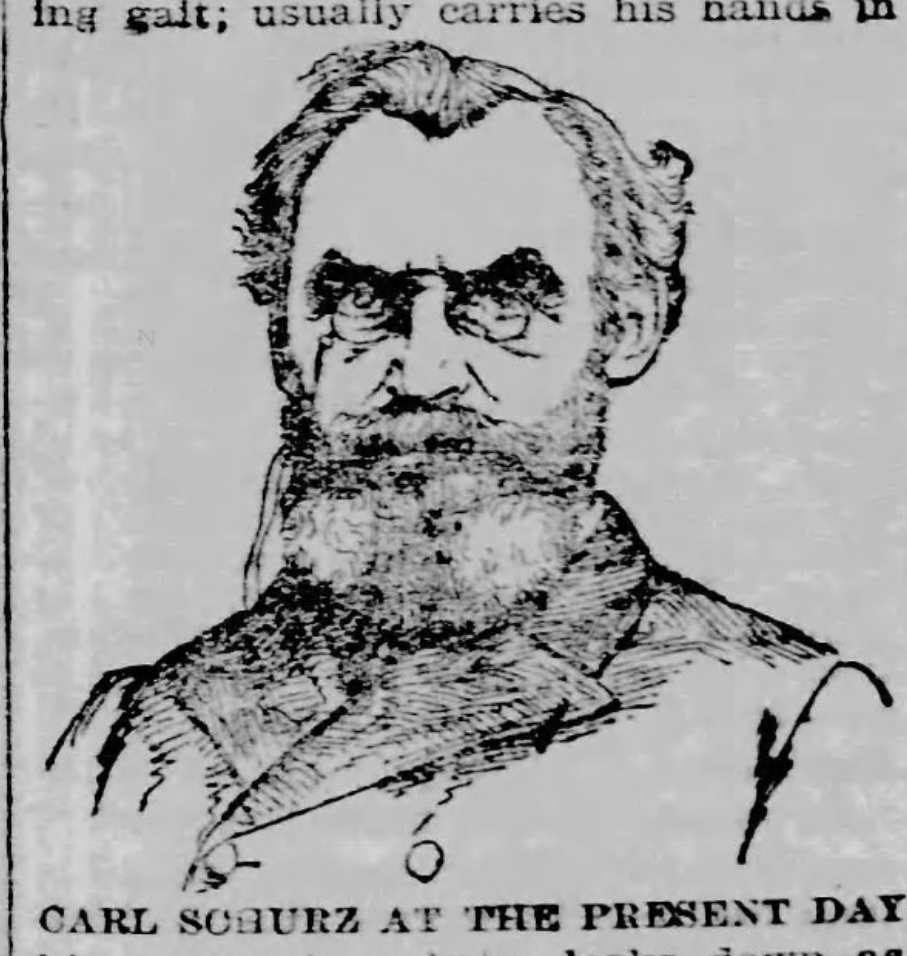
CARL SCHURZ DROPS OUT

NO LONGER MUCH OF A FIGURE IN THE HURLY BURLY OF LIFE.

A Soldier of Fortune Who Has Had a Romantic Career on Two Continents—Actor on Many Stages.

For The Blade.

About 5 feet 11 inches in height; stooping shoulders, greyish brown beard; wears spectacles; bright brown eyes; bushy eyebrows; hair now gray and somewhat long; wears rusty black derby hat; dresses plainly; clothing ill fitting and not of fashionable cut; walks with firm step and long swinging gait; usually carries his hands in his overcoat pockets; looks down as he walks along, and pays no attention to what other people are doing or saying.



CARL SCHURZ AT THE PRESENT DAY

Who is he?

Carl Schurz, soldier of fortune.

He is the one man in American politics who is almost always indefinable in a degree. Schurz for more than a score of years has kept political prophetsand wiseacres guessing as to just where he would turn up next, and in what special camp.

Schurz is a figure in our politics who in some respects has no counterpart. Few men of national reputation won fame in the face of more obstacles and difficulties. An exile, a persecuted patriot of the struggle of the German and Austrian peasantry in 1848, for some degree of freedom and some share in the government of their countries, Schurz had in this country won a prominence that he might never attain in his native land, for he has won as high political honors as any foreign born citizen may. He has been a Senator of the United States and a Cabinet officer. In addition he has won a national reputation as an orator and as a writer.

Not yet 65 years of age, he was born in March, 1829, near Cologne in Prussia. His life since he left the university at Bonn, in which he was a student, to plunge into the revolution of 1848 against King William, along with Rudlich and Kinkel, who afterwards settled in New York, and Franz Sigel, who won his general's commission in our own civil war. No carpet knight was young Schurz. When his friend Kinkel was captured and sentenced to imprisonment for life in a fortress in the river Havel, young Schurz communicated with his friend and between the two a plan was concocted by means of which Kinkel escaped one dark night from the fortress through a sewer, and by the aid of Schurz, and by means of long marches by night, the two reached the North Sea and shipped to England.

From this time his career was checkered for a considerable period and varied always. In Paris he was a correspondent for German papers. In England, like other exiles, he gave lessons in his own language with some success. The year 1852 found him in the United States, and so good use did he make of his time that in 1857 he was Republican candidate for lieutenant governor of Wisconsin. In the meantime he had learned English and earned a reputatioin as an orator, so that when in 1859 he made a lecture tour through New England, in which he denounced the policy of Stephen A. Douglass, he became in a certain sense a national character. He was an influential member of the Republican national convention in 1860. President Lincoln made him minister to Spain, but he resigned to enter the army at the opening of the rebellion. In 1862 he was commissioned a brigadier general of volunteers, and was assigned to command a division in the corps of his friend,Gen. Franz Sigel. He fought with Sigel in second Bull Run, was made a major-general in 1863, and commanded a division at Chancellorsville, and he was at Gettysburg, at Chattanooga and elsewhere.

CARL SCHURZ IN 1876.

At the close of the war he started to practice law and then became Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. In 1866 he was special commissioner under President Johnson to look into the condition of the Southern states. In 1868, he was an editor in St. Louis, and in the same year he was the temporary chairman of the National convention that nominated Grant, for whose election he worked hard. In the same year he entered the United States Senate from Missouri. It was in the Senate that he made plain his aptitude for kicking over the traces, for he opposed President Grant in many ways and the latter resented it. The year 1872 found him out of the Republican party and presiding over the convention of the Liberal party in Cincinnati which nominated Horace Greeley for President, but 1876 found him back in the Republican party again and later he found himself in the Cabinet. Since that time his career has been known to all men. The organization of the Mugwump party, if it can be called a party, gave Mr. Schurz another chance to show his independence. He joined the Mugwumps and supported Cleveland against Mr. Blaine. In the last Presidential election he supported Mr. Cleveland against Gen. Harrison.

Many of the men who have been watching the trend of things political for both profit and amusement have also been waiting to see if President Cleveland intends to do anything for Schurz. That the President owes him something more substantial than mere esteem is generally conceded even by those who have no liking for Mr. Schurz.

Since Mr. Schurz settled in business in New York he has lived very quietly just outside the city, making few friends save those whom he had already tried. For some reason he has refrained from practising law, his own profession, and instead has sought to achieve some degree of fortune in other pursuits. He has been in the steamship and mercantile business in the main, and has prospered, and he keeps up his literary work for which there is a constant demand, as there is for lectures by him on any and all sorts of topics. There is no lack of work for him to turn his hand to, and he is no laggard. He seems, however, in the main to shrink from public notice save on those occasions when he appears on the platform as an orator. He is unlike other prominent orators in that he does not often appear at public dinners as a speaker. He is a member of a couple of clubs, and of some German societies, and there his connection with matters social ends. Nor is he any theater-goer. His business, his library, his literary work, these are his enjoyments. His family life is quiet and unpretentious. Save in the steamship district on lower Broadway, Mr. Schurz is not usually recognized when he goes abroad, though his appearance is striking enough.

Mr. Schurz has not much changed in personal appearance of late years. His tall, somewhat gaunt figure is still held erect save for a slight "scholarly" stoop at the shoulders. There is gray in his reddish beard, and in his thick hair, but otherwise there is nothing to indicate that he is within a few years of the age allotted by the psalmist to man. Bright eyes flash behind his eye glasses, and there is strength and vim marked in strong lines on his keen, strong face.. He looks a man who is good for many a strong fight yet, and from the way political columns are splitting and forming in New York state, he is likely to have abundant opportunities in the future to exercise his powers and his own pugnaciousness. Should the reformers who are now trying to reorganize the Republican party of New York succeed and bring new leaders to the front, then Mr. Schurz might find it possible to go back to his love again. There is not much chance for him in the Democracy, for while Mr. Schurz agrees with the Democrats on many points, he has no standing with its more powerful leaders, President Cleveland, of course, excepted.

CARL SCHURZ ON THE STREET.

THE TWO DOLLS.

Two dolls, so I've been told,
  Once lived on a shelf together,
Her head and her arms were all of wax,
  While his were of wood and leather.
Her cheeks were pink and her eyes were blue,
Her hair of a lovely golden hue;
And therefore, you see, she could never deign
To notice a doll who was coarse and plain.
For so it befell this tiny pair
One was for look and one for wear;
One for use and one for show;
And that's the way of the world, you know.

When first they met one summer day,
  He greeted her most urbanely,
She saw that he quite forgot his place
  And told him so very plainly.
"Your birth is shown in your wooden face,
Of waxen blood you have not a trace;
So, once for all, be it understood,
That wax can never consort with wood."
Then she said, with a freezing stare,
"I'm for look and you for wear;
You're for use and I'm for show;
And that's the way of the world, you know."

All on a fateful summer day
  The pair for a walk were taken,
Somebody left them 'monst the hay
  And then they were both forsaken.
Then, while they lay in the noonday sun,
The bloom on her cheeks began to run;
Her eyes fell out and her nose fell in,
And she lost forever her rounded chin!
Then he, who had never turned a hair,
Said, "You're for look and I'm for wear,
I'm for use and you for show.
And that's the way of the world, you know."
    —Pall Mall Gazette.

True Love.

"No," admitted a man this morning, "my wife never tells me that she is fond of me, but she always makes the kind of pie I like best."—Atchison Globe.

Mrs. Fogg—But she is talked about terribly.

Mr. Fogg—So is the weather; but it goes right on and is just as fickle as ever. On the whole, the weather appears to have the best of it, and probably it is no worse than those who talk about it.—Boston Transcript.

"I have often heard that there was a good deal to be said on both sides of a question," said Farmer Corntossel; "but I never realize how much they really is until Congress takes the question an' goes ter work in earnest ter make speeches on it."—American Industries.

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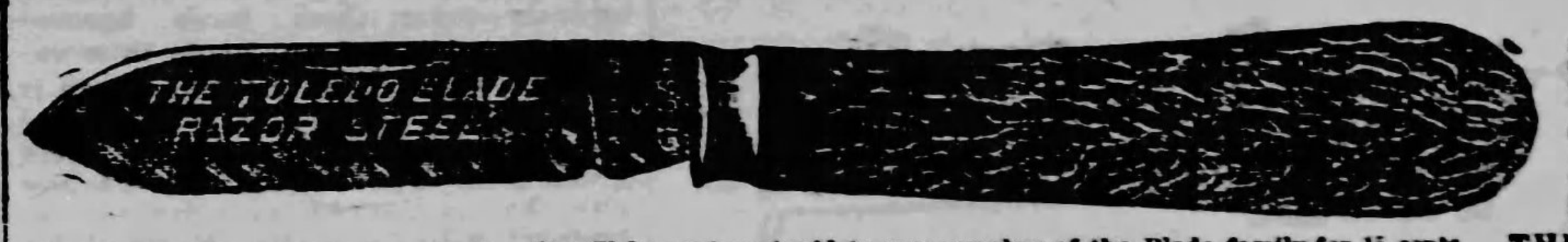
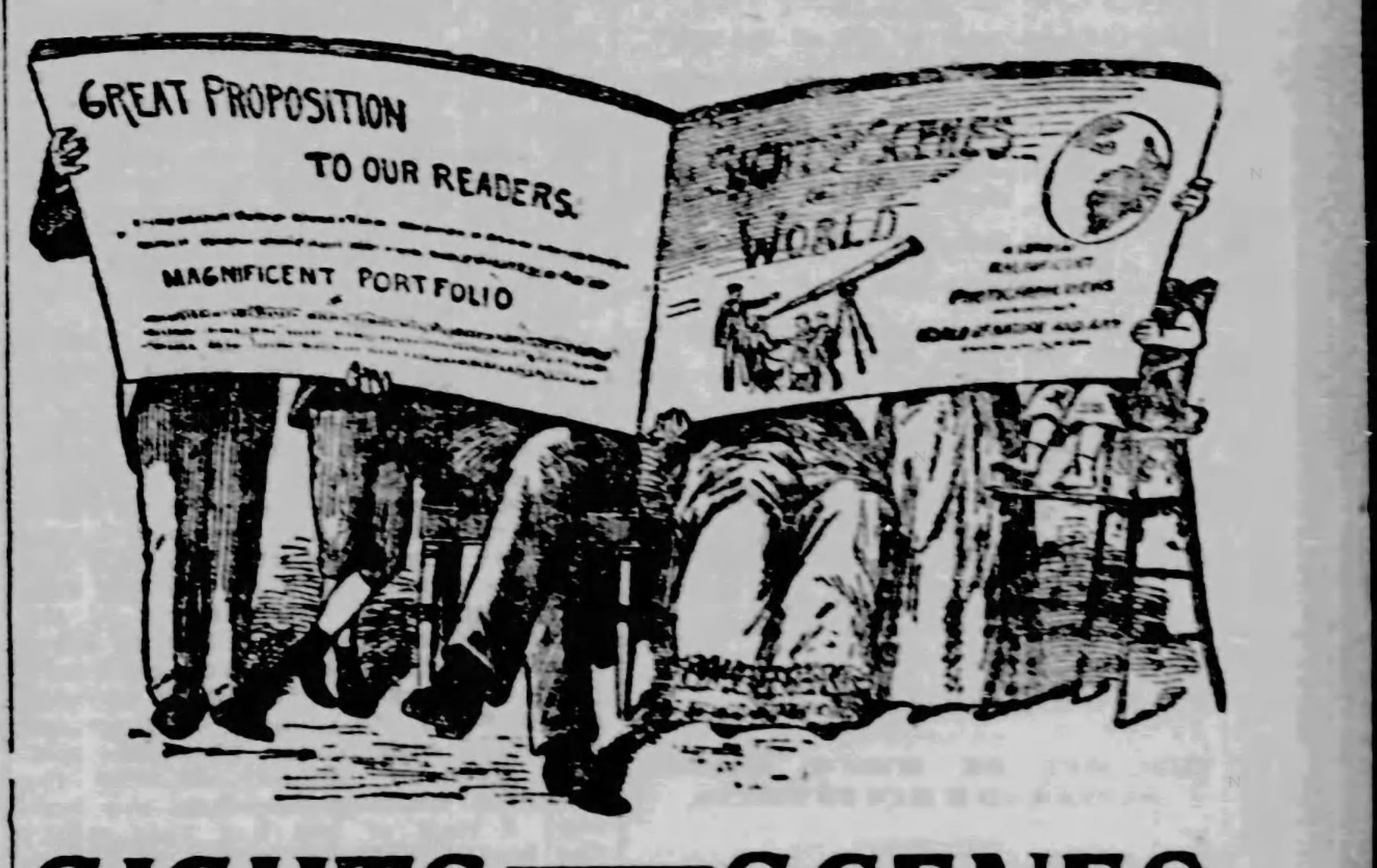


The blade in this knife is hand-forged from razor steel, and no better material or temper goes into a $2 razor. The handle is metal representing stag; its weight is 1½ ounces only. It is a splendid knife for a Blade boy or girl; a good garden or kitchen knife for the mother and one the father will find handy in a pinch. It will be sent postpaid to any member of the Blade family for 15 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A Grand Offer

TO THE READERS OF

The Toledo Blade.



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CONTENTS OF THE SECOND FOUR PARTS:

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1. The Famous War-Scarred Castle of Chapultepec.
2. The National Palace, City of Mexico.
3. The Mormon Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.
4. Brighton Beach, Coney Island.
5. The City of Montreal, Canada.
6. City of Benares, India.
7. Lahore Gate, Delhi.
8. Castle of Nagoya, Japan.
9. The Royal Throne, Honolulu.
10. Town Hall and Cathedral, Sydney, Australia.
11. The Mosque of St. Sofia, Constantinople.
12. The City of Tyre.
13. The City of Alexandria, Egypt.
14. The Acropolis, Athens.
15. Interior of Ann Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford, England.
16. City of Geneva, Switzerland.

PART NO. VI CONTAINS:

1. Queenstown Harbor, Ireland.
2. Balmoral Castle.
3. The Forum of Trajan, Rome.
4. View of Amalfi, Italy.
5. Canterbury Cathedral.
6. The Trocadero, Paris.
7. Napoleon's Carriage of State, Versailles.
8. Blenheim Castle, the Duke of Marlborough's Residence.
9. Interior of the Casino, Monte Carlo.
10. The Bourse, or New Exchange, Brussels.
11. Vossevangen, Norway.
12. View of Stockholm, Sweden.
13. The Alhambra in Granada, Spain.
14. St. Bernard's Hospice in the Swiss Alps.
15. Jerusalem as Seen from the Mount of Olives.
16. "The Sistine Madonna," by Raphael.

PART NO. VII CONTAINS:

1. Heidelberg.
2. Parliament Building in Vienna.
3. The Colosseum in Rome.
4. Statue of Moses.
5. The Roman Forum.
6. The Campo Santo, Genoa, Italy.
7. Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris.
8. The Place de la Bastile, Paris.
9. The Table on Which Napoleon I Signed His Abdication.
10. The Dairy of Marie Antoinette, Versailles.
11. View of Amsterdam, Holland.
12. The Naerodal Pass, Norway.
13. Gothenburg, Sweden.
14. The National Theater, Copenhagen, Denmark.
15. Place Dom Pedro, Lisbon.
16. City of Jaffa, Palestine.

PART NO. VIII CONTAINS:

1. Monaco, France.
2. A Square in Utrecht, Holland.
3. Johan Strasse and Royal Palace, Christiana, Norway.
4. Palace of the Crown Prince, Stockholm.
5. Freisors Kirk, or Church of Our Redeemer, Copenhagen, Denmark.
6. The Place of Commerce, Lisbon.
7. Mansion House, London.
8. The Royal Palace, Madrid.
9. St. Isaac's Cathedral, St. Petersburg.
10. Winter Palace, St. Petersburg.
11. Mars Hill, Athens.
12. The Suez Canal.
13. The Great Sphinx, Egypt.
14. Mount of Olives.
15. Trafalgar Square, London.
16. Stone Relief Work in the Church of St. John and St. Paul, Venice.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE SERIES.

The retail price of each one of these Parts is 25 cents. This Portfolio series has been used by prominent daily newspapers of the United States, in connection with coupons cut from their columns, at 10 cents each. The Blade, however, will not offer these portfolios for money. We design to present to each subscriber of The Blade who will send us a new subscriber, four portfolios for each subscriber sent.

Here is the Plan.

At the bottom of this advertisement will be found a coupon which, when inclosed to us by any present subscriber, with $1, and a new subscriber's name and address, will entitle the remitter to the first four portfolios of the series. During the month of March this same coupon, No. 2, will be published each week. At any time during March, any subscriber may use this coupon. It is an easy matter for any subscriber to obtain a new name and $1 from some person not now taking The Blade. Tell the new subscriber that, for one dollar, he will receive the Weekly Blade one year, and also a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Inclose to us $1, with name and address of the new subscriber, and coupon No. 2, and you will receive, for your trouble, postpaid by mail, the second four portfolios of this series, each inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, protecting it perfectly.

We guarantee that you will pronounce these four portfolios worth one dollar to you. If you are as well pleased with them as we know you will be, you can obtain the next four portfolios during April, when we shall print coupon No. 3, by simply obtaining another new subscriber during that month. During May you will have the opportunity to get the next four; and during June the last four, making 20 portfolios in all, completing the series. If, on the other hand, you are not pleased with them, you will not be obliged to carry the matter any further. We are confident, however, that every person who gets the first four portfolios will use every endeavor to obtain the remainder of them.

Now, please see how much we give for only one dollar in money received. If you send us $1 and one of these coupons, we are pledged to send to the new subscriber the Weekly Blade one year, which is worth one dollar; a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which is worth another dollar; and to you we send the first four parts of this portfolio, which is worth one dollar, and which actually costs us forty cents. Can we be more liberal?

The object of this offer is two-fold: First, we make you feel grateful to us for so handsome a present, and you are therefore glad you are one of our subscribers; second, we obtain a new subscriber to the Weekly Blade, although we do not get more than half the cost of the paper and postage. This offer should bring us 50,000 new subscribers very quickly; and, by the way, we mean, by "new subscriber," any person who is not NOW taking the Weekly Blade. It makes no difference whether he has ever taken it or not, so that his name is not now on our list.

CAUTION!

We will NOT send these Portfolios in connection with a coupon for a RENEWAL. In other words, no one can send his own name, with $1, and receive The Blade, the "Nasby Letters," and the Portfolio. Any person remitting $1 for his own subscription will receive the "Nasby Letters" as a premium, but not the Portfolios. We give these Portfolios ONLY to those who are now subscribers to The Blade, as compensation for sending us a NEW subscriber. The full amount of one dollar must be sent in current funds, and no agents' commission deducted.

If you did not avail yourself of the offer for February, when Coupon No. 1 was printed, get a new subscriber, and cut Coupon No. 1 out of any February issue of The Blade, and send it to get the first four parts. The offer still holds good for coupon No. 1 and if you have not availed yourself of it, do it at once. Do not forget to inclose the coupon, giving your own name and address in full, as well as the name and address of the new subscriber in full.

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

TRIM TO THIS LINE.

Sights and Scenes of the World

COUPON No. 2.

Good for Part 5, Part 6, Part 7 and Part 8 of the Portfolio Series, "Sights and Scenes of the World," when cut from this paper, and enclosed to "The Blade," Toledo, Ohio," with ONE DOLLAR and the name and address of a NEW subscriber to the Weekly Blade. The new subscriber will receive a copy of the Weekly Blade one year, and a copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters," and the old subscriber who makes the remittance and encloses this coupon will receive from us, by mail, postpaid, the four Portfolio parts as mentioned above.

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

TRIM TO THIS LINE.

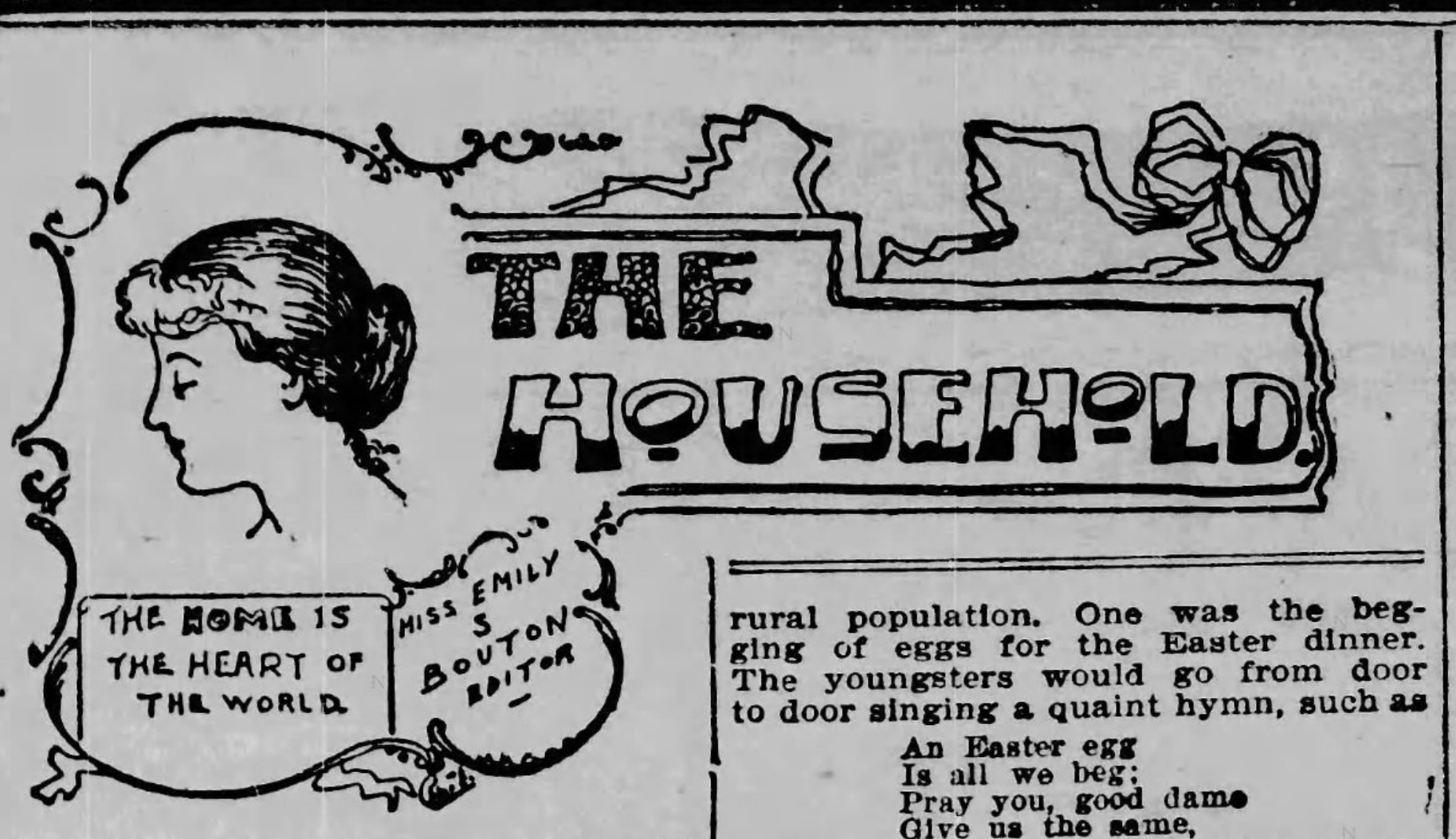
FOR OLD SOLDIERS— We have a Combined Knife and Fork for one-armed men; price 75 Cts. A great blessing to such men. Grover can't veto it, either. This cut shows a 2-blade Jack Knife, hand forged, razor steel blades, ground thin to cut with, not to pry, and equal in temper to any $2.00 razor. Our price was 75 cents; to Blade readers it will be sent for 48c; 5 for $2. Fine three blade pen knife, $1.00. Lady's fine 2-blade, 50c. hollow gr'd razor, $1.35. Best Strop

50c. 7-inch best Steel Shears, 60c. SHEARS AND THIS KNIFE, $1.00.
MAHER & GROSH, 632 Adams Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

WEAK MAN CURE YOURSELF IN TWO WEEKS.

BEFORE. AFTER.

Why waste time, money and health with "doctors" wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when I will send you FREE the prescription and full particulars of a new certain remedy that is a complete cure for NERVOUS WEAKNESS, LOST MANHOOD and IMPOTENCY in old or young men. Cures in TWO WEEKS. I send this information and prescription absolutely FREE, and there is no humbug nor advertising catch about it. Any druggist can put it up for you as everything is plain and simple. All I ask in return is that you will buy a small quantity of the remedy itself of me, all ready for use, but may do as you please about this. All letters sent sealed. E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box B 3 Albion, Mich.


THE HOUSEHOLD
THE HOME IS THE HEART OF THE WORLD
MISS EMILY S. BOUTON EDITOR

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
"Yes, to the very end."
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
"From morn to night, my friend."

But is there for the night a resting place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin?
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
"You cannot miss that inn."

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
"Those who have gone before."
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
"They will not keep you standing at that door."

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?
"Of labor you shall find the sum."
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
"Yea, beds for all who come."
—Christina G. Rossetti.

HOME TALKS.

THE DAY ON WHICH EASTER FALLS AND WHAT IT MEANS.

Some of the Old Observances—A Merry Time in Rural England—Easter in Germany.

Easter once more!

The church bells will soon ring forth the glad tidings of a risen Christ and call upon the world to rejoice that He, the Blessed One, has not died but is yet alive, yet holding forth his glorious promises that good shall triumph, that evil shall be conquered, that through sorrow and suffering shall come the purification of humanity.

I think it is a beautiful custom to observe this day with songs of rejoicing; to make both home and church beautiful with the snowy lily, emblem of purity, and with other flowers that also speak of the new awakening into a better life. It really does not seem to matter much what blossoms, after the glorious lilies, are employed to commemorate the season, for each and all are so full of messages of love untouched with selfishness, that they bring comfort to the aching heart, demanding nothing in return.

I wonder how many remember that Easter has not come to us before on the 25th of March since 1882, and that it will not recur again on that day for many long years. I saw it stated that some one had gone over the figures and calculated that 1951 would be the next time that Easter Sunday would be celebrated on this date. He also said that the very earliest day on which it can fall is the 22d of March, and this only in case the moon is full on March 2, when that date chances to fall on Saturday. This combination of circumstances, he writes, is exceedingly rare; it occurred in 1390, 1661 and 1817, and will happen again in 1990 and 2144, while during three following centuries it is not once "on the books" at this early day. On the other hand Easter never falls later than April 25; this was the case in 1666, 1744 and 1886, and will only happen once in the next century, namely, in 1943.

It really does not matter much what day is chosen, even though in the early days it gave rise to those heated discussions which merged into quarrels that were only ended by the decision of the Council of Nice giving the present rule for its setting. For it is the thought which the observance arouses, that the resurrection, not of the actual physical body, but of a spiritual one, the rising to a union with the Infinite, which is of moment.

To a good many people Easter means the pretty new bonnets and dresses that are to add to their beauty. As Mother Earth rejoices in the springtime in her gala robes, why should not they? The real significance of the day has small part in the preparations which they make for its coming. Like most things, it is the material, physical side that appeals to human nature, and indeed, I must confess that these "flesh pots of Egypt" do have their attraction which it is hard for womankind to overcome. The eye has become weary of the garments of winter, and the fresh spring colorings and lighter fabrics, which accord with the flowers and the songs of rejoicings, seem in place and satisfy the artistic sense of fitness. And this need not necessarily be vanity, although I doubt not the masculine world would so name it. And after all, the Easter dresses and bonnets are only a survival of an old superstition expressed in the rhyme:

At Easter let your clothes be new
Or else be sure you will it rue,

for it was believed centuries ago that unless something new was donned, Dame Fortune would play the neglectful individual some trick that would render the year an unpleasant one. Whether she took into consideration pecuniary conditions, history sayeth not, but if she did not, the poor who could not get the wherewithal to buy a new garb would be likely to go on "poor" to the end of their mortal lives.

This is only one of the many funny old traditions, the origin of which we have no means of knowing, regarding Easter. I came across a very ridiculous one not long ago which is still held fast to in some of the English rural districts. It is called "lifting and heaving," and what do you suppose it means? Almost everybody in childhood has crossed hands with some other boy or girl, thus forming a "chair" in which to carry a younger playfellow. Well, this is exactly what these people do, and call it "lifting" and "heaving." On Easter Monday the men "lift" the women; on Easter Tuesday, the process is reversed, and the women "lift" the men. Then they heave them up and down three times, and often carry them along the street for a considerable distance. At the end of the ceremony the person "lifted" is kissed by the "lifters," and a forfeit claimed. Of course the whole thing is symbolic, and once a very general observance.

In old times, as now, the children did much of the rejoicing, but many of their customs are obsolete, except as mentioned, further back among the rural population. One was the begging of eggs for the Easter dinner. The youngsters would go from door to door singing a quaint hymn, such as

An Easter egg
Is all we beg;
Pray you, good dame
Give us the same,

and of course the eggs would be forthcoming.

There was also a game of which the boys were fond. Carrying a supply of eggs they would go out, and when two met, each would take an egg in the hand and knock the two together. The boy whose egg broke, must give it to the other. Here again tradition does not say how often accidents occurred when an unexpectedly hard blow was given, smashing the shell, and letting the contents flow upon the unlucky holder.

In these days and in the United States there are fewer games played, but the chief pleasure has been obtained from the gay coloring of eggs, although that fashion is beginning to lose its hold, and in its place has come that of Easter gifts in which nests with eggs and downy chickens play the principal part. We hear too, of some games, such as the egg rolling, which is a yearly event at the White House, and doubtless in other places. Then there are children's parties where everything is planned to carry out the thought of happiness connected with Easter. These are usually given on Monday, or else the Saturday evening preceding the Sunday. I read of one last year where the center table decoration at supper was a low, flat, green willow basket filled with downy wool in which rabbits and little chicks were scrambling about together, while by each girl's plate was placed a souvenir of a tiny gilt shoe, holding a white rabbit with speckled eggs, and each boy had a gilt wheelbarrow drawn by a greenery-green frog. At the last of the festival was a Jack Horner pie, and that was where the greatest merriment came in. A big tin pan was covered with bright paper, and on the top was a slit for the hand to go through and pull out the plums. By turn the little folks would reach in bringing forth bright eggs decorated in all sorts of ways, some with comical paintings and mottoes, and some with faces and tissue paper wings to change them into butterflies.

I have come to the limits of my article, and have said nothing about the charming Easter observances in Germany, of the merry hunt of the little folks for the Easter nest, through the house everywhere, and if not discovered, out into the yard or garden, where it has been hidden away with its precious store of gifts to be distributed by the finder; of the marble game where eggs are cut off at one end and set up to be shot at by the players; of Hineinwerfan, where little coins are put into an empty eggshell with the end left open, and then held in the hand for the rest to aim their coins at the opening, when the owner of the one which is caught then possesses the whole. Easter is a merry time in Germany, as it should be everywhere, for its deeper, inner meaning may be accepted by those without the church equally with those within.
EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

An Open Letter to the Young Folks of the Household.

Every boy and girl among you knows what a hero or heroine is of course; most of you have your special favorite among those of history and romance, and not a few of you I suspect, have a secret wish, if not to be one yourself, at least to be personally acquainted with one. I want to introduce you to one to-day, with whom you have always been acquainted, who has piloted you safely through the evils that beset small children; has smoothed away the difficulties that arose before you as you grew older, and has always been ready to sacrifice her own comfort and pleasure to promote yours. Don't you think it needed some heroism to all that? I do, and yet this heroine, whom you must know is your mother, gets very little of the homage that is paid to those favorite heroes and heroines you read about, and whom you feel, when you have finished reading, that you would serve so gladly and proudly.

Now, I have a suggestion to offer you; try a little loyal devotion to her, and see if you do not begin to feel like the "knights of old," who, having sworn allegiance to some fair lady, would do all sorts of perilous and difficult deeds for her sweet sake. You will not find her nearly as exacting in her demands upon you as those damsels were, but if you look sharp there are plenty of opportunities to prove your "fealty."

This is a good time of year to begin, for housecleaning will be coming directly; don't you run off with "the fellows" after school, Rob, and let your mother carry those heavy blankets and comforters down to sun on the line; you can do that, and you can carry out the carpets and beat them ever so much better than she can, or else, where is the use of that "muscular development" you are so proud of." And Jessie, don't be afraid to help straighten a room when you come home from school; I know the spring weather makes you feel tired, and you have your lessons to learn, and there are lots of excuses, but there is your mother, the weather is just as depressing for her, and she has been "hard at it" all day!

Your mother hires all her work done, perhaps. Well, that is different, but even then, there are plenty of steps to be taken, and I doubt if one of you fails to find at least one task that you can do to lighten those of your "heroine," and when you have found it, do it faithfully; be dependable.

I know of a boy who can "turn his hand to anything," as the saying goes, and yet, people do not like to employ him, for this reason; if he feels like it he will do it well, but if he does not care to do it, or if he has done it so often that it has become an "old story," he is sure to slight it, and unfortunately, one never knows how he feels about it till the work is spoiled.

After house cleaning comes gardening. Oh, I know you don't like it, but do you suppose your mother liked staying at home all the best years of her life to tend you through measles, and mumps, and what not? Still, she did it, and didn't make any fuss about it either, and if she likes a garden where she can have fresh lettuce and radishes, peas and sweet corn growing, you are not the Rob I take you for, if you do not dig and plant, and hoe until you bring it to pass.

And Jessie, if the plants need watering or there are dead leaves to be picked off, be quick to do it; and when the sweet peas blossom, pick the first and best and last ones for her, and if she likes to work among the plants, and there is some indoor work that hinders her, fly around and do that work yourself, and send her out in the sunshine that does her the same good it did you when you were little, and she tied on your sun-bonnet and sent you off with a kiss "to play."

In some homes there is no mother, but the household heroine is there in the form of a patient elder sister, or a faithful servant, or a much berated, often under-rated step-mother. Whoever stands at the domestic helm will be just as grateful for a "helping hand," and you will be just as happy for "lending" it.

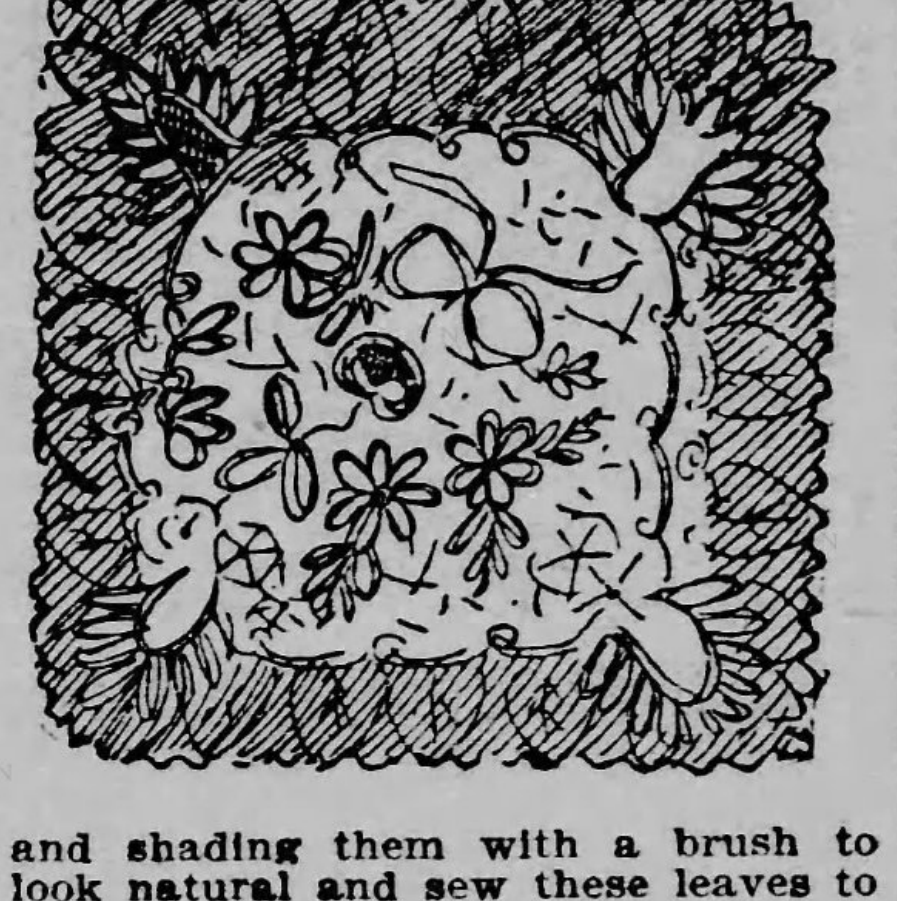
Try it, my lads and lassies, and let me know how the plan works.

DAINTY HANDIWORK.

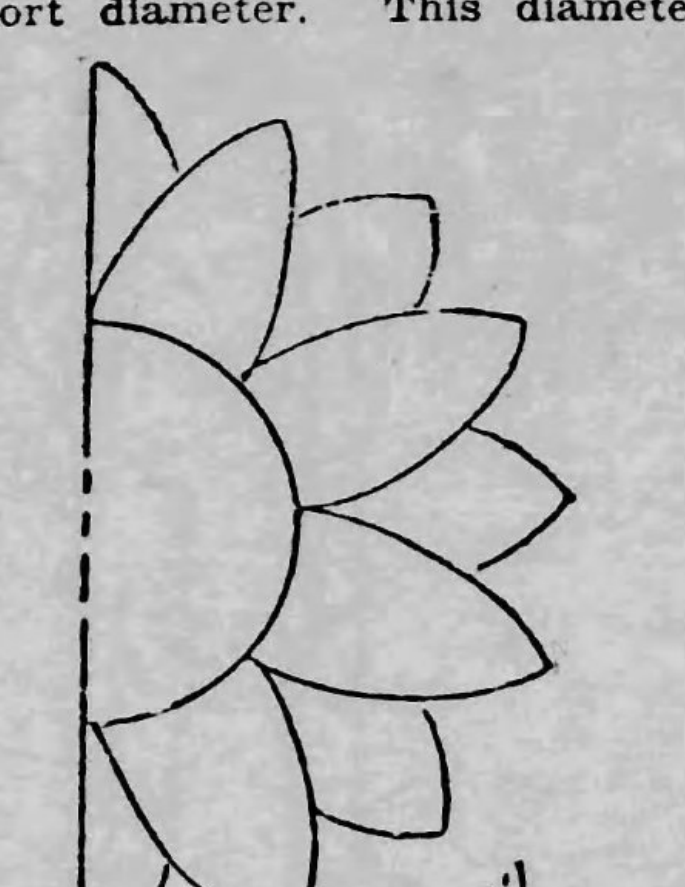
A Little Time Each Day Will Make Many Pretty Things.

Ornamental Covers.

In these days of polished wood tables squares or oblongs that do not entirely cover them have become quite popular and are made in a variety of ways. The one given here is very pretty. First take a square of white crinoline and cover it with green silk. The square may be any size that is desired—in order to correspond with the table or stand for which it is to be used. Then make a square of lace or buy one of the open work pieces that are not very expensive and with a scolloped edge, having it about two inches smaller than the square. Get two or three shades of green silk and cut out leaves veining and shading them with a brush to look natural and sew these leaves to the silk square so that the line of joining will come just under the edge of the square of lace. This makes a very beautiful ornament for a table.

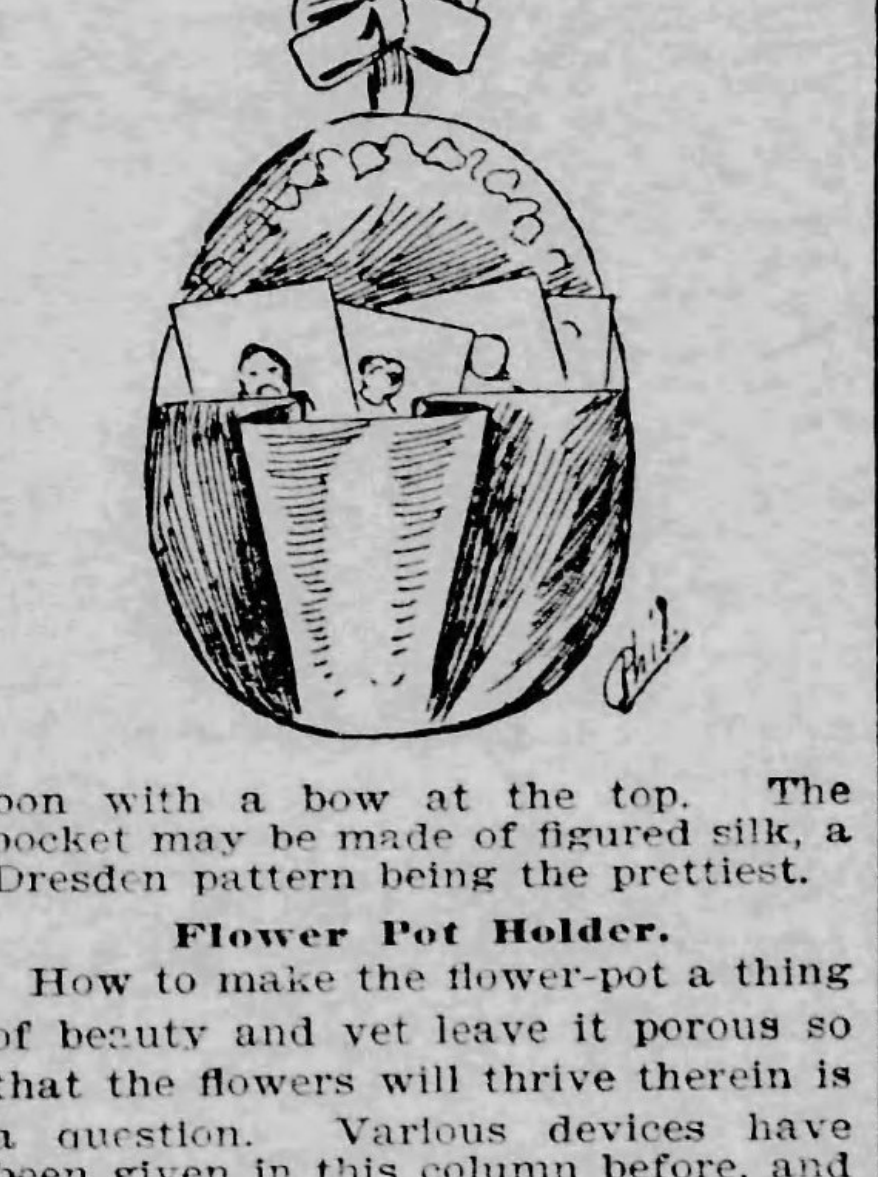


Another one is made of felt and plush. The center is of dark blue plush, a circle four or five inches in diameter. This is put upon a larger circle of stiff linen or buckram which is used to hold it in shape. Cut long ovals out of olive green felt and divide them in two equal parts through the short diameter. This diameter must be a measure that can be applied an even number of times around the circle next to the plush. Then cut larger long ovals out of light blue felt, divide them in the same way as the others and sew them to the edge of the buckram, placing the green row next to the plush, so that each one would lie exactly over the joinings of the blue half-ovals. The edges of the felt may be pinked or they be followed around with fine gold braid. A wider braid may cover the joining of the plush and felt.



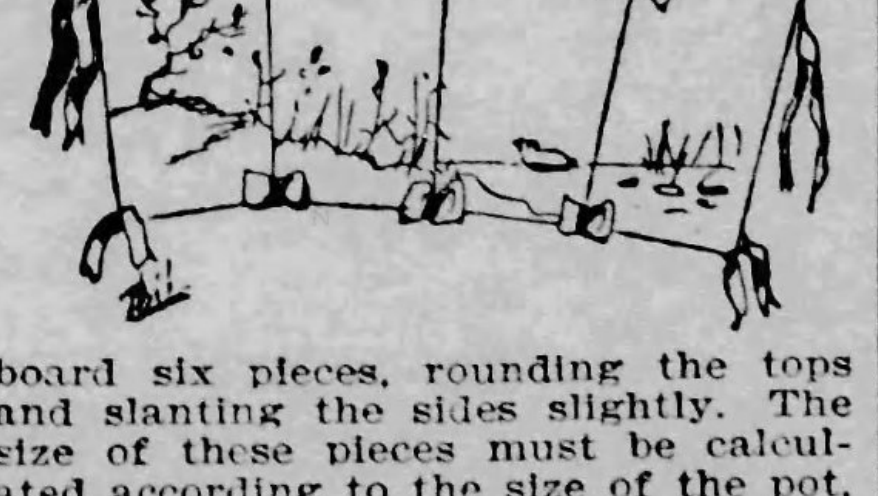
A Pretty Easter Gift.

Cut out a piece of pasteboard egg-shaped, the short diamater about six inches long. Cover this both back and front with old rose silk. Paint a pretty design upon the upper half in correspondence with the season. One described in the Delineator and shown here has a series of bells connected by a chain following the edge. On the lower half arrange a pocket of green silk or dark blue, making a box plait in the center that widens toward the top, and which is sewed by invisible stitches to the back. This pocket is made double with an interlining of cambric. Suspend it by old rose ribbon with a bow at the top. The pocket may be made of figured silk, a Dresden pattern being the prettiest.



Flower Pot Holder.

How to make the flower-pot a thing of beauty and yet leave it porous so that the flowers will thrive therein is a question. Various devices have been given in this column before, and here is another one. Cut out of cardboard six pieces, rounding the tops and slanting the sides slightly. The size of these pieces must be calculated according to the size of the pot, a measure being taken of the top and bottom and then six pieces cut the combined width of which will be a little greater than the circumference of the top. Then divide the measure of the bottom into six equal parts and slant the pieces down to them. Paint pretty designs on each and tie them together at the top and bottom as shown in the illustration with narrow ribbon, having it when completed just large enough to slip over the pot.



LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

An Old Correspondent Comes Again to Speak.

Some one of The Blade family have put forth the opinion that country people are not as well read as they should be, seeming to think they are not well informed. Now, I do not think my opinion will have any weight in the matter, but if some one did not express themselves in the Household there would be none after a while, and none of us wish such a catastrophe as that to occur. So I will give my side of the case.

I have lived in the country for some years, and I find people as well informed in general as city people, and I speak from experience, not hearsay. In the country, during the long evenings and winter days, I find the papers and books in constant use, and I judge from the conversation that people knew something of the subjects they discussed. I find literary societies often among them.

I have also lived and visited in San Francisco, and I found people living within a few moments' walk of immense libraries, whose means were ample to avail themselves of the use of books, who did not have as much to read as I found in country homes. The daily paper seemed to supply all their needs, and the afternoons and evenings were spent in amusements outside of the home.

I wish to say a little about that much discussed subject, novel reading. Do not spend your time reading the trashy things that are found in the book-stalls and in the hands of train-boys. Our lives are too short to spend in any such way. No such volumes as Bertha M. Clay's will satisfy an intelligent mind. I recommend to you all E. P. Roe's works, "Stepping Heavenward," "The Wide, Wide World" and "The Lamplighter," and I could mention many more, but fear to monopolize the space. Read love stories? Yes. I believe and trust there is nothing like love in all our broad earth, but let it be stories of the love of God.

Some good woman, a few weeks since, wrote of her economies, and some peculiarly-minded man rather censured her. Well, now, I say she was perfectly right. There are many dividing lines drawn now that never were before, and if she could economize in that way, well and good. I have got the aforesaid question pretty well figured down myself. Nothing is ever wasted that can be utilized in any way. The trimmings of the sewing are all saved for rugs or quilts; the food is saved, even to the bits to be used in some form, wholesome and appetizing. I rather think that he who talked of the "too fine line," did not have to be saving, or else did not know how, or else was a little bit inclined to be selfish.—"Douglas."

Must Have Been Written by a Man.

I wish to reply to the correspondent from Kansas, who replied to Ann. I do not think woman is in her sphere when she wields the ballot. What is woman's sphere? It is pre-eminently Home. There she is monarch of all she surveys; mentally, she stands side by side with man, harmoniously cooperating for the common good. In truth, each nature is superior in its own sphere, and inferior out of it. Some women never realize the purpose of their mission ,and in consequence do not fulfill it. Like a weed upon the water, they float valueless through life, absorbed by trifles, or tossed without an aim from wave to wave. In her proper sphere, she has proved heaven's richest earthly blessing; out of it, she has been man's heaviest woe.—J. M. Pierson.

Intellectual Improvement a Duty.

In calling upon a bride last week, I met with a curious experience. Some item in the day's papers was accidentally mentioned, and every one of the six young married women present bewailed the fact that overwork permitted no reading. Some had such a sensitive conscience that trifles left undone spoilt all enjoyment. I sat silent and crushed by a knowledge of my guilt in this respect, and the magazines, weeklies and dailies on the table at home seemed so many accusing spirits. On reflection I was comforted by the fact that I was the only mother in the crowd, and by the memory of my husband's pride in his wife, baby and home.

The young women mentioned are all fairly well educated, of average intelligence, and generally considered bright women. But they do not realize that in neglecting to enlarge their mental horizon they prevent their intellectual growth. And instead of fulfilling the promise of a bright girlhood they disappoint, by carelessness and frivolity, the expectations cherished by family, friends and husband. The wives who have opportunities for intellectual training that they do not improve not only curtail their own happiness, but cheat the coming generation out of an heritage that is as priceless as it is welcome. Who can estimate a mother's influence? Our great aim should be to so train our mental and spiritual powers that they will enable us to bring up our little ones with the best possible chance of mental, moral and physical health.—A. M.

Come Right In, You Are Welcome!

Friends, I would like to come among you. My husband has been taking the paper for several years, and we like it very much. I always read the Household; cut it all out and put it in my scrap book. Several weeks ago I saw in the paper about the economical woman. I will tell her how I make chair cushions, for every day use, and find them very good among children, and am never bothered with feathers flying around; also find it very cheap. I take all the worn-out clothes, cut all the carpet rags out, and cut all the hard seams out, and use the soft rags to fill my cushion. Then I take an old piece of muslin and sew scraps of worsted, flannel and pants stuff on crazy fashion, and work it with odds and ends of yarn that are left over from the children's stockings and mittens, and use this to cover the cushion.—I. A. E.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Who Can Answer These Inquiries?—Everyone Try.

Should the pole for a lace curtain be hung over, or just under a stained glass transom to a large, plate glass window in a parlor to be in the latest idea of lace draperies?—Peggie Clover.

This is usually a matter of personal taste, both ways are used. If your curtains are long and your window not very far from the floor, it would be better to put the pole above the transom. This arrangement would also subdue the light in a very pleasing manner. Your letters which you say were sent before Christmas did not reach us, as we never omit publishing such practical and sensible letters as yours. Come again.—Ed.

Will the editor tell me how, and what to arrange for a birthday dinner, which falls on Easter Sunday? Something neat and inexpensive We live in the montains on a ranch where conveniences are few.—Sue.

You do not say whether you wish for information regarding the dinner, or the amusements for the party, but as it would not be appropriate to have any very great programme for a birthday party on Easter, or any other Sunday, we suppose you refer to the dinner. There need be no special preparation made, except that eggs should be used in every possible form. Colored eggs should be suspended from every available point, and, by the way, if you will "blow" the eggs you use in cooking between now and Easter, the shells will color just as well and can be used for decorations instead of the whole egg. You should have sent your questions earlier in order to have an answer in season.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will some one send recipe for making baker's gingerbread?—Susie.

Will some one give a recipe for making cucumber pickles, like the ones for sale at the grocery stores.—A. L. Green.

Would there be any thing wrong if a couple were to be married on Easter Sunday?—Belle Adair.

Unless it is against the rules of your church, there could be no harm. If you have doubts on that point, you had best consult your clergyman.—Ed.

My next door neighbor moved into her house the same day that I came to mine. Who should call first?—Mrs. J. C. L.

What do the ladies of the Household say to this?—Ed.

I wish to ask if any of the Household know anything of a poem called "Hagar in the Wilderness." I heard it recited and have never been able to find it. I also would like to know what the red, white and blue colors signify in the flag.—"Douglas."

Answers.

Helen:—Two persons, a lady and gentleman, claim the authorship of the poem beginning with these words: "Laugh and the world laughs with you, Weep and you weep alone."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is regarded as the author. It is her style of composition. You will find this poem in a volume called "Poems of Passion," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.—Geo. B. Thompson.

Helen:—The poem you quote from was written in 1863 by Col. John A. Joyce and dedicated to Geo. D. Prentice.—M. P.

The answers above given differ decidedly and no doubt both are sure of being right. The fact is there has been a long dispute over the authorship, but it is generally thought Mrs. Wilcox's claim is the stronger.—Ed.

RECIPES FROM EAST AND WEST.

What the People Eat—The Cooks' Congress.

From Omaha to Boston is not much of a journey in these days, so we will listen next to one who sends us proof that the good people (and the people who are otherwise, if any such there be) of Boston, do eat some things besides beans. First comes a recipe for genuine

Boston Brown Bread.

1 pt. sour milk; 1 pt. of Graham flour; 1-2 pt. of corn meal; 1 cupful of molasses; 1-2 teaspoonful of salt; 1 teaspoonful of soda. Butter a covered pail, or mold, pour in the batter and steam 4 hours. Sweet milk and 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder may be substituted for the sour milk and soda.

Doughnuts.

1 egg; 1 cupful of sugar; 1 cupful of sweet milk; 1 teaspoonful of soda and 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar (or 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder); 1 teaspoonful of salt; 4 tablespoonfuls of melted lard and just flour enough to roll out.

Escalloped Tomatoes.

Fresh tomatoes peeled and cut in bits are the best for this dish, but canned tomatoes can be used. Butter a deep, baking dish, put in first a layer of tomatoes, then a layer of cracker crumbs, a little pepper and salt, and bits of butter, then more tomatoes till the dish is filled, having the last layer of crumbs with a tablespoonful of butter cut in small pieces scattered over them. Bake 20 minutes in a quick oven, and serve in the dish in which they were baked. If this chances to be an old dish, cut a piece of white or fancy paper the height of the dish and fasten around it with small pins, just before it is placed on the table.

Common Cake.

1 egg; 1 cupful of sugar; butter the size of a walnut (about 1 tablespoonful of melted butter); 1 cupful of milk, 2 cupfuls of flour and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift the flour and baking powder together twice. Flavor to taste.—Mrs. S. W. F.

With a few recipes from Toledo, O., friends we will close the Cook Congress for this week. For next week we have some recipes for very appetizing dishes, from our well known correspondent, Laura Golden, and from others, and hope to hear from a representative of every state in the Union where The Blade is read.

Coconaut Cookies.

1 cupful of sugar; 1-3 cupful of butter; 1 egg; 2 tablespoonfuls of milk; 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar; 1-2 teaspoonful of soda (or 2 tablespoonfuls of baking powder); 1 cupful grated cocoanut and flour enough to mix. Bake in a quick oven.

Sugar Cookies.

1 cupful of butter; 1 1-2 cupfuls of sugar; 2 eggs; 5 tablespoonfuls of cold water; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar and 1-2 teaspoonful soda (or 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder); 4 1-2 cupfuls of flour; a little salt and flavoring to suit. Roll thin, cut with a small cutter and bake in a quick oven.

Lady Fingers.

1 cupful of sugar; 1-2 cupful of butter; 1 egg; 1-4 cupful of milk; 1 pt. of sifted flour; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; 1 1-4 teaspoonfuls lemon or vanilla. Roll thin, cut in strips, powder with sugar and bake as quickly as possible. Use your hands for rolling the dough, instead of rolling pins.

Rolls.

Scald 1 pt. of sweet milk and, while hot, stir into it 1-2 cupful of butter. When cool, add 1-2 cupful of sugar and 1-2 cupful of yeast. Into this mixture stir 2 qts. flour. Let it stand over night, and in the morning knead it into rolls; let them stand in a warm place till very light, then bake.—Charlotte E.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

The Interest in This Column Increasing.

This column is intended for the pleasure and improvement of the young people who read The Blade, and for the interchange of ideas on various subjects. In order to be admitted to this weekly reunion, it is required that letters be written as neatly as possible, with ink, and on one side of the paper only. The spelling must be correct, as there is no excuse for poor spelling in these days of cheap editions of dictionaries, and yet the editor has this week consigned to the waste basket no less than five letters for this fault. One of them was from a school teacher, who, among other mistakes, twice mentioned her fear that her letter would be consigned to the "waist" basket—and it was.

We cannot use letters written on postal cards, unless we re-write them, and that we have no time to do. If you do not see your letters in the column (after a reasonable time), you may know that you have violated some of these rules. Try also to write something original; something that will be of interest to others. In this way only can we fulfill the object of the Merry-Go-Round column, and prevent it from degenerating into a string of insipid letters, each repeating what the others have said. Our company is increasing in numbers so rapidly that we shall be more exacting in respect to our requirements than at first, and it may now be considered quite an honor to be admitted to it. Only do the best you can, and not think that "anything will do, so it is a letter," and there are but few of you who need fear to try.

Again we will first introduce the strangers. "Sister Cecelia" comes from Illinois, and would like to correspond with some of the girls. She had prepared herself to be a teacher, and already had a "certificate," but the "comfort" of the family, as she expresses it, was taken from them, and she, as the oldest of six children, is trying to fill the mother's place. "Oleo" also wishes to correspond. She feels no terror at the prospect of being called an "old maid," but she is only eighteen years old, and may change her mind, although it is doubtful as long as her ambition continues to be "a woman, noble and true." "Tara" wishes to correspond with "Water Lily." She has been reading "Friends in Council"—a book that it would benefit all to read. "Valentina" sends this good thing for us all to remember: "Small kindness, small courtesies, small considerations habitually practiced, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments." Valentina would like to correspond with "Irene." We have a greeting from Louisiana in the shape of "Orange Blossom," who, while she is fond of reading, flowers and music, is endeavoring to fit herself for the practical side of life by learning to be a dressmaker; failing in this, she intends to become a teacher. She would like to correspond with some of the girls who live on the coast. A "Kansas Teacher" is also trying to be a "model housekeeper"—a most excellent thing in a woman, and she has our hearty wishes for her success. She wishes to correspond with some one in Texas.

Two of the boys have availed themselves of the privilege offered them of meeting with the Merry-Go-Rounders. "Moxie," from Pennsylvania, promises that he will be good, and endeavor to entertain the girls; is fond of music, and is glad that the "ideal young man" has been allowed to rest. Come again, Moxie, but try and take a little more pains with your writing. An "Oregon Boy" thinks the only way to reform a boy, or to keep him safely, is for the young ladies to "take him by the hand," and to invite him to their social entertainments, etc.

A Happy Young Housekeeper.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Will you admit me again? I will be 16 years old the first day of April. My mother died when I was three years old, and my father seven years later. I live with my two brothers on a farm; am at present keeping house for them, which I enjoy very much. My ambition is to be a cooking teacher, but I am also learning music and painting. I am kept pretty busy cooking, baking and doing general housework, which I enjoy thoroughly. I divide each day to suit myself. After the morning work is done, I sew a while, then practice my music, piece quilts, crochet, mend, read, etc., and run over and see my sister-in-law a few minutes. Wednesday is my day out, and Thursday my day at home, and my friends are always welcome to step in with their work. I am a church member, also a member of the Christian Endeavor society. I don't think there is any harm in a little dancing. I am reading Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and I like it very much.—Katharine.

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A Puzzler From the Wonder Column Visits Us.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I, as well as others, have read and enjoyed your letters, but have kept silent. I am a 15-year-old school girl, and, like Mabel Nash, think I am too young to bother about the "ideal beau" question. I will say to Valley Lily that I, too, like algebra best of my studies. My favorite authors are Louisa M. Alcott and Jules Verne.—Multanomah.

What Shall They Name the Twins.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I would like to join this merry circle. Last Fourth of July I rode on a merry-go-round swing. It was run by steam and had swinging horses in it. Oh! it was such fun. My home is in Kansas, about three miles from an Indian reservation, so I often see Indians. I live on a large farm, in an eight-roomed house, surrounded by large maple tree. I think it is so nice to live in the country. I am a school girl, fifteen years old, and have read a great many works. I have all of Dickens's books, but there are others I think a good deal more of. My aunt would like to know what to name her twin boys. How many of the Merry-Go-Rounds went to the World's Fair?—Lorna Constant.

Our Early Easter.

From the Youth's Companion.

Easter comes this year nearly as early as it can. The festival never can occur before March 22, and we have it this spring only a little later, March 25. The rule which fixes the date was settled many centuries ago. As in some other matters, the Roman and Greek churches do not agree in this, but outside of the sphere of the Greek church the day is the same throughout christendom.

The rule for determining the date of Easter is too complex to be stated in a few words. It does not explain the matter much to say that "Easter Day is the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon which happens on or next after March 21."

This might answer the purpose if the learned writers on the subject were not obliged to add that "the calendar moon" is not the veritable queen of night which we see in the heavens, nor the mean moon of the astronomers, but "an imaginary moon created for ecclesiastical convenience in advance of the real moon."

It is a pity that the flowers will not comply with the needs of the festival and bloom two months earlier than usual; but happily for the luxurious Christmas of the modern world, our florists know how to create an artificial spring to match the imaginary moon, and they also know how to import from tropical islands the flowers that bloom in their spring a thousand miles away.

On Easter Sunday morning of last year a noted florist of New York had 15,000 pots of Easter lilies ready for distribution among the churches of New York and Brooklyn, the fragrance of which, it is said, could be perceived at the distance of half a mile.

All through this snowy and frosty winter fields of lilies have been growing for us in Bermuda, and are now exhaling their fragrance in city greenhouses. The early Easter therefore, will not lack its flowery offerings, nor would it lack them if it should come in the middle of January.

The flowers that salute the morning of this beautiful festival connect us with the remotest recorded antiquity. The oldest Egyptian tombs bear testimony, both in their pictures and in their inscriptions, that four thousand years ago human beings made the same use of flowers in the religious festival of the spring that we do in 1891.

Before Pharaoh reigned the Eastern peoples placed flowers upon such altars as they had in token of gratitude and gladness. Wreaths and garlands of flowers were hung in the temples. Bouquets and mounds and pyramids of flowers were employed precisely as they are with us.

At private feasts a bouquet was offered to each guest on his arrival, and we perceive that it was a polite observation for guests to exchange flowers selected from their bouquets. It would be difficult to think of any use of flowers made by us, whether in private entertainments or in public ceremonials, which was not perfectly familiar to civilized peoples before the pyramids were built.

If, in some of our conspicuous churches, there is ostentation or excess in the display of costly flowers on Easter morning, we need not harshly condemn an indulgence which has the merit of being harmless, and of giving a banquet of delight to a great multitude of people at the close of such a winter as we have had in this latitude.

Nor is it the waste which it once was, for after the glorious music of the festival has died away and the congregation has dispersed, the potted flowers bloom on as before, and the gathered flowers are carried away to the hospitals and asylums.

Stuck Up.

"Actors are getting so proud that there is no getting along with them. There is only one man from whom they will take any talk."

"And who is that?"

"The prompter."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ABOUT FRANK R. STOCKTON, THE AUTHOR OF HUMOROUS STORIES.

Where He Was Born and Bred—His Early Training—Some of His Works.

One of the most humorous of story tellers is Frank R. Stockton, and the reason that he is so much of a favorite and that his influence does not wear away is because his humor is so quaint, so intangible, and yet so thoroughly genuine, and beneath it all there is a meaning, a philosophy which becomes visible to the real student of human nature.

Mr. Stockton was born in Philadelphia in April, of 1834, so that he is now about 60 years of age. One would think he had bathed in a fountain of youth, so fresh and breezy, so redolent with vigor are his writings, and yet he has passed the milestone of middle life. His great grandfather was Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His father was William S. Stockton, a man who was the most aggressive of reformers in temperance, and conspicuous in the abolitionist movement, besides being a most zealous Methodist. On his mother's side, too, was great mental vigor, so that whatever there may be in good ancestry this author has the benefit of.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

His childhood and youth were passed in and near the Quaker City, he attending its public schools, and graduating from the Central High school when he was 18. All through his school life his bent for literature was visible, not only in his love for its study, but in the articles and stories which were evolved from his brain.

When he left school, he entered the profession of wood-engraving, at which he worked many years, devoting his evenings to writing for magazines, the latter giving him reputation and adding to his finances. It was in 1874 that the first part of "Rudder Grange" appeared, which has been considered by many as his masterpiece. It is said that the story was the outcome of the experience of himself and wife in hunting a house, in the course of which they came across an old couple who were living in a canal boat, and from them he took his idea.

About this time Mr. Stockton gave up his wood engraving, and gave himself entirely to literary work. He was connected editorially with several papers and magazines, before he became associate editor of St. Nicholas when that was started. He remained in that position until 1880, when the strain of work told upon his health, and he gave it up and devoted himself entirely to story writing.

"The Lady or the Tiger," was his next noteworthy work, and created a widespread sensation. A comic opera was based upon this story, and performed in New York in 1888.

Mr. Stockton is described as small, dark and thin, with a shy, reticent manner. His ordinary expression is rather sad, but in conversation his whose face lights up into geniality, his eyes become luminous, and the soul shines forth. His present home is in Madison, New Jersey, a pretty country place, where most of the year is passed. He dictates all of his stories to his wife while swinging in a hammock in his library. Mrs. Stockton was a Virginia lady who was married to him in 1860, and it was in her home that he became so familiar with negro life as to be able to produce his fine sketches.

His works which have appeared in book form are as follows: "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," "The Dusantes," "The Hundredth Man," "The Bee Man of Orn and Other Fanciful Tales," "The Floating Prince," and several others.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

POP-CORN.

The little ones question me,
"How does the corn, so yellow and hard before,
Become so white and easy to bite?"
And I tell in their loved fairy lore:

Within each gold kernal there dwells a wee fay,
So cozy his bed and so warm!
But when it grows hot, which he wishes 'twould not,
Poor fay is half wild with alarm.

He beats at the walls—there's a crash, he's free!
(This crash but a "pop" is to us)
And the down from the bed where the tiny fay's head
Reposed ere this terrible fuss,
Flies out in a mass, all puffy and white,
And, changed by the fay's magic spell,
It becomes crisp and sweet, for small mortals to eat—
The popped corn that they like so well.
—Anna Townsend.

A Talent for Listening.

A busy merchant, who has taken a prominent part in public life, constantly surprises his friends by his resources of general information. His education was defective, and he has never had leisure for reading, but he has contrived to absorb and to assimilate knowledge on nearly every subject that enters into ordinary conversation.

One day he was called upon to address a large school in which he was specially interested. He went to the fuel-box and held up a small piece of coal.

"I want to prove to you," he said, "that as many as fifty hands have handled this lump of coal before my own have touched it."

He began with a lucid description of the formation of coal-beds, talking with all the enthusiasm of a geologist. Then he gave a rapid account of the various processes of mining and transportation, from the first blow of the pick underground to the dumping of a load of coal in the school-yard.

The scholars listened with breathless interest as he gave this practical demonstration of nature's economy in storing in the earth resources for human needs, and of the co-operation of workers in ministering to the comfort of every one in the room on that cold winter afternoon.

A friend who had accompanied him to the school commented favorably upon the address as they walked toward their homes.

"You talked," he said, "like a geologist, a mining engineer and a coal merchant. Where have you obtained this intimate knowledge of a subject which does not enter into your every day life?"

"It is my talent for listening that has served me," was the reply. "Whenever I am with men who know one thing thoroughly, I draw them out by a few incisive questions, and then stand by and make good use of my ears."

Then he explained in detail his acquaintance with a geologist who had revealed the secrets of nature to him one day during a long railway ride.

A casual visit to a coal-pit, where he had questioned every one closely, had given him an insight into mining. "One who listens intelligently," he remarked, "can learn much at odd moments when he lacks the hours for reading."

Mr. Blaine had the reputation of being exceptionally brilliant in conversation, but he was also a good listener. His knowledge of the political history and industrial resources of the American continent was a constant source of astonishment to well-informed men who heard him at his best. His information was largely due to his tact in drawing out men, and to his power of concentration in listening closely to what they had to say.

Not every busy man has either the time or the taste for reading; but conversation can always be made the means of liberal education.

Some of the most useful legislators at Washington are men who read little, yet have a practical acquaintance with public affairs that is mainly derived from their talent for listening.

Could Not Tolerate a Lie.

Victor Schoelcher, the eminent writer, politician and republican philanthropist who died lately in France, after an honorable life of nearly 90 years, was always noted for the rigid sincerity of his principles and his acts. A story is told in the Parisian press of his boyhood which illustrates this characteristic in him. As a child, he was once returning to France from a trip to Brussels with his mother.

She had obtained in Belgium certain valuable laces which she could easily carry out of sight, and she remarked to the boy that she was not going to declare them to the French custom house authorities.

"But, mother," said Victor, "not to declare them would be wrong!"

"Never you mind," she said; "it would be foolish to declare them. The duty on them is enormous, and the inspectors will never know anything about them. I shall say nothing about them."

When the custom house man came, Mme. Schoelcher declared that she had nothing dutiable. The inspector thought he saw a shocked look in the boy's face.

"What is it?" said he to Victor.

"Oh, sir," said the boy, "I think mother has some Belgian laces that she ought to pay duty on!"

The laces were produced and the duty paid. Mme. Schoelcher, instead of being angry, declared that she was proud of having so honest and truthful a boy.

Not only did he never learn to lie, but he had a quick eye for dishonesty of character in others. As a deputy, he voted to permit the return of Louis Napoleon to France, believing that the time had come for universal forgiveness. Louis Napoleon read a speech thanking the deputies, and full of apparently frank protestations of fidelity to the republic. Schoelcher shook his head when he heard this speech.

"I watched him through my glass," he said, "and his paper never trembled in his hand. He is too cool to be an honest man. We shall have occasion to regret his coming into the country."

This estimate proved quite true, for in a few years Louis Napoleon had, by a most remarkable series of falsehoods and betrayals, overthrown the republic and possessed himself of despotic power.—Youth's Companion.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT AM I?

I am very old now, but I was one of the first creations. I have no home, but travel around the world, resting occasionally on a tree or housetop; sometimes after one of these rests I find myself suddenly underground. I used to be free and happy, coming and going as I pleased, but after thousands of years of freedom, some wise men became conscious of my existence, and commenced laying traps for me. But I baffled them for a few more centuries, until, finding me possessed of so much power, they became more than ever determined to conquer me, while I laughing at their puny efforts, became careless, and before I realized it, I was chained and set to work. I am not tamed, however, and they have to be careful how they manage me, for when I escape I do all sorts of mischief. "JESSIE."

2.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

What are the dimensions of a right-angled triangle, whose sides are to each other in the ratios of 3, 4, 5, and whose area in square inches is exactly equal to the number of lineal inches in the three sides? "J. H. N."

3.—A HEXAGON.

o o o •
o o o • o
o o o • o o
• • • • • • •
o o • o o o
o • o o o
• o o o

1. A [illegible]
2. To [illegible] a second time.
3. A [illegible]
4. The [illegible] of two [illegible]
5. What [illegible]
6. Folds in a [illegible] of cloth.
7. An abode [illegible]

4.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 4, 6, 12 is a quantity.
My 3, 8, 10 is a small person.
My 7, 11, 9 is a useful metal.
My 13, 2, 5 is a pronoun.
My whole is one of the pioneers of New England. "ORRIN."

5.—CHARADE.

My first will always rectify,
My second "one" will signify,
My third is plain hypocrisy,
The whole a state of beggary.
MOLLIE MOORE.

Answers to Puzzles, March 15.

1. Victoria Regia.
2. United States.
3. Words: marplot, adorer, rocoa, proa, lee, or, t.
4. Montana.
5. Mote, moter; weight, waiter; pill, pillar; tull, tailor; curt, Curtis; ant, answer.

Answer to Query of March 8, by "Memo."

Grace Darling, whose name is famous in the annals of heroism, was the daughter of William Darling, lighthouse keeper at Longstone, one of the Farne islands, and was born at Bamborough, November 24, 1815. On the morning of the 7th of September, 1838, the ship Forfarshire, which, with 63 persons on board had been wrecked among the Farne islands, was seen by Darling from his light tower lying broken on the rocks. At the solicitation of his daughter, then in her twenty-second year, he put off through a terrible storm to the wreck, his only companion the noble girl who prompted the generous act. By wonderful strength and skill they brought their boat to the place where the nine survivors crouched, in momentary expectation of death, rescued them, and bore them safely to Longstone. Such an undertaking, so daring in itself, and so successfully carried out, filled all who heard of it with the warmest admiration. The lighthouse at Longstone was no longer solitary and peaceful, but was visited by many rich and famous people. Presents, testimonials and money were given the heroic girl, but she did not long survive this change of circumstances, dying after a year's illness, of consumption, October 20, 1842.

Chat.

Correct answers have been received from "Jessie," "Helen," "Mollie Moore," "Creta," "Fred McCartney," and "Madge."

Original puzzles were accepted from "Primrose," "C. M. B.," and "Sid."

"Primrose:"—Your contribution merits a full signature.

"Robert J. Lundy:"—Something seems to be "out of gear" with the puzzle you sent; unless you can make it plainer we must decline using it.

"Jessie:"—Valentines were sent by puzzlers in several different states. "Terence" and "Ned" are both Toledoans.

"Creta:"—We shall have more "doings" before the year is out; perhaps you will "come to them."

Fred McCartney:—Your answer was well written; come again.

"Madge:"—You have become quite a stranger, but were nevertheless very welcome.

"Mollie Moore:"—"We may know each other better" some day.

Maine's Male Housekeepers.

One of the oddities of life in the Maine factory villages is the class of men who can appropriately be called "housekeepers." In almost any town where much manufacturing is done, numbers of these men may be found. If one calls after mealtime, he will be likely to find them with aprons on washing dishes. At other hours they may be seen sweeping up, making beds, cleaning and washing the children, cleaning house, or cooking. Whether any of them do the family sewing is not certain. These men are housekeepers for the simple reason that their wives can earn more working in the mill than they can, and it becomes a matter of money-saving to let them do it. Some of them saw and pile the wood in the shed, and do the chores, and take care of the garden, and do other man's work around home, as well as the housekeeping, and the arrangement seems to be profitable.—Lewistown Journal.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

NEAL DOW'S 90TH BIRTHDAY.

The Author of the Maine Liquor Law Will Be Remembered—Story of Prohibition's Early Struggle.

Portland, Me., March 19.—Neal Dow, the great temperance agitator, will to-morrow celebrate his 90th birthday, and the event will be celebrated throughout the civilized world. Seldom has an American been so honored. While Exeter Hall in London will ring with praises of him, every temperance organization in the United States will as well pay tribute to the aged agitator.

NEAL DOW AT THE PRESENT TIME.

The United Kingdom Alliance and the British Women's Temperance Association of England took up the suggestion made by the World's and National W. C. T. U. for this general observance. It was decided to spread broadcast the picture of Gen. Dow as he appeared in 1851, when he was mayor in Portland, Me., and the prohibitory law was adopted, and another as he looks now in his hale and honored age.

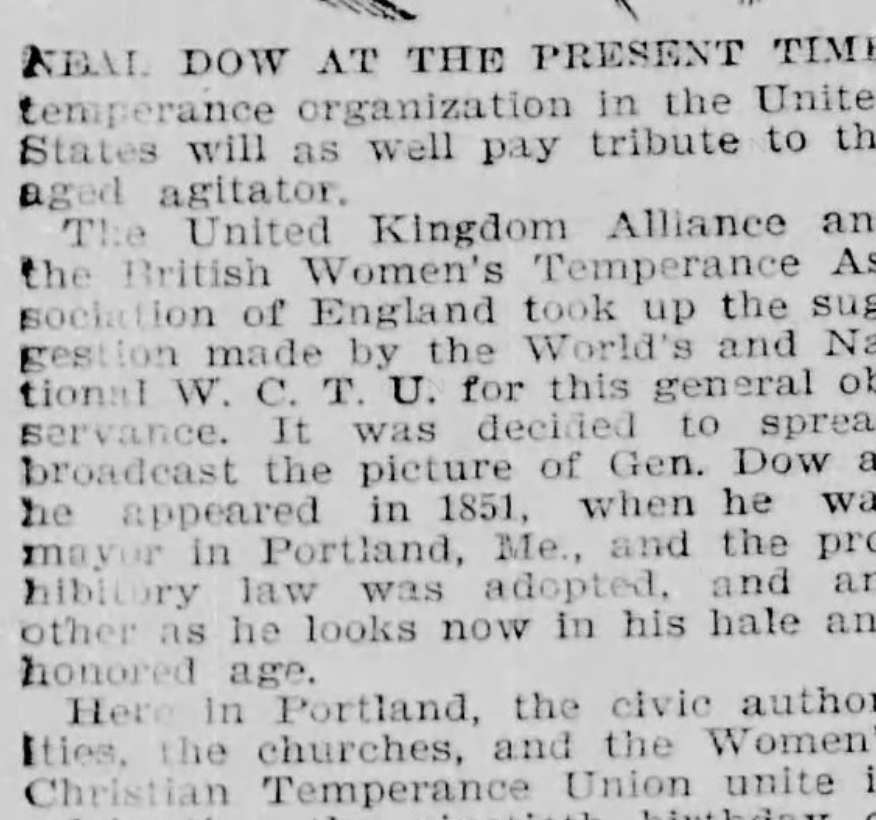
Here in Portland, the civic authorities, the churches, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union unite in celebrating the ninetieth birthday of Gen. Neal Dow.

In the West, Miss Frances Willard will have charge of the celebrations, while way out in Oklahoma' Rev. Sam Small has arranged for a territorial mass-meeting to honor the great reformer.

The English gatherings are to be presided over by the president of the British association, Lady Henry Somerset.

His Home.

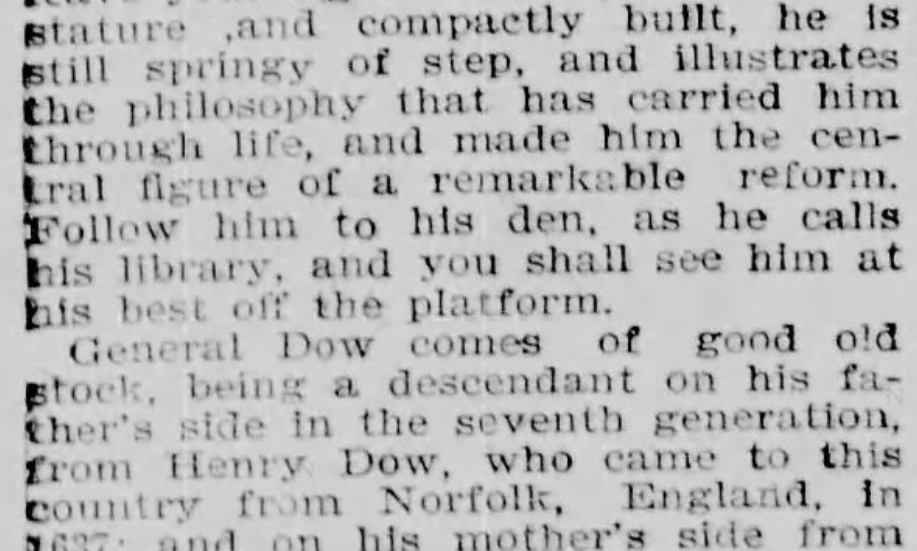
A large, spacious, old-time brick house, in the very heart of this town, surrounded by a large and well-kept lawn, is the home of the general, who built it 62 years ago. From its front windows, across the street, you look over to the home of his son, Col. Fred N. Dow, the house in which he was born.


GENERAL DOW AT SEVENTY.

Here, in this pleasant home, the old temperance hero is ripening for the distant home, "where all is made right that puzzles us here." A long fine face, crowned with a profusion of snowy white hair, an alert look, a warm grasp of the hand, and you are welcome to his house—that is, if you leave your cigar behind you. Short of stature ,and compactly built, he is still springy of step, and illustrates the philosophy that has carried him through life, and made him the central figure of a remarkable reform. Follow him to his den, as he calls his library, and you shall see him at his best off the platform.

General Dow comes of good old stock, being a descendant on his father's side in the seventh generation, from Henry Dow, who came to this country from Norfolk, England, in 1637; and on his mother's side from Christopher Hall, who came from England in 1645. His extensive reading and talking with men everywhere has refined and polished his style, and given him a command of English quite unusual either upon or off the platform. His pronunciation is clear and distinct.

He was a successful business man, dealing in real estate, was a tanner before the war, and has been connected with many business enterprises. At the age of 75, he met with misfortune that would have crushed most men. Rev. D. B. Peck got himself elected treasurer of the state, and then began to play with the cash and finally defaulted to the extent of $100,000. General Dow, who was on Peck's bond, had to make up the amount. Next Cashier Gould, a favorite, followed in Peck's footsteps with $20,000, which the general had to make up. He honorably stood up under these losses.


GENERAL DOW IN HIS STUDY.

A Whig, while that party lasted, he helped to organize the Republican party and elected mayor of Portland, has twice represented the city in the state legislature. Much discussion has ensued as to the origin of the Maine law. Gen. James Appleton, as far back as 1832, urged the restriction of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and in 1836 he made a report covering the whole subject. But the fact remains, that until Neal Dow framed the Maine law, there was no similar enactment on the statute book of any nation or state.

Prohibition in Maine.

In 1846, the legislature of the state enacted a law, but it did not carry with it its means of enforcement. Still undiscouraged, Neal Dow roused the forces of temperance, and together in 1850 they went before the people, with their proposition of total prohibition. The election showed the defeat of nearly every member of the legislature, who had voted against Prohibition. The new legislature were enlightened by the discussion that took place, and which was led by Neal Dow. It was a crucial moment. But it was passed through all its stages in one day—the last day of the session—to be enacted and upon its prompt approval by Governor Hubbard, took effect from that moment. The Maine law reversed the policy of license, and substituted for it the policy of absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes and the arts.

Thus came to pass one of the most remarkable laws ever put upon the statute book, and one that has affected the legislation of the world.

There was a struggle over this and the traffic hiding from the light of day slunk away in cellars and back alleys. So high bad feeling run, that in June, 1855, what was known as the "Rum Riot," took place in Portland. The Maine law provides for agencies, one in each city and town, to sell for medicinal and mechanical purposes.

Was a Soldier.

At the outbreak of the war, Gen. Dow, at the request of Governor Washburn, began to recruit a regiment. He was commissioned colonel of the Fifteenth Maine Volunteers, and sailed in Butler's expedition for New Orleans, but was wrecked on the way. The storm rose so high that it seemed very evident that the ships must go to the bottom. A lot was drawn from headless matches, and the captains of the regiments were required to draw, to see who should go from the overloaded ship to the Mt. Vernon. Five Maine companies were drawn to go over to the larger and safer ship. Butler said: "Col. Dow, you had better go with these men, on board the Mt. Vernon. They will be safe there." "And leave you here, General?" "Oh, yes, I must stay here." "Unless you order it, I shall do no such thing. I shall stay with the majority of my regiment, and stand by you," and Butler adds, he did.

He was afterwards with Butler when he ran the forts, and later helped Butler to enforce the stringent laws that made New Orleans a healthy and orderly city. He was commissioned a general by Abraham Lincoln, and at the siege of Vicksburg in 1863 was taken prisoner by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Captain L. T. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., was put in charge of the He was put in Libby prison, and there delivered almost daily temperance lectures. Dow's temperance matinees were very popular, and the "boys" would cheer him to the echo. They would crowd around, and sign his pledges conditionally, "till this cruel war is over," or "till we get out of this," or "till we get where whisky is cheap."

Nine months in Libby, and he was exchanged for Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and returned to his old home, amid the congratulations of thousands of friends. Since then, he has been very active in temperance meetings, in lectures, and meetings on both sides of the Atlantic, and in 1888, he was nominated for President of the United States by the Prohibition party. Courageous, temperate, hopeful, without worry, he has done the work that God has set to his hand, and he has done it well.

POLLARD-BRECKINRIDGE.

Miss Pollard Ends Her Testimony—Breckinridge's Line of Defense.

Washington, March 21.—When the shrill voice of the baliff cried adjournment in the bare old court-room yesterday afternoon, the veiled face of Madeline Pollard was buried in her arms upon the rough board top of the witness-box behind which she had sat for three days. The only sound which had broken a silence as seldom falls on a court-room, was a sobbing that seemed to come from the inmost heart.

Three jurors were fumbling in an uncertain way with their handkerchiefs, the judge was staring toward the ceiling abstractedly. Even the lawyer whose cross-examination had led up to this passage wore a look of unwonted gravity on his fatherly, benevolent face, with something remarkably like moisture about his eyes. If there was a man among the curious hundred in the court-room unmoved, he was inconspicuous in the majority of sympathetic faces. Madeline Pollard had been telling the most tragic episode of her unhappy life.

The story of the attempt to shoot Col. Breckinridge in New York was told by Miss Pollard as follows:

This was the day following the secret marriage to Mrs. Wing.

"On Sunday night he came to tell me with a great flush of triumph that a company had been formed to include Mr. Whitney and Mr. Fairchild, and all the prominent capitalists, with a capital of $30,000,000 for some sort of railroad scheme. He was to represent them, and might have to go to Europe right away. Went out, and came back the next day near noon, saying: "Madeline, how soon can you get ready to marry me? I may have to leave to-morrow for Europe, suddenly.'

"I said: 'Willie, I can marry you right away.'

"After he had gone again, I found a revolver in his traveling sack, and it awakened my suspicions, because he had told me so many lies. I had telephoned to Witney and Fairchild, and found that they had not seen him, and did not expect to; had found that there was no private car on the track where he said there was one waiting for him. He acted so queer, too."

Mr. Butterworth—"Did he act as though he was in his right mind "

"As much so as he has any day since then." (Laughter.)

Continuing—"He acted so queerly that my suspicions were aroused. I am not surprised now, considering the position he was in. I was pregnant then. I said: 'Are you going to keep your solemn promise to marry me If not, I am going to shoot you and myself with the revolver I found in your bag.' He said: 'My darling, I am going to marry you, and that on the last of this month.' After that he wrote me a solemn letter, renewing his promise to marry me."

Mr. Butterworth (interrupting)—"Have you that letter?"

Miss Pollard raised her arm impressively, while every man in the court room leaned forward to catch her reply: "He took it away from me on the 17th day of May, with the vilest, vilest lie."

"Did you and he ever have any scenes before these unfortunate occurrences?" Mr. Butterworth asked.

"Life could not be altogether pleasant with any one living with Col. Breckinridge. People had sent me anonymous letters telling of his relations with negro women." (Laughter.)

Mr. Butterworth then veered around his cross-questioning to the visits of Miss Pollard and Mr. Breckinridge to the office of the Washington chief of police.

Miss Pollard's story of these visits differed, in a few minor details, from the recital of Maj. Moore, and was in greater elaboration. She had gone to the house in Jefferson Place, where Mr. Breckinridge was stopping with Mrs. Wing. She strode into the room where they were, and both of them cowered behind the door. Reproducing the imperative tone in which she had spoken, Miss Pollard: "I said to him: 'Come with me, Willie,' and he came."

This recital evoked a shout of laughter, although it did not seem to have been intended for that effect, which the bailiffs had trouble in quieting.

Col. Breckinridge had seated himself in a chair in Col. Moore's office, removed his hat, and, mopping his brow, broached their business with the introduction, "Major, this is one of the tragedies of life;" then he proceeded to announce, "There is a probability that this young woman will shoot me. She threatens to take my life."

Maj. Moore remonstrated that it could not be so bad as that, and Col. Breckinridge had told him then that he had been intimate with her, and that she had borne him two children.

She had remonstrated with him, saying: "Willie, why is it necessary to tell all these things?" He had stepped over to her to put his arms around and quiet her, and had then repeated his remark to the chief, "Major, this is one of the tragedies of life." The characteristic remark, produced in something of the original manner, raised an irresistible laugh.

Had not Colonel Breckinridge often endeavored to break off the relations with her, Mr. Butterworth asked, and had he not promised to give her $125 a month if she would go to Germany.

All this she denied, declaring that he had importuned her to stay by protestations of his love, which she wished the court could have heard. She told how he had talked to her that last night before he left her last spring, telling her that she must not grieve at his short absence, that she must think of the future and of the baby that was to be born.

Mr. Butterworth asked if it had not always been in her power to ruin Colonel Breckinridge, to which she replied with emphasis: "I had that power, but I never made a threat against him in my life. I never pressed a thumb-screw upon him until he had it in his power to keep his promise with me and failed to keep it."

She was asked what were the things Colonel Breckinridge had said of Mrs. Wing. Miss Pollard refused to repeat them, saying she would not talk that way of another woman and would not be pressed. Again when asked if he had not suggested that they break their relations off, she struck the witness-box with her open hand, exclaiming, "No, never, never, there was never such a word hinted at on his part," and she continued in a voice choking with sobs, "I gave up my babies for him, because he insisted on it. He said that if I kept them they would be surely traced to him. A woman can't do more than that, she can't do more than give up her child. I laid my baby in its coffin because it needed a mother's care, which I had not been able to give it because he made me put it away from me. I-never-let-him-see-me-cry-over-it. I never —— ——." The sentence was not finished, for Madeline Pollard's head was bowed on her arms on the witness-box, her slender frame was shaking with great sobs, there was suspicious moisture in many eyes. No one in the court room broke the silence by a whisper until Mr. Wilson suggested that the court should adjourn.

Mr. Butterworth, speaking in low tone, said that he had but few more questions, but perhaps they had better be asked in the morning.

The harsh voice of the crier broke the solemnity of the scene, adjourning court. Colonel Breckinridge turned around and smiled, what was probably a forced smile, for he walked from the court house to the office of his lawyers with his head bent in a dejected way, his hat in his hand, letting the cool breeze strike his silvery locks which caught the eyes of all passers who turned to follow him with their glances as he strode ahead of his little party, speaking to no one.

The Line of Defense.

Washington, March 21.—Colonel Breckinridge and his right hand man, Attorney Ben Butterworth, were late in arriving in the Circuit Court, not appearing until after the roll call of jurors, and until after Miss Pollard, with face very pale but apparently composed, had waited several minutes in her seat. Mr. Butterworth began by inquiring if Miss Pollard had the contract with James Rhodes, to which she replied that the contract had been given to Rhodes. There never had been a settlement, but in 1883 she had given him a note for three times the amount he had advanced for her schooling. "I have never paid Mr. Rhodes, because I never had any money to pay nobody anything," she said. Their correspondence had continued after she came to Washington.

"What was the fact about your adopting the name of Breckinridge?" asked Mr. Butterworth.

"When I first used the name, Mr. Breckinridge and I talked it over. He said I might use the name, and I had my card-plate made with it in 1889 or 1890," was the answer, in explanation of the statement of the newspaper article. "I am very weary this morning, and hardly able to go on."

"That is all, Miss Pollard," said Mr. Butterworth, to the surprise of the court.

Then said Mr. Carlisle: "The plaintiff rests her case here."

The plaintiff had been under crossfire for two days and over, during which time every phase of her case had been reviewed from every light, but her attorneys did not consider it necessary to strengthen any of her statements by re-direct examination. They had in reserve other witnesses and affidavits, but these they did not use.

There was a rustle in the Breckinridge camp, of conversation and documents, after which Attorney Butterworth asked for a few moments for his side for consultation, and the defendant, his son Desha and five attorneys trooped out through the door by which Miss Pollard had made her exit.

The Breckinridge forces were in retirement twenty minutes. Then Col. John T. Shelby, the Lexington, Ky., law partner of Col. Breckinridge, a short, pale man with light mustache, partly bald and spectacled, faced the jury to outline the defense. While the case was technically one for breach of promise, he said, it included a wider scope. "I am authorized by the defendant to say," he said, "and it will be corroborated by his solemn oath, that he did not seduce her; that it never was made known to him that she had ever had any children by him until the filing of this suit, nor did he ever, under any circumstances, make any promise of marriage to her."

Outlining what would be the defense, he related that Miss Pollard had accosted Col. Breckinridge on the train, before which time he had never seen her; that he had supposed he ought to know her (having reached that time of life when he was forgetful of faces). She introduced herself; said her father was a great admirer of John C. Breckinridge, and had named her after him. Several weeks afterward the letter asking advice as to her relations with Rhodes had been received he had answered it, telling her the legal aspects of the contract, to which he had replied fully.

After that he had received the letter, the authenticity of which Miss Pollard had denied, but which would be fully proven, asking him to come to the seminary. He had written that he could not come. She had written another letter, urging him to come to the Wesleyan college to see her, which he had declined to do. On the first of August, 1884 (Friday), he had been in Cincinnati on business, and it occurred to him that he had refused the request to go to the Wesleyan college. Having nothing else to do, he went to the college that day and saw her; saw not an ignorant girl, unacquainted with the ways of the world, for if there was one fact that would be established it was that the plaintiff was at least 20 or 21 years of age, and it would be shown by the doctor who officiated at the birth of her next youngest sister in 1865, when the plaintiff was then a little girl of two or three years of age, running about the house.

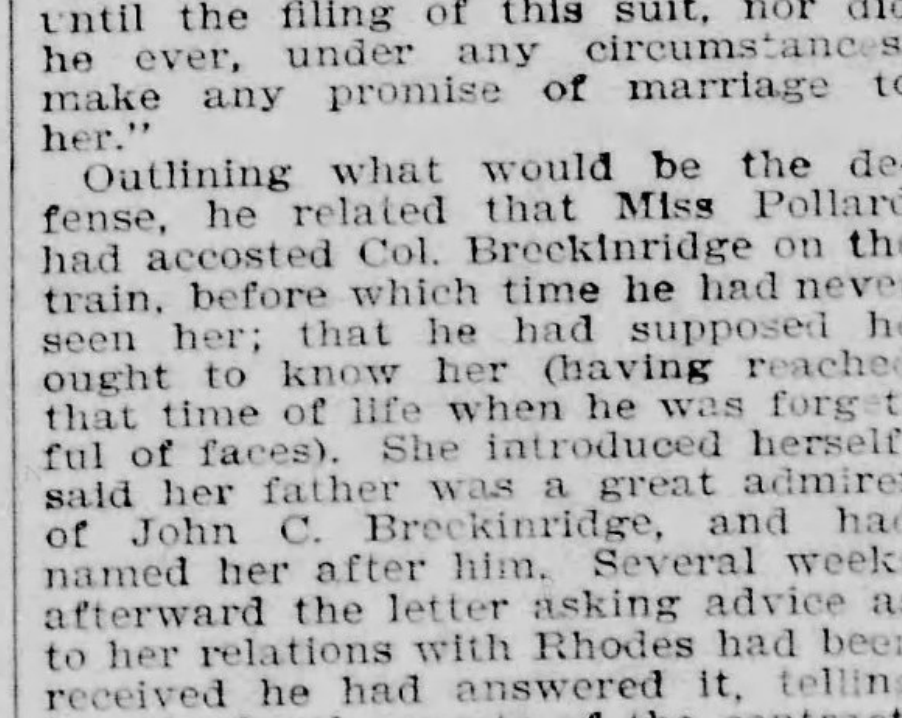
"When the colonel arrived at the institution," continued the attorney, "she came into the parlor and saw him, explained the contract with Mr. Rhodes, which was that in consideration of his paying for her schooling she was to marry him. She asked if he could compel her to marry him, a strange question for an innocent school-girl, and also told him that she had submitted her person to Mr. Rhodes. He told her that she was not obliged to carry out the contract. Then she asked him to take her to an entertainment on Vine street, and he consented."

That Colonel Breckinridge had called a closed carriage that night was denied. It was declared that Miss Pollard had made the proposition that they ride instead of going to the concert, and the lawyer said: "In the course of the ride that night and without use of seductive means, but in that way which occurs when a woman is not averse to such things an illicit relation was established on the first night he had been with her. He did not take her to any assignation house in Cincinnati next day."

"It was denied that Colonel Breckinridge had sent a telegram to Miss Pollard in the name of her mother to go to Lexington, but when he boarded the train that Friday he found her on it, so without any artifices being exercised on his part, a meeting had been arranged and she herself had proposed that they should go to the house of Sarah Guess, she explaining that she knew the house. It was a matter of mutual agreement, but instead of going there Friday night Colonel Breckinridge had been in Cincinnati Friday and had not met her there until Saturday night.

It would be shown that Mr. Rhodes had fallen behind in payment of her bills, being a man of small means, and the transfer from Wesleyan institute to Sayers Academy at Lexington had been made by arrangements between herself and Mr. Rhodes unknown to Colonel Breckenridge, until he met her one day on the street in Lexington. The illicit relations at Lexington continued, meetings being arranged irregularly at Sarah's, and in February, 1885, Miss Pollard had left unknown to him. The statement that he had written to her from Cincinnati that her mother would be denied, and the statement that she had given birth to a child in Foundling asylum, near Cincinnati, would be disproved by the testimony of Dr. Mary Logan.

Monday and Tuesday were taken up in reading depositions, without adding any material fact to the case.


KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

PRENDERGAST WILL HAVE ONE MORE CHANCE.

The Question Raised is Whether Prendergast is Not Now Insane—A Jury Will be Empanelled.

Springfield, Ills., March 23.—After the refusal of the Supreme court yesterday to grant a stay to Patrick Eugene Prendergast, sentenced to hang at Chicago to-day for the murder of Mayor Harrison, the attorneys for Prendergast decided to appeal to Governor Altgeld. Last evening Clarence S. Darrow telegraphed the governor at Biloxi, Miss., asking him to grant a respite.

Governor Altgeld telegraphed Darrow that he "declined to interfere with the duties belonging to the lieutenant governor of Illinois."

A petition for a respite was then drawn up by Mr. Darrow, and he secured the names of nine circuit judges of Cook county to it. The petitioners state that they are moved to make the request on account of doubt existing as to Prendergast's sanity, and in order that a fuller investigation and consideration of the case might be had.

Lieutenant Governor Gill was telegraphed to at Murfeesboro, and answered that he would hear the case yesterday. He arrived in the city at noon, but at Mr. Darrow's request the hearing was postponed to 3 p. m., in order that Richard Wade, another attorney for Prendergast, might be present. Darrow endeavored to secure a hearing behind closed doors, but the governor declined. Darrow presented the petition and argued that Prendergast is now insane and was at the time he killed Harrison, and that it would be a disgrace to the state to hang an insane man. He offered no additional evidence.

At the conclusion of their addresses Lieutenant Governor Gill announced that he could grant no reprieve. He said that Prendergast had been tried by a jury of his peers, fairly, and had been convicted, and that they had adjudged him sane; that an eminent judge had sentenced him to be hanged, and that both the supreme and federal courts had declined to interfere in the matter.

As the executive of the state, he did not feel that he could interfere in a case where all other courts had refused to do so, and he did not consider it in his scope of authority to re-hear the case.

Chicago, March 23.—When the federal judges announced that they would not grant the petition for writ of habeas corpus in the case of Prendergast, the assassin's attorneys renewed their efforts by raising the question of their client's sanity. The point now raised is that Prendergast has become insane since the trial; so they applied to Judge Chetlain and he consented to hear arguments to show that he could not properly take up the matter.

Having heard the arguments, Judge Chetlain announced his decision, extending the time of the execution of the sentence two weeks, to April 6, and setting the commencement of the trial of the question as to the prisoner's sanity Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

IOWA'S NEW LIQUOR LAW.

It Levies a Tax of $600 Per Annum on Any One Engaged in the Saloon Business.

Des Moines, Iowa, March 23.—The Iowa liquor law which has finally passed both houses and has been signed by Governor Jackson is as follows:

A tax of $600 per annum is to be issued against every one engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, except registered pharmacists; assessments are to be made in December, March, June and September, and returned to the county auditor by the assessor of each township; if the assessor fails to perform his duty any three citizens of the county can procure the listing of names and places by a verified statement addressed to the county auditor.

Any person so assessed shall have the right of appeal to the board of supervisors. Either the petitioner or the county attorney may appeal to the District court. The tax shall be levied by he board of supervisors in September, and shall be payable semi-annually on or before the first day of April and October of each year, and in case of failure a penalty of twenty per cent shall be added, together with one per cent per month; tax sales shall be held by the county treasurer the first Monday in June and December, at which time all property on which taxes for the sale of liquors have become a lien shall be offered for sale; revenue from this tax shall be paid into the county treasury, and one-half shall go to the general county funds and one-half to the municipality.

It is made the duty of the county attorney to see that this act is enforced. In cities of 5,000 or more the tax may be paid quarterly, and such payment shall be a bar to proceedings under the prohibitory law; it is required that a resolution consenting to such sales must be adopted by the city councils, and it together with a written statement of consent of resident free holders owning property within fifty feet of the premises where the business is carried on must be filed with the county auditor; no saloon shall be located within 300 feet of a church or schoolhouse; a bond of $3,000 must be filed with the county auditor; the sale of liquors must be in a single room with but one entrance and that opening on a public business street. No games are to be allowed in this or adjoining rooms.

Provision is made for towns of less than 5,000, whereby the act may become operative by 65 per cent of the voters signing a statement of consent. City councils or a majority of voters may suspend the clause which makes the payment of the tax operate as a bar under the present law.

FOREIGN.

TRYSTING PLACE OF THE WIVES OF THREE GREAT RULERS.

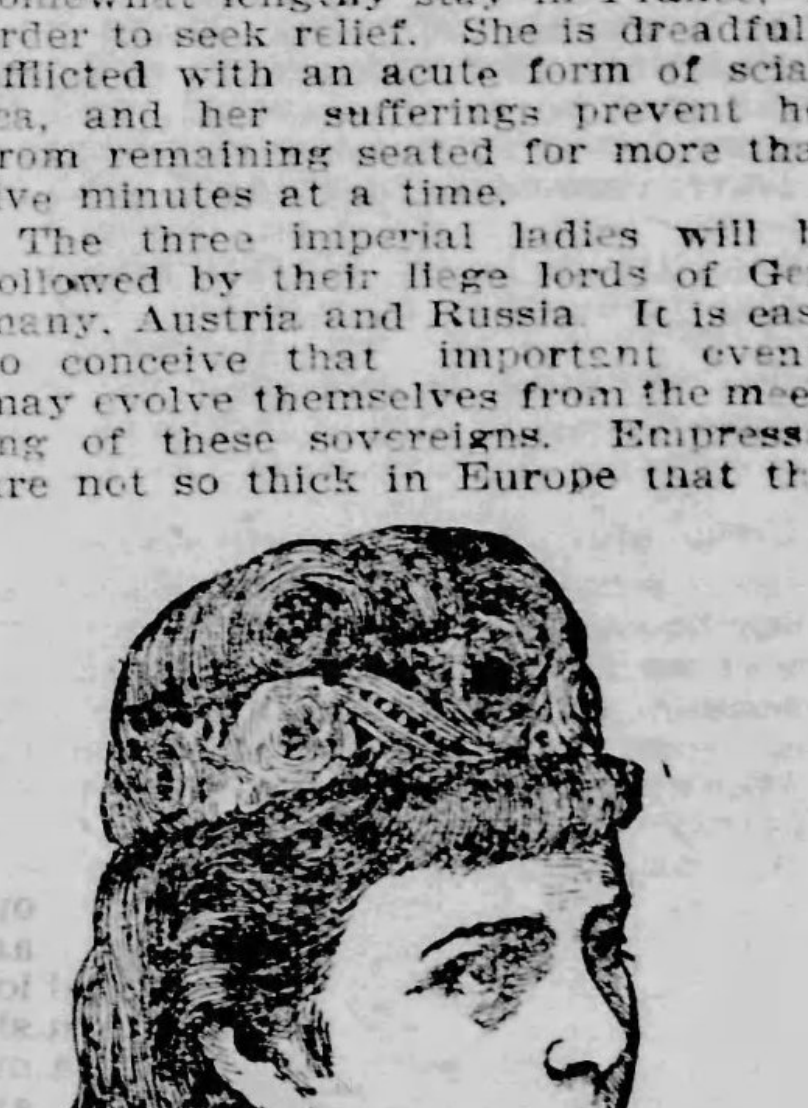
The Empresses of Germany and Austria and the Czarina of Russia at a Health Resort Near Trieste.

London, March 20.—The Empresses of Russia, Germany and Austria are to meet soon at the little town of Abbazzia, which has lately come into prominence as a summer and winter health resort, and yet, whose name we search the gazetteers in vain for. Fiume, on the bay of Quarnero, on the Adriatic, is the great naval station of Austria, which has like all othr nations, been lately giving large attention to naval affairs. Trieste is near, and the only real seaport that Austria has, is as live a city of its size as Europe possesses, and noted for its fine villas, its beautiful women, and its enterprise. It is an Italian city, plus a German seaport's bustle and life. About an hour and a half's drive from Trieste, is the charming little village of Abbazzia, also on the Gulf of Quarnero. It numbers about 2,000 inhabitants.

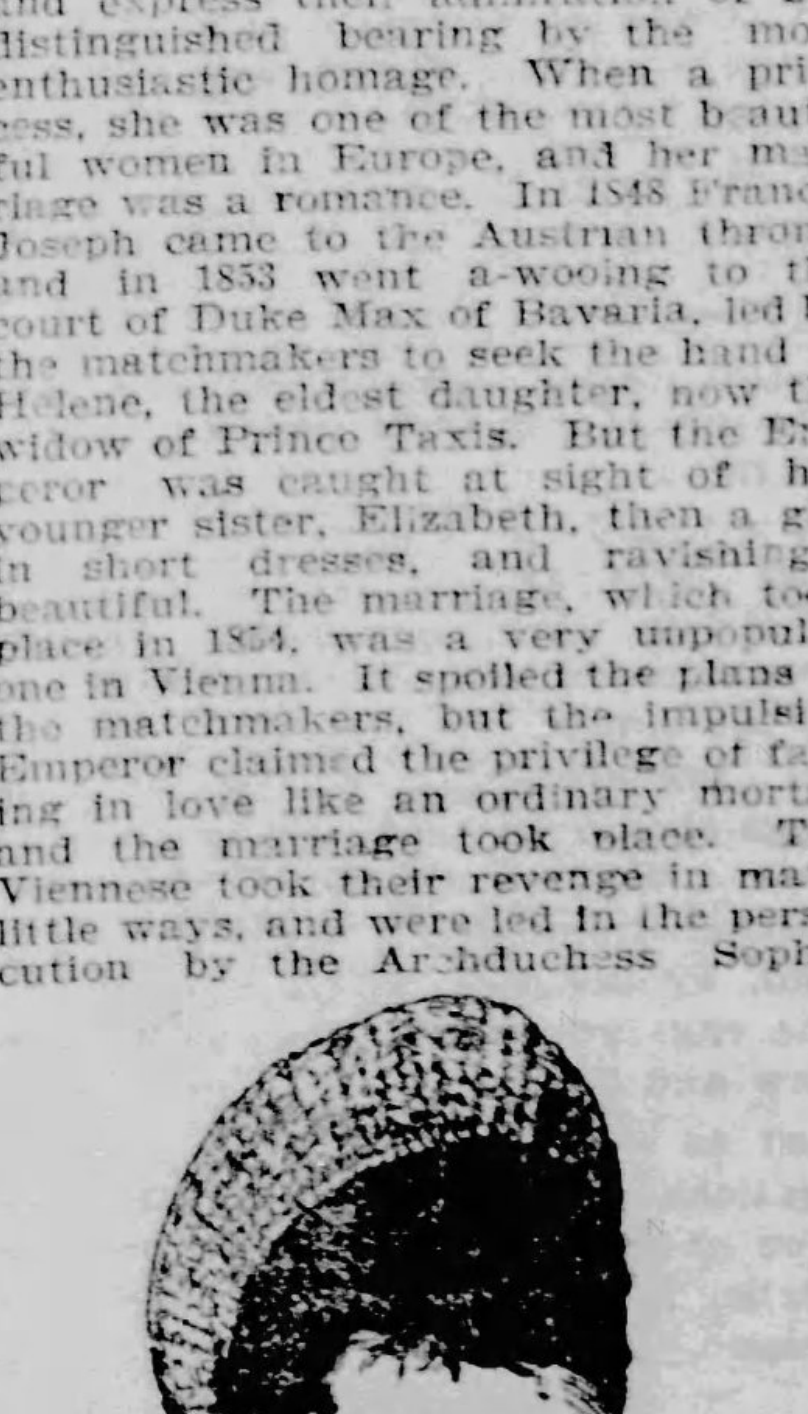
EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

The excuse for these three dignified ladies gathering at this resort is the common one of ill-health. The Czarina goes with her daughter to recover from the effects of her recent attack of influenza or la grippe. Both Alexander III. and his wife have been sufferers from this disease, the Czar's health being so deeply affected that a little fright was created as to the result, which has happily passed away. The Empress of Germany goes there with her youngest son. She has been in bad health since her last confinement, and is suffering from a weakness which has yielded to none of the remedies she has tried. The Empress of Austria, whose pain makes her restless, will visit the same place after a somewhat lengthy stay in France, in order to seek relief. She is dreadfully afflicted with an acute form of sciatica, and her sufferings prevent her from remaining seated for more than five minutes at a time.

The three imperial ladies will be followed by their liege lords of Germany, Austria and Russia. It is easy to conceive that important events may evolve themselves from the meeting of these sovereigns. Empresses are not so thick in Europe that this meeting can be passed over lightly. Aside from Queen Victoria, who, as Empress of India, is recognized as a large factor in Europe, there is only one other; poor, broken, faded Eugenie, the drop that remains of the huge bubble of the second Empire.


EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

But what of the three women who are to meet at Abbazzia? One has only to go to Vienna to witness the affectionate reverence of the Viennese for the Emperor and Empress. They hold the latter to be the noblest of women, and express their admiration of her distinguished bearing by the most enthusiastic homage. When a princess, she was one of the most beautiful women in Europe, and her marriage was a romance. In 1848 Francis Joseph came to the Austrian throne, and in 1853 went a-wooing to the court of Duke Max of Bavaria, led by the matchmakers to seek the hand of Helene, the eldest daughter, now the widow of Prince Taxis. But the Emperor was caught at sight of her younger sister, Elizabeth, then a girl in short dresses, and ravishingly beautiful. The marriage, which took place in 1854, was a very unpopular one in Vienna. It spoiled the plans of the matchmakers, but the impulsive Emperor claimed the privilege of falling in love like an ordinary mortal, and the marriage took place. The Viennese took their revenge in many little ways, and were led in the persecution by the Archduchess Sophia who died in 1872), but the Empress's beauty, frankness, liveliness and gayety soon won over the sympathies of the people, even if the dignitaries did not like it, and the condition of the empire threw in her hands the means of revenge. She favored the Hungarians, and lived much among them. Francis Joseph, who at first loved his wife devotedly, was anxious to please the Maygar portion of his dominions, which had revolted once, and he favored his lovely Empress's designs. She was crowned with him Queen of Hungary, and delighted to live at Buda-Pesth and Godallo, rather than at Vienna. She had been separated in heart from her husband, who did not prove a model husband. Franz Deak, with her aid, compelled the recognition of the Hungarian state, and Andrassy became premier of that portion of the empire. The Empress is an excellent Hungarian scholar, and that endears her to the people of that growing and progressive portion of the empire.


EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

The Empress of Germany was the niece of Count Waldersee, and the match was undoubtedly one of love. The grandson of the great William was allowed by his father, "Unser Fritz," to do as he chose about affairs of the heart.

The Empress of Russia, Marie Feodorovna, a sister of Alexandra, the Princess of Wales, was one of three daughters of King Christian of Denmark, the remaining one being Princess Thyra. The Czarina delights in visiting her sister Alexandra, and best loves to do so at their old girlhood's home in bright Denmark. There are few happier and more beloved women in the world than the Empress of Russia.

LOUIS KOSSUTH DEAD.

Hungary's Bravest Patriot Has Finally Gone to His Reward.

Turin, March 21.—Louis Kossuth died at 10:55 last evening. The end was extremely painful. He showed a sign of consciousness until the last. He expired in the arms of his son, and did pressing the hand of the Hungarian deputy, Karolii. The members of his family and a few of his intimate friends stood around the bedside of the expiring patriot.

The authorities expressed the desire that the remains should be the desire that the remains should be buried in the Pantheon, in which many of the illustrious dead of Italy have their last resting place. But the family has decided to remove the remains to Hungary, and together with the remains of his wife and daughter, which are interred in the English cemetery at Genoa, they will be escorted to Buda Pesth, where it is expected they will be given a public funeral.

The dead man's sons will accompany the bodies to Pesth.

A cast of Kossuth's face was taken to-day, and the body was then embalmed.

Many messages of sympathy have reached the family. They are coming from all parts of Europe and America.

A NATION MOURNS INDEED

For Her Strongest and Bravest Defender.

London, March 22—A dispatch to the Standard from Buda Pesth says that the whole city is in mourning for Kossuth. All the public, many of the private buildings and all the fashionable shops display flags at half-mast and bound with black crape. The students in the city are wearing black plumes in their hats.

The city of Buda Pesth will defray all the cost of the removal of the remains of the Hungarian patriot to this city, and, in addition, the city will meet all the expenses of the funeral, and will provide the money necessary for the erection of a tomb and mausoleum in honor of Gen. Kossuth.

Telegrams of condolence continue to pour in upon the Kossuth family.

The mayors of the various Italian cities have sent messages of sympathy, and Signor Zanardelli and other statesmen have sen sympathetic telegrams to the family of the Hungarian patriot.

IN HONOR OF A GREAT PATRIOT.

People of Buda Pesth Insist on His Remembrance.

Buda Pesth, March 23.—The government has so far yielded to the popular demand regarding the respect to be shown by it to the memory of Kossuth that it has caused to be hoisted upon the state buildings the national flag draped with crepe.

Last night crowds of students went about the city smashing the windows and the gas lamps in front on which no mourning was displayed. The students invaded the theaters and drove from the stage with missiles of all sorts the actors taking part in the performances. They then turned their attention to the audiences and managed in every case to drive them from the buildings. The same tactics were employed at the concert halls. The police made attempts to arrest the disturbers, but the students resisted them and a number of sanguinary street conflicts took place.

When strong bands of the students entered the Royal opera house and National theater the attaches and the police stationed at these places attempted to prevent them. The students fought their way into the bodies of the houses and stopped the performances. They demanded that banners be displayed, and upon being met with refusals, they themselves hoisted mourning banners they had brought with them over the boxes.

Exciting Scenes.

Buda Pesth, March 23.—There is still considerable excitement to-day among the students and others who took part in the rioting demonstrations last night against those citizens who had not displayed emblems of mourning in honor of Louis Kossuth.

During the invasion of the theaters by the students, who drove the actors and audiences from the building and as a result of the conflicts which took place between the students and the police later, when the former dispersed the audiences in the concert halls, over twenty people were more or less seriously injured.

The students have announced their determination to compel people of all classes to show respect to the memory of the general and opposition to the mob, backed as they are by crowds of sympathizers among the masses, is liable to cause serious disorder.

WILL LIE BESIDE HIM.

Remains of Kossuth's Wife and Daughter Taken From Genoa.

Turin, March 24.—The coffins containing the remains of the wife and daughter of Louis Kossuth, exhumed from the English cemetery at Genoa arrived here this morning, under the care of Count Karolyi. The two coffins, which were covered with flowers, were met at the railroad depot by the sons of the dead patriot, Louis and Theodore Kossuth, who followed the remains to the cemetery, where they will be kept until removed, with the body of Kossuth, to Buda Pesth, on Wednesday next.

LITTLE FEAR OF DE MELLO.

Affairs in Brazil Are Assuming Normal Conditions.

Rio Janiero, March 26.—Affairs here are rapidly resuming their normal aspect, and aside from the damage done to the forts and along the water front by the fire from the insurgent warships, all traces of warfare have disappeared. The past week has been one of general festivity, marked by the constant firing of salutes and the holding of reviews. The usual religious processions were held, and the church services were very largely attended. For months past the city was filled with troops, and almost everything partook of a military character. Now the troops, or at least by far the greater number of them, have gone south to reinforce the government armies in the states where the insurgents are still opposing the federal authorities. The harbor has been deserted by all the foreign war ships, and the loading and discharging of merchant vessels are progressing as before the war.

The government entertains no fear of much further trouble in the south. The insurgent sympathizers claim that the placing of Admiral de Mello at the head of the provisional government will attract many persons to the rebel standard, but the government here believes that the insurgent forces will gradually melt away until nothing remains.

MANY WERE FROZEN TO DEATH.

An Iceberg at St. Johns Floats to Sea With Human Freight.

St. Johns, N. F., March 26.—Fresh Water bay, outside the St. Johns harbor, on Saturday filled with ice, among which plenty of seals were found. From all parts people went out to hunt them and met with success throughout the day. In the evening the wind changed to westerly, and drove the ice off again. Most of the men went out on the icefield when the wind changed, but the greater number of them succeeded in reaching land before the ice moved off. About 40, however, were carried out into open water. Much apprehension was felt on their behalf as the night wore on, and measures for their relief were taken. Signal lights were burned and men were sent here for steamers to go to their assistance. It took some hours to reach this city, and the first steamer only started at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. Another followed four hours later. During the night change in the position of the ice caused by the currents drove some of it close to the headlands, and most of the men got ashore by swimming, though they nearly died from the cold. They reported that a party of 10 persons were far out, and efforts were devoted to recovering them. The party was sighted from the outer cove, and a boat put off to their rescue.

In this party there were six men, all of whom had been frostbitten severely. A little distance from the rescuing boats the crew sighted three more people, of whom two were dead of the cold. The third, the father of the other two, was living, and may survive his injuries.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE

"NASBY LETTERS".

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile;" but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has a permanent subscription list far in excess of 100,000 copies. We estimate that there 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting it in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum; and we estimate that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, fully $100,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task; and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

Unlike all our former premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For instance:

A few weeks previous to expiration each subscriber will receive a postal card, which card, if returned, with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

Owing to the large number of names whose terms will expire each month, we shall be unable to take care of any other orders excepting a renewal of the subscriptions expiring that month. Of course, new subscribers may come in at any time; but we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders until their proper month.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the due-bill sent, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can be taken care of later.

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent any time after receiving the due-bill; but take care and do not wait until your subscription has expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by. One month later we will have all we can do to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving to our subscribers for the past 15 months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and we are printing and binding 500 to 1,000 copies daily.

Subscribers whose time expires in any given month will send in their orders for renewals at least two weeks before their time is out and have their time extended at once on the Weekly Blade for one year. The books will be mailed just as soon as they are ready, and we shall take care to see that they are mailed in the same order as they are received.

Tell All Your Friends.

Will our subscribers please tell their friends of this offer? We feel quite certain that this announcement will obtain a large number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade from all parts of the country. Thousands of non-subscribers will willingly send $1 for The Blade a year, because they want the book. After reading The Blade a year they will become permanent subscribers. We ask as a favor that every present subscriber shall show this announcement to at least one friend or neighbor who does not take the Weekly Blade. Will you kindly do this much for us?

No matter when your subscription expires, you shall then have an opportunity to get one of these books. Therefore, wait until a week or two before your subscription expires, or until you receive a postal card due-bill. We shall try to take care of each month's expirations in order; but it would be simply impossible to take care of orders from our subscribers at random. Therefore do not order until just before your time expires.

The remittance must always be one dollar, in current funds, for the Weekly Blade one year. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by draft on New York, Chicago, or Toledo, money order, express order, or currency by registered mail. Address "THE BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Some of the Contents:

There are hundreds of the Nasby letters contained in this volume, embracing everything of importance in that line ever written by "Petroleum V. Nasby." Here are some of the features of the book, but only a few among the vast number:

How the Nasby Letters Came to be Written.
The First Nasby Letter.
Mr. Nasby Starts a Church.
A Confession of Faith.
Interview With President Lincoln.
The Wise Old Rat.
The Discontented Peasant.
His Change of Base in Kentucky.
A Kentucky Tea Party.
The Famous Series of Letters on President Johnson's "Swinging Round the Circle," upon which tour Mr. Nasby attended him as his confidential adviser.
His trip with the President to Raleigh.
The Amnesty Proclamation.
The Pendleton Greenback Theory in Kentucky.
Mr. Nasby Loses His Postoffice.
"Cussid be Canaan!" A Lecture Delivered at Music Hall, Boston, December 22, 1867.
"Nasby as a Banker." The noted series of letters on the Greenback Theory.
Mr. Nasby's Sojourn in New York. A series of letters written from the Sixth Ward of that City.
Mr. Nasby's Return to the Corners.
The Question of Taxes at the Corners.
The "Women's Crusade" at the Corners—A series of letters written during that famous temperance movement.
The Series of Letters during the famous Electoral Commission.
"Silver at the Corners"—a series of letters written during the time the Bland bill was before Congress, and quite applicable to the present time.
With hundreds of others equally interesting, and ending with the last "Nasby Letter" ever written.

The volume also contains a very fine portrait of Mr. D. R. Locke, from the latest photograph for which he ever sat, with a fac-simile of his autograph.

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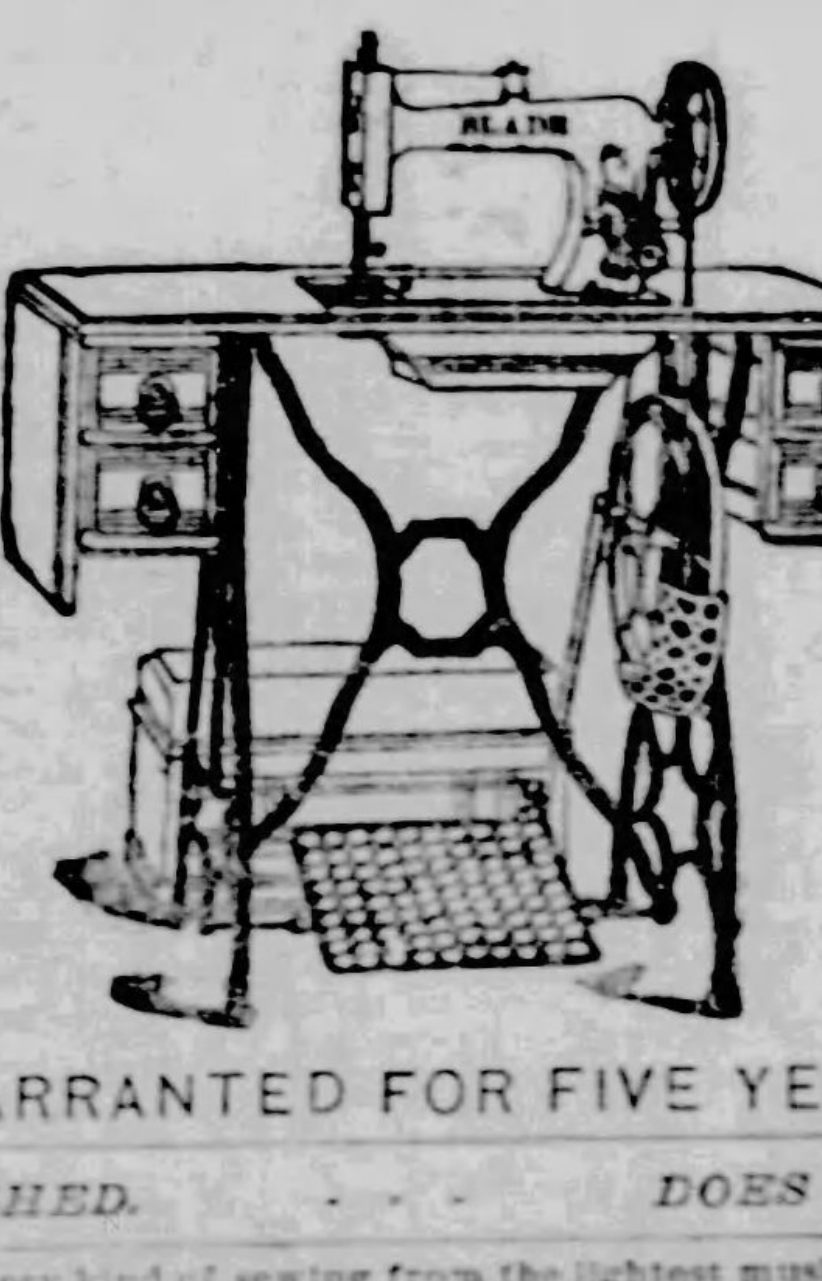

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WASHINGTON.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, March 20.—To-day the tariff bill was fairly launched on its way in the Senate, Mr. Voorhees, the chairman of the finance committee, reporting it to the Senate and giving notice that on April 2, he would move to take it up for consideration. The rest of the day was taken up by Senator George, of Mississippi, in a discussion of the legal aspects of the Hawaiian question, defending the action of the President.

The sundry civil appropriation bill was passed by the House without division. The amendment to the appropriation for the general land office amending the provisions of the act of 1891, repealing the timber culture and pre-emption acts which was adopted in the committee at the suggestion of Mr. Holman, and which was bitterly opposed by the Western members, was defeated in the House.

The clause which sought to require an accounting by the disbursing officers of soldiers' homes to the Treasury department and annual reports by the boards to the secretary of War fell under Mr. Black's point of order. The bill as passed carries $217,000 more than it did as reported from the committee. The four appropriation bills passed by the House (District of Columbia, pension, fortification and sundry civil) carry a net reduction of $24,364,958, as compared with the same bills for the current fiscal year.

Washington, March 21.—The Vice President being absent, Mr. Harris, the president pro tem, occupied the chair during the morning and the Senate promptly settled down to routine business and a number of bills were taken from the calendar and passed. Among them was one granting the right of way to the Jamestown & Northern railway through the Devils Lake Indian reservation in North Dakota. At 2 o'clock the Senate took up the unfinished business, which was the bill to simplify the form of deeds of conveyance and trust and releases of land in the District of Columbia, and after further debating it for an hour without result, went into executive session, and at 3:30 o'clock adjourned.

The House recessed yesterday to go to the Breckenridge trial, and the gun testing of armor plate at Indian Head.

Washington, March 22.—The House spent the entire day in filibustering over the O'Neil-Joy contested election case from the St. Louis district. The report of the committee was in favor of unseating Mr. Joy (Rep.), and the Republicans were determined that this should not be accomplished unless the Democrats produce their own quorum. For five hours to-day they filibustered and kept the House deadlocked. The highest number of Democratic votes cast during the day was 166—13 short of a quorum. An unsuccessful attempt was made to adjourn over Good Friday.

The bill for the purchase of a site for the new government printing office consumed nearly the whole morning hour in the Senate to-day, and much to the surprise of nearly everybody, an amendment providing for the purchase of what is known as the "Mahone site" was As there was no motion to reconsider, at some future time the subject will be reopened. The McGarrahan bill which was to have been taken up went over until Monday, and the bill for the extermination of the Russian thistle shared like fate. Mr. Sherman introduced a resolution directing the committee on judiciary to investigate the charges of "simulation" of United States coins, or of the coining of standard silver dollars, but it went under objections. After a brief executive session the Senate adjourned until Monday.

Washington, March 23.—The House was in session, notwithstanding the fact of its being Good Friday. The Democrats were without a quorum, and the attempts to consider the O'Neil-Joy contested election case was abandoned until next week. The unanimous report of the elections committee in the Wheatley-Cobb case, confirming the title of the sitting member to his seat, was adopted, and the Military Academy appropriation bill was passed, practically without debate. The bill carries $400,488, a reduction of $32,000 compared with the amount appropriated for the current fiscal year.

Washington, March 24.—The Military Academy bill was under debate in the House. A little filibustering took place early in the morning on the contested election cases, after which their consideration went over until Tuesday. The Senate was not in session.

Washington, March 26.—On account of the death of Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, both houses of Congress adjourned without transacting any business. In the House, however, Secretary Herbert's report on the Carnegie Steel Co.'s fraud in giving incomplete armor, was placed on file, and one or two routine bills were passed.

THE WORLD'S GOLD PRODUCTION.

The Yellow Metal Mined in 1893 Worth $150,000,000.

Washington, March 22.—A production of gold throughout the world of $150,000,000 for the calendar year 1893 is the latest estimate of the bureau of the mint and the figures which have recently been received verifying the statements made early in the year. The gold production of 1892, as revised in the last report of the mint bureau, was $138,861,000. The increase of $11,000,000 will be mainly furnished by the United States, South Africa and Russia.

The figures for the United States, although not yet quite complete indicate an increase of $4,000,000 over those for 1892, the nicrease in South Africa will be about $6,000,000, in Russia about half a million and in Australia also about half a million. There will be small gains in other countries, including China and Japan, but they may offset the small losses elsewhere.

The returns from Russia and Australia are not yet complete and may show an even larger increase than has been estimated by Mint Director Preston. The reports which are constantly reaching the Treasury department indicate the production of gold is being pushed to its maximum, and that improved processes of extracting the metal will be used to their utmost limit to increase the output for 1894. Gold to the value of $60,000 was deposited within a day or two at the Denver mint and like deposits are likely to come at frequent intervals during the remainder of the year.

THE SENATE'S PROGRAMME.

Bills of Minor Importance Are on the Calendar.

Washington, March 26.—The probabilities are that the week in the Senate will be given up largely to matters of minor importance. The McGarrahan bill is on the calendar as unfinished business, and will have the right of way after 2 o'clock to-day. There will be an effort to dispose of this bill before the close of the week, and Senator Hasbrough has given notice that he will again call up the Russian thistle bill immediately after the disposal of the McGarrahan bill. Senator Dolph also intends to make an effort, if opportunity offers, to have the bill for the relief of certain settlers on the public lands considered.

The fortification appropriation bill is now on the calendar, and in position to take up for action at any time. Senator Harris will move, in accordance with notice given, for reconsideration of the printing bil, but it is presumed that his action in this matter will depend upon the attendance of Senators, many of the friends of the bill being now absent. Senator Turple has evinced a desire to have his resolutions concerning the annexation of Hawaii voted upon before the tariff bill is taken up, but it is doubtful, in the face of Senator Dolph's opposition, whether this can be done.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN SHIPS

Will Work in Unison in Policing Bering Sea This Summer.

Washington, March 27.—Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, had another long interview with Secretary Gresham to-day in connection with Bering sea matters. There are evidences that the efforts which both parties have been making to arrive at a satisfactory agreement touching the regulation of the seal fisheries this season are likely to be crowned with success within the next ten days. The vessels of the British navy which will co-operate with our naval force to police the seal waters are at or in the neighborhood of Esquimalt, B. C. The detail has not yet been made known here, but the British naval system is so perfect in its workings that the vessels selected for the service can be coaled and supplied with everything needful for their cruise in a very few days.

STILL REDUCING PENSIONS.

A Large Daily Average of Old Soldiers Thrown Out.

Washington, March 26.—A large daily average of notices of reduction of pensions sent out to veterans and other pensioners is kept up. These are in accordance with the act of December 21, 1893, and provide for reduction unless additional evidence is filed within 30 days.

The notices are sent after a final review of the cases in the board of revision, and all have been forwarded by registered letters during the past three weeks, in order to record the time of receipt. Already 2,000 have been sent in this way.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MOST GIGANTIC FRAUDS.

Government Gets Money Back From Carnegies.

Washington, March 26.—Secretary Herbert to-day sent to the House an answer to the Cummings resolution calling for a statement of the details of the recent alleged violation by Carnegie, Phipps & Co., of the contracts with the United States for the manufacture of armor plate for the navy. The declarations were long and interesting, giving in detail the history of the progress and discovery of one of the most gigantic frauds known in our naval administration. A sketch of the most interesting portions of the secretary's communication is here given. Some time last September the secretary received from James Smith, of Pittsburg, attorney, who represented certain persons in the employ of the Carnegie Steel company, limited, of Pittsburg, notice that these employes had in their possession information which would be valuable to the government relating to frauds then being perpetrated by certain employes of the company, which they would give to the government for a sufficient consideration.

The secretary agreed if the information should lead to recovery of moneys from the company to remunerate the informers from the sum recovered, but not to pay any expenses. Three of the employes and the attorney were carefully examined by the secretary, who was satisfied that their statements were not without foundation, and determined upon a thorough investigation. They discovered no feeling of hostility toward the company; had not been engaged in the strike, and seemed to be influenced only by a desire to realize money.

The attorney general found that the department might contract with these men, and a contract was made agreeing to give them 25 per cent of the money received, in consideration of the fact that they would, of course, be discharged, be blacklisted, and that other employes from whom they would procure information would also lose their places. The secretary says at this point: "These men had been gathering informatiol for a long time. This they submitted to the department in great detail. The allegations were that the employes had failed to temper armor evenly and properly; had plugged and concealed blowholes, which would have probably caused a rejection of plates by the government inspectors, and had re-treated without knowledge of the inspectors plates which had been selected for test, so as to make these plates better and tougher than the group of plates represented by them."

Transferred the Plates.

The secretary tells how the naval inspectors at the works select one plate from each group, which is thoroughly tested, and upon the results of this test depends the acceptance of the entire group. The informants stated that some of these plates, after they were selected by the inspector at the works, had been secretly, and without the knowledge of the government inspector, re-treated at night, that is reannealed and re-tempered, so as to make them better and tougher than the group of plates of which they were supposed to be the least resisting.

When the information was brought to the knowledge of Messrs. Frick and Hunsicker by the secretary of the Navy, they expressed great surprise at the revelations and after several consultations and finally submitting the matter to the President, they agreed to pay ten per cent of the cost of the armor thus tampered with. The government thus received $105,360, and the informers $35,12.

SENATOR COLQUITT IS DEAD.

The Georgian Passes Away This Morning.

Washington, March 26.—United States Senator Alfred Holt Colquitt, of Georgia, died at his residence in this city to-day. Around the bedside when he passed away were Senator Gordon and his daughter, Mrs. Jones, Senator Colquitt's private secretary; his nephew, Mr. Bunn; his son, Mrs. Colquitt, three unmarried daughters and his daughter, Mrs. Marshall, of Chicago.

As the end approached, the Senator's breathing became very heavy, until he lapsed into unconsciousness and suffered no pain.

His Career.

Senator Alfred Holt Colquitt of Atlanta, was born in Walton county, Georgia—the son of the Rev. Walter T. Colquitt, an eminent minister in his day—April 20, 1824. He was graduated from Princetown college in the class of 1844, and admitted to the bar in 1845. During the Mexican war he served as a staff officer with the rank of major. He was a member of the Georgia legislature in 1859, and was elected to the House of Representatives in the 33d Congress.

He was a member of the secession convention of the state of Georgia, and later entered the Confederate service as captain, and was soon promotd to be colonel of the Sixth Georgia infantry. Later he served as brigadier general, and was commissioned as major general. He was elected governor of Georgia in 1876, served four years, and was re-elected under the new constitition for two years. At the expiration of his term as governor he was elected to the United States Senate for the term commencing March 4, 1883, and was re-elected in 1888; his term of service would have expired March 3, 1895.

Senator Colquitt was stricken with paralysis in July, 1892, and since that time has been unable to walk without assistance. He has been able, however, to continue in a large degree his attendance of his Senate duties. He has been wheeled in and out of the Senate chamber in an invalid chair; has attended the meetings of committees, of which he was a member, but has not made a speech or been able to take any active part in debate on the Senate floor. He has been present to vote on all important occasions, and during the prolonged silver struggle during the recent extra session, was daily in his place. He was even wheeled to the chamber several times to help keep a quorum during the nights when the Senate sat in continuous session.

Senator Colquitt leaves a wife, one son, Walter T. Colquitt, and four daughters, Mrs. Marshall, wife of Capt. Marshall, of the United States army, Misses Laura, Hattie and Dorothy Colquitt.

KICKING THE TARIFF BILL.

The Senate Committee Has Made It More Unpopular Than It Was Before.

Washington, D. C., March 26.—The more the tariff bill, as reported to the Senate by the full committee of the Senate finance committee, is discussed the more general becomes the complaint against the bill that was confined to a comparatively few people before it was reported. The numerous changes in the bill from specific to ad valorem duties are commented on by members of both parties as very undesirable, and likely to be very embarrassing to the customs authorities when the bill is put into operation. It is a well known fact that every secretary of the Treasury for year's back has recommended the abolition as far as possible of ad valorem duties and the substitution therefor of specific duties.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Fairchild was secretary of the Treasury under President Cleveland's former administration he called the attention of Congress pointedly to the fact that under the ad valorem system of customs taxation frauds were not infrequent and that in reality ad valorem duties placed a premium on perjury. Similar statements were also expressed by Secretaries Windom and Foster, of the Harrison administration. It is also known that the attention of senators has been called to this fact by customs officers throughout the country, and great pressure has been brought to bear upon them to prevent if possible any increase in the ad valorem duties.

Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, a member of the ways and means committee of the House, is probably one of the most outspoken members of that committee against the changes the finance committee has seen fit to make. "I make no hesitency," said Mr. Bynum to your correspondent, "in expressing my dissatisfaction with the alterations the finance committee has deemed it proper to make in the bill. I do not like the many changes they have made from specific to ad valorem duties. While these changes are a great detriment to the bill in my opinion, yet they are not the only objections that I have to the changes the Senate finance committee has made in the bill. For instance the duty on tin plate, which is an article that my state is considerably interested in at the present time, the House fixed it at 1 1-10th cents, and the committee reduced it to 1 cent the same as the duty on pig lead.

"The duty on black plate which only need to be dipped to become tin plates has been reduced from 9-10ths of a cent to 3-4ths of a cent, which is the same as the duty on lead ore. I must confess that I can see no sense in these changes. The reduction proposed by the finance committee amounts to a reduction of 22 per cent. in the wages that can be paid to labor in this industry. As for the sugar schedules, the House will never consent to a discriminating duty in favor of refined sugar. It is my opinion also that the duty on raw sugar will be reduced in the House to 3-4ths and more probably to 1-2 of a cent per pound."

The income tax feature of the bill has also received its full share of discussion. Although it was generally supposed that Senators Hill and Murphy, of New York, Brice, of Ohio, Gorman, of Maryland, and other senators would have become accustomed to this feature of the bill before the present time, yet they seem to be as much opposed to it as ever. Senator Hill maintains that when the bill is brought up for consideration in the Senate he will offer amendments to this section of the bill and will defeat if possible the income tax provision.

MUCH DOUBT ABOUT THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

Will He Veto the Bland Bill or Try to Restore Party Harmony by Signing It.

Washington, March 24.—Probably because it was Cabinet day and therefore difficult to get the ear of the President, there were few Congressmen at the White House yesterday.

The situation at the White House presents one strong feature of novelty in the fact that it appears to be the scene of a bloodless battle just now between the Congressmen on the one hand, the large majority of whom are urging the signing of the seigniorage bill, and the great commercial interests of the country on the other, for 29 out of every 30 of the communications coming from them pray for the veto of the bill.

The Congressmen have the advantage of personal presence on the field, but the other side is in evidence in great force in the enormous number of letters that burden the Presidential mail and of telegrams that come so numerously as to keep the wires hot and the White House operator occupied to his full capacity. These communications by mail and wire are coming from all parts of the country, and are not, as might be supposed, altogether of Eastern origin. For instance, yesterday there were appeals for a veto from Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco and Salem, Oregon. Virginia has also joined the line, as was made evident by protests against the bill from the cotton factors of Norfolk and the transportation interests there.

He has, up to and including next Thursday—nearly a week—to make up his mind what to do with the bill, and there are indications that he proposes to use most of this time in thoughtful consideration of the matter. It is certain that he has committed himself to no man, as respects his action on the bill. When a Congressman calls to urge the signature of the bill, he is likely to have put to him a question that discourages him, but he soon learns that his colleague who prays for a veto has had a precisely similar experience, and both are left in more doubt as to the outcome than before their call.

It is noticeable that some of the communications received urging a veto concede that, owing to the slow formation of popular opinion, the result may be a temporary party loss at the polls, but they insist that in the end the sound and conservative course they approve will surely be rewarded by popular support. This view is strongly expressed in the communications from the South, which, in cases, adjure the President to follow the line of conduct pursued by him in making the tariff issue.

NEW CHINESE TREATY.

The Senate Will Have a Stormy Debate.

Washington, March 22.—The Senate committee on foreign relations have been considering an important Chinese treaty negotiated by the Chinese minister and Secretary Gresham. The treaty was sent to the Senate some time ago, and referred to the foreign affairs committee, where it was fully considered, and they discussed it in all its details. It is said that it does not meet with the approval of some of the Senators who are members of the committee. It is understood that the opposition while considerable, was not sufficient to prevent its being reported favorably, though possibly with some amendments.

As negotiated, the treaty practically sets aside and supersedes the Scott exclusion act, and the recently enacted Geary law. It is an immigration treaty, and provides for the admittance of Chinese immigrants under restrictions. It also has for its object the protection of Chinese already in this country. While it does not repeal the Geary law, it is said to render it nugatory in many particulars. The treaty, although it may receive the favorable consideration of a majority of the Senate committee on foreign relations, will have a stormy time in the Senate. The Pacific coast and Western members are already vigorously fighting it, and they have support from Eastern Senators who have always opposed Chinese immigration and supported the vigorous exclusion laws.

The new treaty, it is understood, runs for twenty years, and in this respect is like a similar treaty negotiated by Secretary Bayard in 1888, and if at the expiration of the twenty years neither government shall give notice to the other of its intention to have it terminated, then it shall remain in force another twenty years.

During the period of the life of the treaty, Chinese are prohibited from entering this country except upon conditions. Provision is made for the return of any Chinaman who has a lawful wife, child or parent in the United States, or property to the amount of $1,000, or debts due him to that amount. In order to secure the benefits of this provision, the Chinaman must leave with an officer of the United States a description of his family or property, and secure a certificate for his return. He must also return within a year, which may be extended another year in cases of sickness, or other causes beyond his control.

Commander Oscar F. Hagerman will be tried by court martial in New York on next Thursday for negligence in causing the wreck of the Kearsarge.

GEN. COXEY AND A FEW TRAMPS AND CRANKS

Start for Washington—The Promised 10,000 Men Dwindles Down to a Hundred—Will Coxey Desert?

Canton, O., March 26.—Coxey's army started yesterday on the road to Washington. They marched eight miles. There were a few less than a hundred of them. Not to exceeed a dozen had overcoats or gloves. They had slept Saturday night on pallets of straw in the airy and cheerless circus tent, and they were greeted Sunday morning by the disagreeable discovery that no detailed arrangements had been made for feeding them. Several hundred persons watched their departure from Massillon.

About three thousand persons assembled at the temporary camp at Reedurban, and a host greeted the crusaders at Canton. Last night they slept at Camp Lexington, in the eastern part of Canton. A heavy snow storm set in before the details of the camp had been completed, and the campers are huddled around roaring camp-fires. About two-thirds of the men enlisted made the trip. Coxey has buried his disappointment over the non-appearance of the myriad he expected, and is exultant over the handful who reported for business.

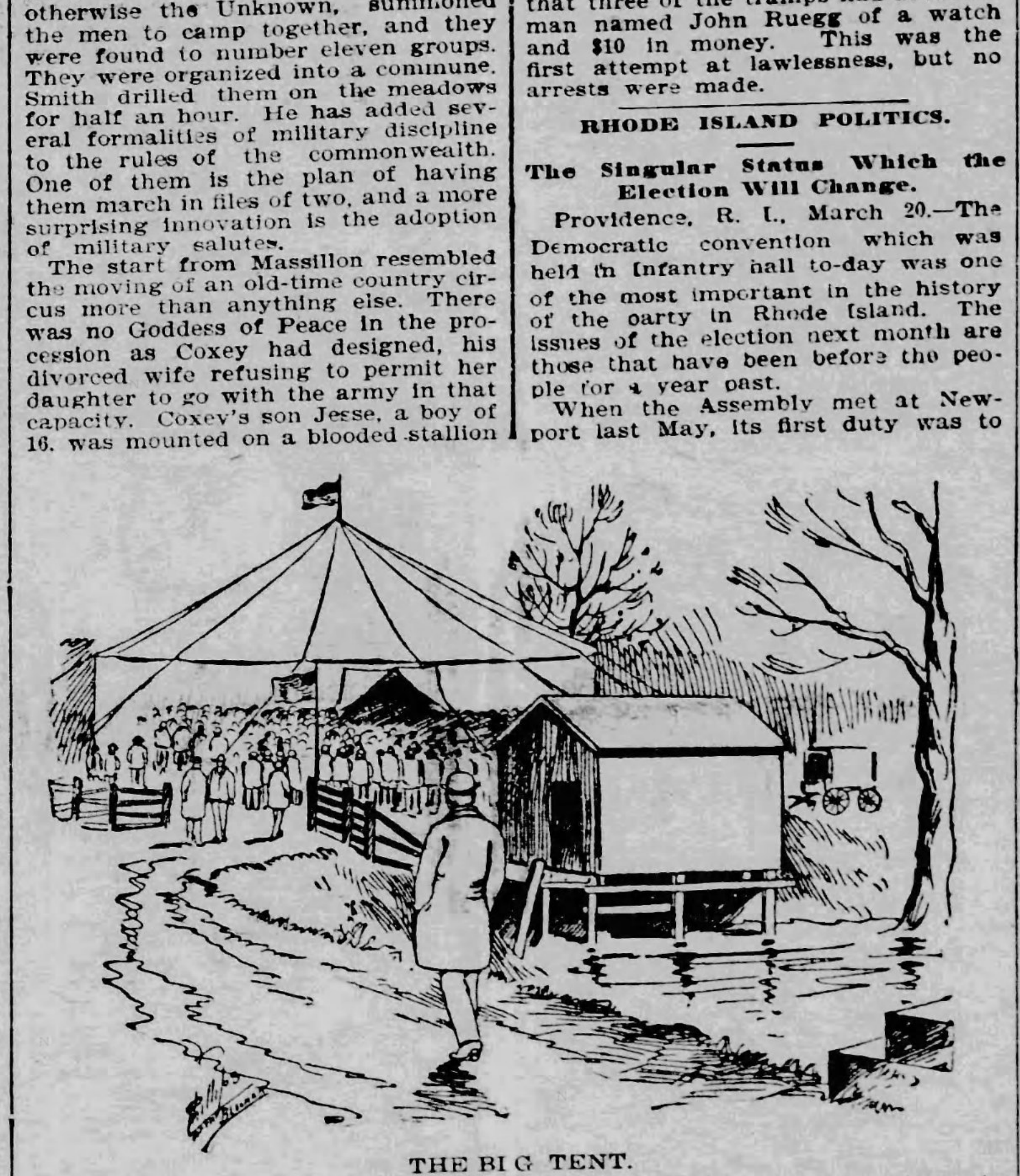
COMMONWEAL OF -CHRIST- COMMISSARY No1
SELL WHAT YOU HAVE AND GIVE TO THE POOR

ONE OF THE COMMISSARY WAGONS.

A bugle call to breakfast brought them together at breakfast with a rush. The bill of fare comprised bread, coffee and raw meat. The latter was affixed to the end of pointed sticks and roasted over the fire. One group of five ran away in a body after breakfast and boarded a passing freight train. Thirty of the commonwealthers spent the night as lodgers at the Massillon police station. They comprised two entire groups who could not be found when they were needed for picket duty.

They were on hand for breakfast. At 8 o'clock Marshal Louis Smith, otherwise the Unknown, summoned the men to camp together, and they were found to number eleven groups. They were organized into a commune. Smith drilled them on the meadows for half an hour. He has added several formalities of military discipline to the rules of the commonwealth. One of them is the plan of having them march in files of two, and a more surprising innovation is the adoption of military salutes.

The start from Massillon resembled the moving of an old-time country circus more than anything else. There was no Goddess of Peace in the procession as Coxey had designed, his divorced wife refusing to permit her daughter to go with the army in that capacity. Coxey's son Jesse, a boy of 16, was mounted on a blooded stallion from the stock farm, and wore a military uniform. Brown and the other officers were similarly mounted, while the "General" rode in a phaeton behind one of his favorite horses. Mrs. Coxey, her 3-year old son and the housekeeper for the Coxey's rode in a buggy. The rank and file of the army brought up the rear on foot, following the band wagon, which very much resembled a gypsy's traveling conveyance.



THE BIG TENT.

Is Coxey Hard Up.

Massillon, O., March 26.—In contradiction of the generally accepted belief that Coxey is wealthy, Massillon people have told those who came here within the past few days that his property is heavily encumbered. The reports culminated last night in the statement thatCoxey will be obliged to pay a heavy mortgage on the stallion Acolyte by next Wednesday or suffer foreclosure. He bought the horse from Col. James E. Pepper, of Kentucky, for $40,000, and paid $16,000 cash.

A son of Col. Pepper was in Massillon last Monday and gave notice, so the report goes, that ample security would have to be given for the debt of $24,000, or there would be legal proceedings on Wednesday. The mortgage is said to include much of Coxey's property, as well as the horse.

PASSED OFF PEACEABLY.

The Coxey Army Had Plenty to Eat the First Day.

Canton, O., March 26.—Contrary to expectations the twenty-five women, wives and daughters of People's party men, of this city, did not turn up at the camp grounds of the commonweal army, on account of the weather, and as consequently the men were obliged to hustle for themselves as far as their breakfast was concerned. At 6 a. m. the camp was turned into a veritable Valley Forge. Small groups of men could be seen shivering in every limb, trying to obtain shelter from the freezing blasts which came from the west. Two-thirds of the men who started with the army had taken lodgings in the city prison, but at an early hour, they began to gather at the grounds to get their rations. Some difficulty was experienced in getting the men who could use the cooking utensiles to advantage, but finally at the east side of the tent, gasoline stoves were set up and the morning meal commenced.

At the ground this morning the most noticeable thing was the absence of anybody to command the much shattered forces. Carl Brown, the chief marshal, did not arrive upon the scene until 10:30 o'clock, he also having taken a room in one of the prominent hotels.

Once upon the grounds, his orders to the men were after the style of a circus tent man, but the men were slow to obey orders.

Inside the old perforated circus tent, the scene was a curious one to behold. Horses and men who had bunked together during the night were huddled in small groups, endeavoring to keep warm, while waiting for the temporary cooks to prepare breakfast.

No tables had been prepared for the men to eat upon and there was a limited supply of knives, forks and plates, consequently the commissary with an aid handed out the ham sandwiches, which constituted the bill of fare for breakfast.

Mr. Coxey, who, it is claimed, is financially embarrassed and has been givn until March 28 to settle an indebtedness of $24,000, seems to be much worried over the affair and to verify the rumor. A number of Populists of this city have issued a circular to the citizens of the United States asking them to contribute to the relief of Mr. Coxey and help him to lift the mortgage which was incurred through his purchase of the famous horse Acoycolte, for which he agreed to pay $40,000.

The contribution made this morning only amounted to $4.50. The commonweal was on the march shortly after noon fully 200 strong and expect to arrive in Louisville, their next stop, at 4 o'clock.

The Second Day.

Louisville, O., March 27.—How Coxey's army survived the night seems a miracle. Herded together like penned up cattle, 100 men spent the night in a room 30 by 40. The atmosphere could have been cut with a knife, and death might have been caused by asphyxiation. However, they were all on hand at 8 this morning. At that hour here and there could be seen groups wending their way to Camp Ready for bugle call. Breakfast was under preparation, and three bushels of potatoes, some cold ham, bread and sausage was given out. All seemed to be satisfied. Louis Smith, the unknown, was in command. From all appearances, the army will remain intact; no desertions have taken place. On the contrary, an increase of recruits are expected during the march to Alliance. Coxey and the aides took supper at the camp last night, and returned again this morning for breakfast. The weather is moderating, and good cheer prevails. A cordial reception is promised from reports received in camp.

Fifty tramps were picked up between Canton and this place, and when the army went into camp last night it numbered 122 men aside from the officers. The claimed enlistments are 250. Much excitement was created to-day by the announcement that three of the tramps had robbed a man named John Ruegg of a watch and $10 in money. This was the first attempt at lawlessness, but no arrests were made.

RHODE ISLAND POLITICS.

The Singular Status Which the Election Will Change.

Providence, R. I., March 20.—The Democratic convention which was held in Infantry hall to-day was one of the most important in the history of the party in Rhode Island. The issues of the election next month are those that have been before the people for a year past.

When the Assembly met at Newport last May, its first duty was to have met in grand committee to count the ballots that were cast for the state officers, and to declare the election of one of two tickets. When the House of Representatives changed the complexion of the grand committee by ousting two of the Republican members—Mr. Landers, of Jamestown, and Mr. E. Hoxie, of Westerly—the Senate, which is a Republican body, refused to go into committee, and when the House insisted upon the right to oust its members without the consent of the Senate, Governor Brown prorogued the Assembly.

The same course has been pursued in Providence this winter. The two bodies have refused to meet, and the state officers, who were elected in 1892, have remained in office up to the present time, the votes that were cast at the election in 1893 never having been counted.

This is the issue on which the campaign in Rhode Island will be fought. Both parties claim that they have taken the only right stand, and in order that the people may decide the question and indicate which policy it approves, it was suggested that the old tickets be re-nominated.

The Republicans did this, and the Democrats followed their example today.

IN LEONARD CALVERT'S MEMORY.

The Anniversary of His Landing Was Celebrated.

Baltimore, March 27.—The 260th anniversary of the landing of Leonard Calvert, at St. Clement's Island, March 25, 1634, was fittingly celebrated here to-day and will be continued to-morrow. The Maryland Pilgrim Association, a Catholic society, banqueted and listened to addresses from three prominent laymen of that faith.

The Society of Colonial Wars held a meeting at the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society, and an interesting address upon the colonial period was delivered by Thomas Marsh Smith. Hon. Henry Stockbridge presided. The state Society of Colonial Dames continue the celebration to-morrow by a grand reception at Lehmann's hall.

EXCITEMENT IN UTAH.

Wonderful Gold Discoveries at the Town of Lehi.

Salt Lake, Utah, March 24.—Excitement over new gold discoveries is running high at the little town of Lehi, Utah, about 30 miles south of this city. The discoveries were made a few days ago within 50 yards of the Salt Lake & Western railroad, and two miles from Jordan river. The ore is a pink slate and lays in stratified veins.

The belt has been traced for two miles, is 30 feet in thickness, and assays about $20 in gold to the ton. A large number of claims have already been staked out. About 100 goldhunters went there to-day.

WILL HE BE EXPELLED?

Union League Club to Take Action on Breckinridge.

Chicago, March 27.—The Union League Club, the most influential social organization of Chicago is, it is said, seriously considering the question of expelling Congressman Breckinridge from honorary membership. There are but three names on the club's list of honorary members, ex-President Harrison, Chauncey M. Depew and the Kentucky congressman.

Suffering the Tortures of Eczema

And yet lives in ignorance of the fact that a single application of CUTICURA will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, when all other remedies fail. CUTICURA works wonders, and its cures of torturing, disfiguring humors are the most wonderful ever recorded.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.
"How to Cure Skin Diseases," free.

PACIFIC RAILWAY PROBLEM.

How Shall the Vast Debt be Collected?

Washington, March 22.—Conspicuous attention has of late been given to the Pacific railway question owing to the numerous means suggested for the collection of the vast debt due the government from the various Pacific roads. Concerning the subject, Representative Reilly, of Pennsylvania, chairman of the House committee on Pacific railroads, said to-day:

"I regard this as one of the most important questions before Congress, not excepting the tariff and finance. But the very importance of the question demands that it should be treated with deliberation. The amount involved is about $135,000,000, and the proper protection of the government and the collection of such a sum requires the most deliberate and careful action on the part of Congress.

"The construction of these roads is undoubtedly one of the great achievements of the age, but with all its complicating environments, by way of legislation and judicial decisions, it comes down to us as one of the war measures, the original legislation having been enacted during the exciting days of the war of the Rebellion, and now that we are confronted with the solution of this great problem, owing to the rapid approach of the maturity of this enormous debt, and the necessity for some legislation, the importance of the subject is at once apparent.

"But at the outset we are confronted with all these complications of laws and decisions covering a period of 30 years, and quite as complex and of as great magnitude as any question with which Congress has had to deal during recent years. We have arrived at a stage in the history of this transaction when legislation of some character is absolutely necessary, and previous legislation on the subject has been deferred awaiting the approach of the maturity of this debt, when the situation and its necessities could be better understood and more wisely considered.

"The first installment of the bonds issued by the government in aid of the construction of these roads falls due in January, 1895, and must be provided for during the next fiscal year." The secretary of the Treasury calls the attention of Congress to it in his recent annual report. The whole debt will be maturing from that date during the next four years. The first installment of bonds amounts to $2,362,000. They are absolutely payable on the date of their maturity, and hence the necessity of legislation in this respect.

The committee on Pacific railroads, made up of some of the strongest men in the House, are giving the subject their most earnest consideration, and feel it their duty to frame and report some satisfactory legislation. Several bills bearing on the subject are before the committee. Referring these and all other measures, our only purpose is to protect the interest of the government and to that end the subject will be pressed to final action at the earliest possible day. But the magnitude and importance of the subject necessarily requires and demands the most careful and deliberate research and consideration.

WAITE'S MEN WIN IT.

Judge Glynn Decides the Denver Cases.

Denver, March 26.—Judge Glynn, in the District Circuit court, to-day dismissed the contempt and quashed the injunction against Mayor Van Horn and Fire Commissioners Barnes and Mullin, and empowered the latter to assume the duties to which they had been appointed by Governor Waite, at once.

THE OLD TICKET RENOMINATED.

Col. Baker Will Run for Governor of Rhode Island.

Providence, R. I., March 21.—The old line ticket was renominated by the Democratic state convention in Providence yesterday: Hon. David S. Baker, for governor; Dalton E. Young, for lieutenant governor; John J. Hofferman, for secretary of state; Charles A. Aldrich, for attorney general, and John C. Penny, for general treasurer.

The report of an Arctic expedition under governmental auspices denied at Washington.

Cigarmakers at Key West are on a strike.

Money, Crops, Trade.

BRADSTREET'S REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Thun Herald

The Fact That Good Friday Was Generally Observed Did Not Make a Decrease.

New York, March 24.—In its review of the state of trade, Bradstreet's says:

Increased observance of Good Friday in business circles helps to check the volume of trade. Notwithstanding, there being practically one less business day in the week than last, continued spring-like weatner has further stimulated sales of staples at nearly all the larger cities in the Eastern, Middle, and in some of the Western states, comparatively fewer Southern distributing centers reporting corresponding gains. While Eastern woolen mills cannot meet orders for fancy dress goods, many woolen mills are running on part time, with large stocks of wool on hand, Pennsylvania and Texas clip of wool available within 60 days, depress prices. Print cloths are selling well, and Eastern cotton mills are active, though sales continue smaller than the output. A view of the situation is that Boston agents of the Pittsburg iron and steel manufacturers are firmer in their views.

The demand from Northwestern store-keepers for millinery, clothing and hardware is kept up by the continued spring-like weather and small stocks, results being felt in improvement at Chicago and St. Louis. At the former, several 1,000-ton orders for coke pig iron, 1895 delivery, have been taken, as well as for steel rails, at $25, Chicago; but prices are hardly satisfactory. St. Louis reports that the demand for finished iron and steel, while improving, is due to cuts in quotations.

Among the more conspicuous staple products prices have advanced for rice, cotton and Indian corn, decreased available supplies being primarily responsible. Coffee and leaf tobacco remain strong at practically unchanged figures, and lower ranges of value have been reached by several varieties of iron and steel, by live cattle and hogs at Western markets, by both raw and refined sugar, by wheat, oats, and by mess pork.

Relatively the smallest gains in Western mercantile and industrial circles within the week are at Cleveland, Cincinnati and Toledo. At Louisville, staple merchandise and jeans clothing are in good demand, while at Detroit merchandise is moving more freely and industries are better employed. Considerable activity is reported at Kansas City, with country buyers making personal selections. Omaha reports good weather, and good roads have stimulated trade in all lines, notably dry goods, groceries and hardware, while Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth agree that while there is more activity in jobbing circles, the volume of general trade remains materially below that of a year ago. At San Francisco there is a moderate business in general lines, continued speculation in May wheat being the feature.

Exports of wheat, flour included, from all ports, both coasts, of the United States and Canada, this week (one day short) amount to 2,343,000 bushels, against 3,258,000 bushels last week, 2,766,000 bushels in the week a year ago, 2,965,000 bushels two years ago, and 1,320,000 bushels the week in 1891.

The continued shrinkage in the total number of business failures each week is another feature of the situation, the total for the past week (one day short) numbering 197, against 231 last week, 202 in the week a year ago, 191 two years ago, and 200 in the third week of March, 1891.

Stock speculation at New York has been narrow, the market depending entirely on professional activity, the direction of which has been constantly changing on the uncertainty regarding the President's action on the Bland bill. Prices, however, have held firm, and any increase in the short interest causes rallies.

THE WEATHER IN MICHIGAN.

The Temperature is Below Zero Everywhere.

Detroit, March 26.—Dispatches from various sections of Michigan report the temperature last night at far below the freezing point everywhere. The thermometer registers 10 degrees at Sault Ste. Marie, 12 at Alpena, 16 at Grand Haven and 20 in Detroit. The temperature is below freezing as far south as Tennessee and Northern Arkansas. The cold wave in Michigan is accompanied by northwest winds and light snows in some portions. Fruit growers will suffer almost universally. A dispatch from Benton Harbor last night says: "The cold wave will prove a fearful calamity to all fruit growers in this region, as the continued warm weather so early had started the buds of early peaches, grapes and blackberries.

Many thousand trees were just ready to blossom, but every bud is black and dead to-day. Strawberries were starting up green, but are frozen to death. Even in the most sheltered fields they are killed. Many farmers had put mortgages on their farms to live through the unusually hard times, depending upon the returns from early fruit to pay them off. This is without doubt the worst calamity that has befallen growers in the fruit belt since the peach yellow scourge of 1876 to 1877, when a prosperous district was completely devastated of its main resource and land values dropped from 75 to 90 per cent.

In the Southwest.

St. Louis, March 26.—The freezing weather that now prevails throughout this section of the Southwest is unprecedented for the month of March, and is causing consternation among fruit and vegetable growers who will be heavy losers therefrom. Early vegetables had well advanced and fruit trees in many places had put forth buds as a result of the recent warm spell, but now the prospects for a good crop have fallen flat. In some places in Illinois, Missouri and Southern Iowa, the temperature has fallen 10 degrees below freezing and a slight fall of snow is reported at one place in the first named state. It is still growing colder. Ice an inch thick formed in this city to-day, and as far south as San Angelo, Tex., it was a quarter of an inch thick. The cold snap caught the fruit orchards in full blossom, and will, no doubt, cut the crop short.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., March 27, 1894.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Mar. 27.	Mar. 20.
U. S. 5s, coupons	117¾	117¾
U. S. 5s, registered	117¾	117¾
U. S. 4s, coupons	114¼	114
U. S. 4s, registered	113¼	112¾
U. S. 2s, registered	96bid	96bid
Pacific 6s, '95	102½	102½b

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

As compared with yesterday, cash wheat is unchanged; May is 1-4c lower, and July 1-4c off. The market was dull, excepting for cash, in which a fair business was done. For a time cash was firm and rose 1-2c from opening, but afterward the improvement was lost. Futures were steady throughout, closing at about opening figures.

No. 2 soft red wheat, cash, 57c, 57 1-2c, and finally 57c; No. 3 soft red, 55 1-4c; No. 3 soft red, Lake Shore, 55 1-2c; No. 2 white, 56c.

No. 2 soft red April, 58c; May, 58 3-4c; July, 60 5-8@60 3-4c, 60 5-8c and to close, 60 3-4c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

March	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....			57n
Chicago	56¾n	57n	56⅝	56⅝
St. Louis	....			53⅛
May—				
Toledo	58¾	58¾	58¾	58¾
Chicago	58⅜	58⅝	58⅜	58½
New York	62¼	62¼	62	62⅛
St. Louis	55⅛	55⅛	55⅛	55⅛

At Chicago July wheat opened at 60½c, fell to 60¼c and closed at 60¼@60⅜c. At New York July wheat opened at 64½c, fell to 64c, rose to 64⅜c and then marked 62⅝c asked. At St. Louis July wheat opened at 57⅛c, fell to 56⅞c, rose to 57⅛c, and closed at 56⅞@57c.

Corn—Dull, Steady.

But little attention was given to corn. Prices were steady. No. 2, 37 1-4c cash and May.

Oats—No. 2 mixed, 32c; No. 2 white, 34c.
Rye—No. 2, 50 1-2c.

Clover Seed—Active, Lower.

Trade was active in clover, especially toward the close. Prices were off about 5c, as compared with yesterday. Receipts, 1,100 bags; shipments, 772. Prime cash and March, $5.62 1-2@5.65; April, $5.45; No. 2 seed, $5.50. The market closed weak.

J. J. Coon reports street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 54 1-2c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 34c; No. 2 yellow, 35c; oats, 30c for mixed and 32c for white.

Inspected in to-day: Wheat, cars—No. 2 soft red, 18; No. 3 soft red, 15; rejected, No. 1 red, 3; wheat and rye mixed, 1; total, 37. Corn, cars—No. 2, 4; No. 3, 1; No. 2 yellow, 7; No. 3 yellow, 4; total, 16. Oats and rye, none.

Close Elsewhere—Wheat Lower.

As compared with yesterday, wheat is 1-4@3-8c lower. The markets opened a little weak, under a little favorable weather and a disposition to realize. The increase of 1,146,000 bushels on passage was also a bear factor. There were reports that the wheat has suffered from cold weather, but so far as facts have been gathered the plant is safe. A report came from Kansas that Kansas farmers are forming an alliance to plow up 25 per cent of their sown wheat and will plant corn instead. This report is hardly worthy of consideration. The receipts in the Northwest continue to show large. Liverpool wheat firm, but inactive. London wheat 1-4d lower. Exports to-day, 85,007 bushels of wheat and 24,037 barrels of flour, or wheat and flour as wheat, 193,172 bushels; same day last year, 351,397 bushels. Receipts in the Northwest, 185,945 bushels; cars on track, 259; same time last year, 121,501 bushels; cars on track, 305.

Bradstreet's shows: Decrease, wheat, east of Rockies, 1,034,000 bushels; corn, decrease, 650,000; Pacific, wheat decrease, 214,000; Australian wheat decrease, 200,000 bushels; afloat and in Europe, increase, 544,000 bushels.

Corn—Dull, Steady.

There was a moderate trade in corn. Prices held steady throughout. At Chicago March corn was worth 36c; April, 36 1-2c, nominal; May, 37 1-8@37 1-4c, 37 1-8c, 37 1-2c, then 37 3-8c, 1-4c under yesterday. At New York May corn opened at 42 1-2c, rose to 42 7-8c, and closed at 42 3-4c, 1-8c up.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade was a little slow. In butter the supply was equal to demand. Prices steady. Eggs in large supply and easy. Poultry needed at prices given. Vegetables steady. Hogs sell well at quotations. Fruits in full stock, excepting apples, which are very scarce.

Butter—Best dairy, 20c; creamery, 27c; fair quality, 18c.

Eggs—Fresh receipts, 10@11c.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, 10@11c; turkeys, 12½c.

Vegetables—Parsnips, bu, 55c; carrots, bu, 30c; potatoes, bu, 50c; turnips, bu, 40c; cabbages, doz, 75c; beans, bu, $1.80; sweet potatoes, bbl, $3.25; beets, bu, 35c.

Fruits—Apples, bbl, $6.50; cranberries, crates, $2.75; oranges, box, $2.50@3.00; lemons, box, $2.50.

Dressed Meats—Beef, lb, 5@6½c; hogs, per 100 lbs, $5.50@6.00; mutton, lb, 6c; calves, lb, 6@7c.

Hides—Light, green, lb, 3½c; heavy green steers, 3½c; cured, heavy steers, lb, 4c; skins, shearlings, 15c; lambs, lb, 80c; tallow, lb, 4½@5c.

Furs—Skunk, 15c to $1; mink, 25@75c; raccoon, 10@75c; muskrat, 2@12c; red fox, 80c to $1; gray fox, 50@75c.

Wool—Unwashed, 8@12c; washed, 12@15c per lb.

Salt Meats—Pork, heavy mess, $13; short mess, $13.50, short clear, $14; breakfast bacon, lb, 12½c; shoulders, lb, 9c; bologna, 5c per lb.

Lard—Kettle rendered, tierces, bbls and 50-pound tins, 10c.

Hams—Sugar-cured, per lb, 11@12c;

Hay—Mixed, per ton, $10; timothy hay, $11.50; straw, ton, $6.

Grain and Produce.

Buffalo, March 27.—Wheat dull; No. 2 red, 59½c; No. 1 white, 60½c. Corn firm but unchanged; receipts small; No. 2 yellow, 41½c; No. 3 yellow, 40¾c; No. 2 corn, 40½c; No. 3 corn, 40c. Oats—Receipts a little more liberal; good demand; firmly held; No. 1 white, 46c; No. 2 white, 37½c; No. 3 white, 36½c; No. 2 mixed, 35c.

Chicago, March 27.—Close—Wheat easy; cash, 56⅝@56⅞c; May, 58⅜@58½c; July, 60⅜@61c. Corn firmer; cash, 36c; May, 37⅝c; July, 38c. Oats steady; cash, 30½c; May, 33¼c; July, 27¾c. Pork higher; May, $11.52½; July, $11.20. Lard higher; May, $6.90; July, $6.67½. Short ribs higher; May, $5.85; July, $5.80. No. 2 rye nominal; 46½c. No. 1 flaxseed steady; $1.38. Prime timothy seed steady; $4.30.

New York, March 27.—Flour, steady but less active; Minneapolis patent, $3.50@3.60. Wheat—Receipts, 700 bu; sales, 430,000 bu; options, No. 2 red, large offerings at the opening and prices broke sharply on small exports; May, 62 1-16@62¼c; July, 64 3-16@64⅜c; December, 69⅝@69¾c. Rye, nominal. Corn—Receipts, 41,600 bu; sales, 15,000 bu; options, No. 2 very dull and followed the decline in wheat; May 42⅝c. Oats—Receipts, 58,800 bu; sales, 20,000 bu; options, No. 2, quiet and easier; track white state, 37½@42c; track white western, 37½@42c. Beef, firm; family, $11@13; extra mess, $7.50. Pork, firm; new mess, $12@12.50; family, $12.50@13; short clear, $13@15. Lard, stronger; prime western steam, $7.40, nominal. Butter—Receipts, 8,710 packages; market slow, weaker; state dairy, 14@20c; state creamery, 14@17c, (old) western dairy, 12@15c; western creamery, 15@21½c; Elgins, 21½c. Cheese—Receipts, 600 packages; market steady; state large, 9@12c; small, 7@13c; part skims, 3½@10c; full skims, 2@3c. Eggs, weak; state and Pennsylvania, 12c; southern, 10@11½c. Sugar, raw, dull; fair refining, 2⅝c; centrifugal, 96 test, 3c; refined, quiet; crushed, 4 13-16@5c; powdered, 4 5-16@4½c; granulated, 4 1-16@4¼c. Petroleum, slow; all ports, $5.10@5.15. Coffee, quiet; No. 7, 17⅛c. Spirits of turpentine, quiet at 30½@31c. Molasses, steady; New Orleans, 27@36c. Rice, steady; domestic, 3⅝@6c; Japan, 4⅛@4¾c. Freights, dull. Resin, steady; strained, common to good, $1.12½@1.17½. Tallow, dull; city hhds., 4⅝c; country, 5c. Hay, quiet.

Live Stock.

Kansas City, March 27.—Cattle steady to strong; Texas steers, $2.20@3.00; Texas cows, $1.75@2.40; shipping steers, $2.75@4.25; native cows, $1.50@3.25; stockers and feeders, $2.00@3.45; bulls, $2.50@3.00. Hogs weaker; bulk, $4.30@4.40; heavies, packers and mixed, $4.30@4.42½; lights, Yorkers and pigs, $4.20@4.37½. Sheep steady to strong.

St. Louis, March 27.—Cattle market strong, 10c higher for natives; Texas scarce, stronger; native steers, 1,300 to 1,500 lbs., $3.40@3.65; 900 to 1,200 lbs., $3.35@3.60; cows, $2.60@2.75; light Texas steers, $2.75@3.50. Hogs, market quiet, firm; light, $4.25@4.55; butchers, $4.62@4.70; packers, $4.55@4.60. Sheep—Choice mixed and yearling lambs, $3.75@4.25.

Buffalo, March 27.—Cattle—Receipts, 4 cars and 8 over; market ruled steady at yesterday's decline; all sold; good butchers steers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $3.25@3.75. Hogs—Receipts, 8 cars; market strong, closing higher; mixed lots, $5.45; afternoon, $5.00@5.05; no extreme heavies on sale, nominally $4.95. Sheep—Receipts, 8 cars, and 10 over; steady to strong at yesterday's prices; all sold.

Chicago, March 27.—The Evening Journal reports: Cattle—Receipts, 4,000; slow, weak, rather on the down turn; prime to extra native steers, $4.10@4.35; good to choice, $3.75@4.05; others, $3.00@3.50; Texans, $2.90@3.35. Hogs—Receipts, 21,000; active, steady; rough heavy, $4.00@4.50; packers and mixed, $4.55@4.65; prime heavy and butcher weights, $4.70@4.75; assorted light, $4.70@4.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 31,000; mixed Western, $4.00@4.10; export Western wethers, $4.20@4.25; medium lambs, $4.00@4.25; extra, $4.50@4.75; a few at $5.00.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

In the closing hour the market was heavy, and prices declined ¼@1¼ per cent, the latter Susquehanna & Western preferred; Laclede Gas ⅜, Reading ¾, Lead ⅝, and Burlington & Quincy ¼. American Tobacco preferred rose 1 and Cotton Oil ½ per cent.

The steamship New York, which sails to-morrow, will take out 200,000 ounces of silver.

It is reported that the agreement between the Distilling company and the American Distributing company has been signed.

New York, March 27.—Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 3½@5½ per cent. Sterling exchange easy, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.88@4.88¼ for demand and $4.86⅝@4.87 for 60 days; posted rates, $4.87½@4.88 and $4.89@4.89½; commercial bills, $4.85½@4.86. Silver certificates, 58⅞@59⅛c; no sales. Bar silver, 59c. Mexican dollars, 49c. United States 5s, registered, 117¾; do. coupon, 117¾; do. 4s, registered, 113¼; do. 4s, coupon, 114¼; do. 2s, 96 bid; Pacific 6s of '95, 102½ bid.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
A. C. O.	30¾	....	....	29¾
Atch	15⅜	....	....	15⅜
Sugar	90⅝	90⅝	90	90
C. S.	51⅜	....	....	51⅜
Gas	63⅝	64	62¾	62⅞
B. Q.	83⅝	....	....	82⅞
C. C. C.	40⅛	....	....	40
Erie	18⅛	....	....	18
H. V.	20⅛	....	....	20⅛
L. S.	130½	....	....	130½
L. & N.	50⅛	50⅛	49⅞	49⅞
Lead	36⅞	37⅜	36⅞	37⅛
M. P.	27⅛	27⅜	27⅛	27¼
N. E.	10⅜	....	....	10⅛
N. A.	5⅜	....	....	5⅜
N. Y. C.	101⅝	....	....	101⅝
N. P. pfd.	22	22	21⅝	21⅝
N. W.	108⅝	108⅝	108⅜	108⅜
O. M.	39⅝	....	....	39
R. G.	20⅝	21	20⅝	20⅞
R. I.	71⅛	71⅛	70⅞	70⅞
St. P.	63⅝	63⅝	62⅞	63⅛
U. P.	19⅝	19⅝	19⅛	19⅛
W. P.	15⅜	....	....	15
W. U.	85⅜	....	....	85
O. E.	42⅛	....	....	42⅛
D. C. F.	27⅛	27⅛	26⅞	26⅞
Man	124⅛	....	....	125
T. O. & O.	18⅜	....	....	18⅜
D. & H.	137	....	....	136⅜

Trade.

There has been no material change in the commercial situation during the past week. There has been a slight improvement. Staple articles are active, but the improvement is disappointing.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, March 28.—The market has been without special feature. The warm and rainy weather resulted in the appearance of a large quantity of tobacco in a soft condition, and there has been a check to competition. Tobaccos in good condition have been generally firm. Official quotations are:

1893 CROP.

Red Burley.	
Trash (green or mixed)	$2 75@3 50
Trash (sound)	3 50@4 50
Common lugs	4 00@5 50
Medium lugs	5 50@7 00
Good lugs	7 00@9 00
Common leaf (short)	7 00@8 00
Common leaf	8 00@9 00
Medium leaf	9 00@11 00
Good leaf	11 00@15 00
Fine and selections	15 00@18 00
Colory Burley.	
Trash (green or mixed)	$5 00@8 50
Trash (sound)	5 50@9 50
Common lugs	6 50@7 50
Medium lugs	7 50@9 50
Good lugs	9 50@11 00
Common leaf (short)	7 50@8 50
Common leaf	8 50@10 00
Medium leaf	10 00@13 00
Good leaf	13 00@16 00
Fine and selections	16 00@21 50
Dark.	
Common lugs	$2 50@3 00
Medium lugs	3 00@4 00
Good lugs	4 00@4 50
Common leaf (short)	4 50@5 00
Common leaf	5 00@5 50
Medium leaf	5 50@6 50
Good leaf	6 50@7 50

Unsound or defective in condition, length or color, or mixed packages from 1c to 3c lower.

Wool.

Dun's Review says of the wool market of the past week: Sales at the three chief markets were 3,180,400 lbs. domestic and 1,158,400 foreign, against 2,572,100 lbs. of both kinds last year, and for three weeks of March sales have been 23.9 per cent larger than last year. The figures give an erroneous impression if it is not remembered that sales last year were large in January and February, amounting to 49,000,000 lbs. in the two months, but were only 15,000,000 lbs. in March, stocks having been supplied. There has been much more activity in Australian wool for fine underwear, dress goods or worsted suitings, and in domestic low combing wool for cheviots and serges, and a fair demand for fine Territory. But fleeces are depressed, Ohio xx being quoted at 22 cents. Business at New York is mostly confined to Texas and pulled wool, though large transactions in carpet wool, which have hung fire for some time, are now expected, as it is believed that half the capacity of carpet works is in operation. At Philadelphia the market is quiet, though there is some activity in wool suited for ladies worsted serges, and for low grade men's cassimeres. At Chicago the market improves, though pelts are extremely low because of the large number of sheep slaughtered.

St. Louis, March 27.—Wool steady, quiet, unchanged, with fair demand for desirable grades.

New York Cotton Market.

New York, March 27.—Cotton futures opened steady. Sales, 2,100 bales. March, $7.38 bid; April, $7.42; May, $7.50; June, $7.58; July, $7.63 bid; August, $7.70; September, $7.67 bid; October, $7.65 bid; November, $7.70 bid; December, $7.78.

New York, March 27.—Cotton—Spot dull; sales, 272 bales. Mid uplands, 7 9-16c; middling gulf, 7 13-16c.